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THE NEW YORKER

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 43, December 13, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Ties, if you know his color complex and whether he prefers plain colors, stripes or small figures . . . a wallet fashioned to hold plenty of greenbacks and a few choice card-addresses . . . a bridge lighter that is amusing and always in a working-mood, why not? . . . and if he takes his slippered ease, here's smart comfort in pairs . . . golf hose, gay and decisive for the active fellow . . . A pipe, the kind a man smokes with braggadocio . . . short and to the point . . . A silk muffler is a constant reminder of one's care and consideration . . . If he travels a neat fitted case might go a long way . . . handkerchiefs of exceeding fineness are a dainty tribute from a friend . . . sticks suggestive of his insouciance . . . walking or shooting variety, or both . . . a caterpillar match holder for his smoking table humping along into high favor . . . and of course every thinking man looks for a year of "The New Yorker" in his Christmas stockings . . .

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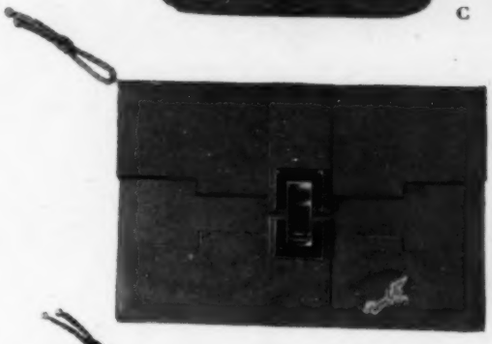

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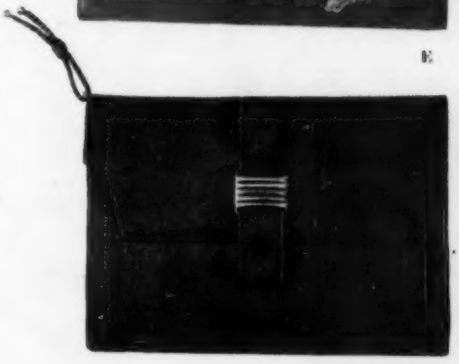

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Fifth Avenue

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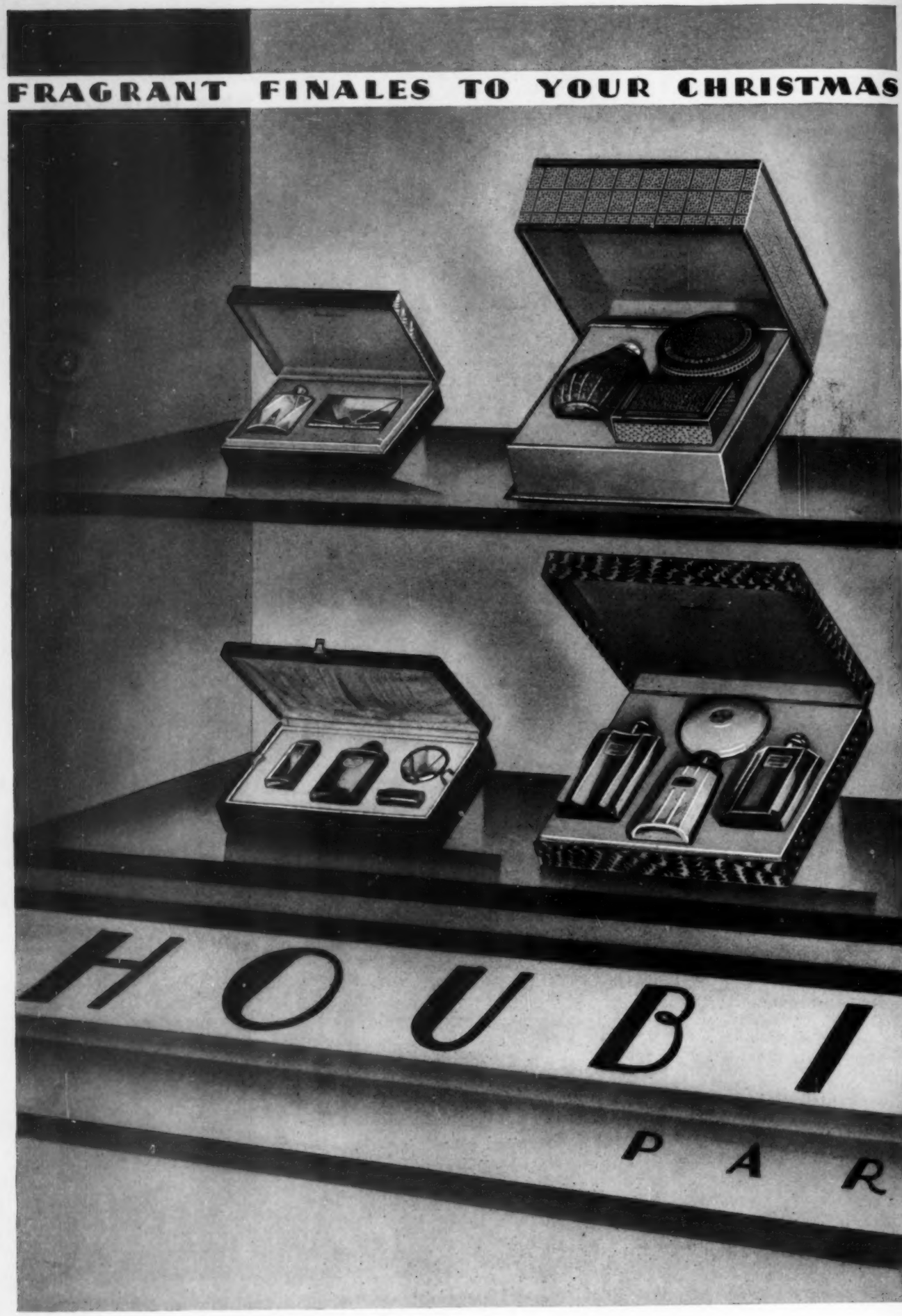
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UPPER TIER—LEFT TO RIGHT:

Parfum AU MATIN—in a silk-lined gift box containing the new Triple Vanity "Moderne" and a flacon of this exquisite fragrance, $7.50.

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Bath Set in "Mosaic" box includes Bath Salts, Dusting Powder, fragranced with QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL and "Mosaic" Soap, $3.50.

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The complete gift. Contains Sachet, Face Powder, Soap, Single Compact "Moderne", Toilet Water and Perfume. In either QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL, $10.

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Parfum ESSENCE RARE—the most precious of odeurs, flaconed in crystal cut in the manner of a gem. With gold-toned atomizer, $27.50. Without atomizer, from $25 to $125.

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A golden ka[illegible]s this leather traveling case containing Lip Stick, Single Compact "Moderne", and two flacons of QUELQUES FLEURS Perfume — one flacon for the dressing table and one, in a gold-toned metal case, for the purse, $12.50.

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FOUGERE ROYALE SHAVING SET. The Man's Gift. Contains Shaving Soap in china jar, After-Shaving Lotion, Eau Vegetale and Talc, in a box richly lined with velvet, $5.

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A smart purse kit. Fitted with Houbigant's Single Compact "Moderne", and QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL *Perfume in a gold-toned* metal case, $3.50.

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A smart gift boxed in a modernistic coffret containing Houbigant's latest Perfume, BOIS DORMANT (Enchanted Woodland) with Face Powder and the new Triple Vanity in the same fragrance, $8.

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This Christmas is open season for games!

Ovington's has collected indoor games that run the mental gamut from Einstein to your husband's little cousin Hubert. You'll find every living room relaxation short of Twenty Questions and Charades in Ovington's Game Preserve.

For the master mind that seeks rest in profound combat of wits . . . chess is the perfect pastime. Have you a Napoleon or two among your friends? Ovington's handsome chess sets vary widely in price. And you don't need to know a pawn from a Ruy Lopez opening to select a winner!

Backgammon, of course! Ovington's beautiful backgammon boards are playing a leading rôle in the rise to popularity of this ancient and honorable game. We have them in all sizes at a sweeping range in prices. And, we daresay, anybody on your list would welcome one with paeans of joy.

Fortunately few of our hostesses will suggest "Drop the Handkerchief" after the second cocktail. Statistics show that the overwhelming majority are content with contract and cribbage. Ovington's playing cards and cribbage boards fill the long felt need for something different.

Here's a test of skill and chance designed for the younger set and immediately adopted by sporting lads and lassies of every age . . . darts! It's become the peer of indoor amusements. And please don't forget that Ovington's has prizes for every meeting that will inspire a new vigor in competition.

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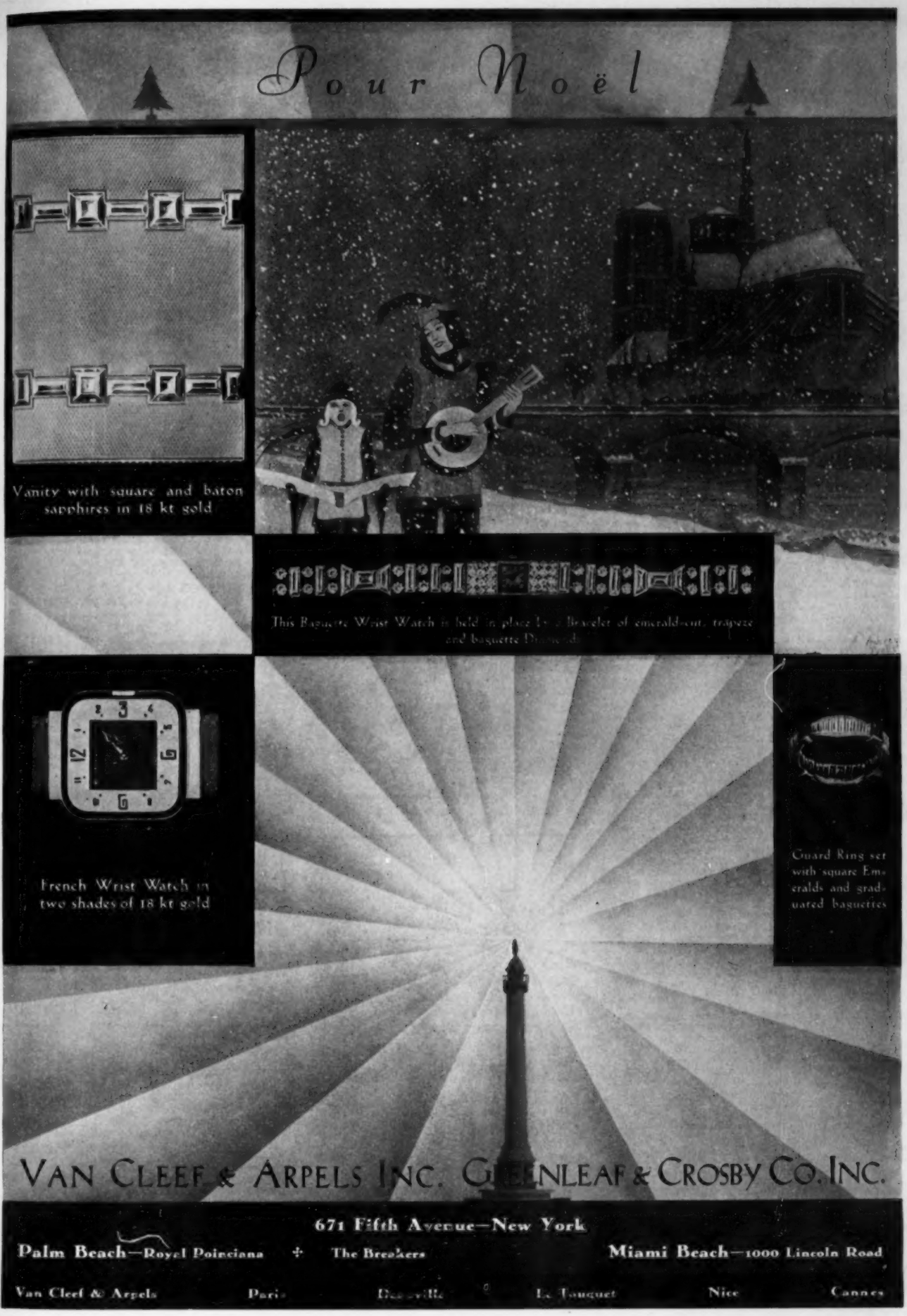
Pour Noël
Vanity with square and baton sapphires in 18 kt gold
This Baguette Wrist Watch is held in place by a bracelet of emerald-cut, trapeze and baguette Diamonds
French Wrist Watch in two shades of 18 kt gold
Guard Ring set with square Emeralds and graduated baguettes
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE—What to do when you come home after twenty years and find your children mixed up with Art and Love. Performances Fri. through Tues., Dec. 12-16. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Cradle Song," Sierra's play. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 12.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Dec. 13 and 20.) . . . "Alison's House," a new play by Susan Glaspell. (Sat., Mon., and Fri. Eves., Dec. 13, 15, and 19.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Tues. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 16 and 20.) . . . "The Good Hope," Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Wed. Eve., Dec. 17.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux. (Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—The best of the plays about Elizabeth and Essex, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in the order named. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

FIRST NIGHT—You are supposed to be in Sing Sing witnessing a tryout performance of a play which explains a murder mystery. All right in its way. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

GRAND HOTEL—If you can get in, you will see what goes on in a Berlin hotel while people are killing, stealing, cheating, and seducing. The most absorbing play in town. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Some pretty comical dialogue between three kept ladies, played by Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale, and Dorothy Hall, without benefit of much of a show to back them up. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of last season's plays. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—The hilarious history of a complete amorist in a quandary. Violet Heming and Walter Woolf are in it. (Bijou, 45, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 13.)

LYSISTRATA—Gilbert Seldes' adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy. Very bold but very funny. Blanche Yurka, Fay Bainter, and Ernest Truex head the cast. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE MAN IN POSSESSION—Pleasantly unimportant English comedy about a young bailiff's man who finds his job more pleasant than usual by settling in the house of a charming lady. With Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans. (Booth, 45, W.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—Edith Barrett as a young girl who grows old without showing it. Not as cute as it sounds, and, at times, quite effective. Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright give notable support. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

OH, PROMISE ME!—A rowdy but funny farce dealing with the breach-of-promise racket. Lee Tracy, Mary Philips, and Donald Meek are involved in it. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

ON THE SPOT—A good gangster melodrama, with sufficient Edgar Wallace exaggeration to make it something of a satire as well. (Forrest, 49, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Whether you know about Hollywood or not, there ought to be about a hundred and fifteen laughs for you in this lampoon on the movie business. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROAR CHINA!—Spectacular propaganda in behalf of the downtrodden Chinese, with a setting which will keep you interested long after you have tired of the propaganda. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

SCARLET SISTER MARY—Ethel Barrymore doing as well as she can in blackface, a position in which she should never have found herself. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Frank Craven as a theatrical producer who goes visiting and stays too long. Not a real Frank Craven part but still we are grateful for having him back. (Golden, 58, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THIS IS NEW YORK—A Senator from South Dakota comes to New York on a visit, but his daughter stays. A rousing comedy by Robert Sherwood which keeps going until the last act. With Lois Moran, Geoffrey Kerr, and Robert T. Haines. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—Helen Gahagan in one of

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20]

the better accounts of how an opera singer improved her voice by seeing Life. Miss Gahagan also sings well. (Belasco, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Shakespeare—kindness of Jane Cowl. Performances Wed. through Fri., Dec. 17-19. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:40 P.M.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—You have heard the plot before, about the young couple who find that money is everything, but the lines are fresh and very funny. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland at her best in a farce-comedy dealing with renewing old loves or whatever comes along handy. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—One of the better Negro revues with the incomparable Bill Robinson's tap-dancing and one or two comedy scenes which are really funny. (Liberty, 42, W.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—A big, expensive show, with plenty of dirt and a great comedy backfield consisting of Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. Also beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in a super-Joe Cook show. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—One of last season's big hits with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Some Gershwin tunes on a dude ranch with Willie Howard to make merry. Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, William Kent, and Ethel Merman are also in it. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—Good, honest, loud, and entirely satisfying musical comedy, based in Peru or some place like that, and giving lots of chances for singing and dancing. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SMILES—The Astaires and Marilyn Miller in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's great big shows which needs them badly. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET AND LOW—Not much dirtier than any other revue and very funny in spots. Fannie Brice, James Barton, George Jessel, and Moss and Fontana. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THREE'S A CROWD—If you don't know by now that this is good, you'll never know. Featuring Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

LA ARGENTINA—Additional recitals by the extraordinary Spanish dancer. Sat., Tues., and Sat. Eves., Dec. 13, 16, and 20, at 8:30; Thurs. Aft., Dec. 18, at 3. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

VAUDEVILLE—Helen Kane, Ken Murray, Lulu McConnell, and Nick Lucas will be at the Palace Fri., Dec. 12. Ruth Etting will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 13. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players (a company of adult professional actors, under the direction of Adrienne Morrison) in "The Princess Who Wouldn't Say Die," Fri. Afts., Dec. 12 and 19, at 4. (Princess, 39, E.)

OPENING OF NOTE

(You had better verify the date; managers often change their minds.)

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—Helen Hayes in a comedy by Neil Grant. Opens Mon., Dec. 15. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE NEW YORKERS—The Cole Porter-Herbert Fields-Peter Arno revue, with Frances Williams, Hope Williams, Ann Pennington, Waring's Pennsylvanians, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. (Broadway, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

OVERTURE—A posthumous play by William Bolitho, with Colin Clive. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Supper dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor, Leo Reisman's orchestra, and crooning by Ethel Merman.*

CLUB DELMONICO, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 2500)—An attractive new supper club, with Morton Downey and Jack Pettis' orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Featuring Emil Coleman's music, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Songs by Libby Holman and dances by Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra, with dances by Franklyn Graham and Josephine Bernhardt. Must dress.

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 5901)—With the same smart and congenial atmosphere as the old Pierre's. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

(Continued on page 12)

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RIGHT — You may have any initial appliqué on the pocket of this 100% all-wool flannel robe. Blue, rose, green or orchid . . . **12.75**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20]

(Continued from page 10)

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Some of the more interesting places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence and her crowd from Paris. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, Texas Guinan's place, open till dawn. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Joe Lewis. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough but entertaining revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), merrymaking by Walter O'Keefe and Bobby Dolan. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Uptown: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57. Downtown: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.° . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BLUE ANGEL—Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich talk and you wish they wouldn't. A fine and tragic picture just the same. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—Warring airplanes and Zeppelins magnificently presented, the general effect lessened by a mediocre story. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LAUGHTER—Some of the hardships of being rich but good-natured. With Nancy Carroll. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 13-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 18 and 19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MOROCCO—Passion in the Foreign Legion with Gary Cooper and the lovely Fräulein Dietrich. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.; through Wed., Dec. 17.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta (in German) with some of the choicest tunes you will find anywhere. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," the best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches; "The Big House," stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot; "Feet First," pretty good Harold Lloyd picture with a lively skyscraper scene; "Lincoln," the great story, interpreted by D. W. Griffith, and ably acted by Walter Huston; "Min and Bill," Marie Dressler as the landlady of a waterfront lodging-house; "Outward Bound," Sutton Vane's comedy of the Hereafter, with Leslie Howard and a fine cast; "Tol'able David," the talking version of the old tense picture of Southern mountaineers; "Whoopee," an all-color screening of Eddie Cantor's Broadway success, with Mr. Cantor much in evidence.

ART

ACADEMY—Exhibition of works by members of the National Academy of Design: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

AMERICANS—The Museum of Modern Art's idea of significant home work, including painters and sculptors: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

ARNO—Original drawings by Peter Arno: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BRITISH—The best that the tight little isle affords, with a bow to the past: Agnew, 125 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CARICATURES—Original drawings and caricatures, chiefly of theatrical personages, by William Auerbach-Levy: Harlow, McDonald, 667 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GERMANS—Men who are carrying the dim torch in the Fatherland, including Klee: S.P.R. Gallery, penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

GIFTS—Some of the best young artists sell their smaller things at bargain prices: 771 Madison, at 66. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GUELPH TREASURE—Eighty-two sacred objects, the work of goldsmiths of the Middle Ages. Your chance to see the Tooth of St. John the Baptist: Goldschmidt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 20.

METAL AND COTTON—A travelling exhibition of decorative metalwork and cotton textiles stops for the month at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

ROY—An amazing Frenchman who has a way with him that is new and thrilling: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—If you have no tickets when you read this, it's probably too late, but try: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12.

HANS BARTH—Piano music, including the quarter-tone: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 13.

ENGLISH SINGERS—Greetings of the season in the best manner: Town Hall, Sat. Afts., Dec. 13 and 20.

NASTIA POLIAKOVA—Gipsy songs by an authority: 46th Street Theatre, Sun. Eve., Dec. 14.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Informal setting for intimate music, with a buffet afterwards: Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Dec. 14, at 9.

SOPHIE BRASLAU—Second appearance this season of one of our most celebrated recitalists: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 15.

JOSÉ ITURBI—All by himself in a morning concert: Biltmore Musicale, Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Dec. 19, at 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 12, at 2:30; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:45. Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Dec. 14. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 13, at 11.

YALE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Bartholomew directing: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 13.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting, with Percy Grainger as soloist: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 14.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Dec. 14, at 9.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Russell directing: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 15.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 16, at 8:45.

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 17.

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Reynolds conducting: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE CAROL CHOIR—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Romeo et Juliette," Fri. Aft., Dec. 12, at 2; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:15; "Norma," Sat. Aft., Dec. 13, at 2; "Die Meistersinger," Sat. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:30; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Mon. Eve., Dec. 15, at 8:15; "L'Africana," Wed. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8; "The Flying Dutchman," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:15.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"Orpheus in the Underworld," by Offenbach: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. Mon. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 15-20, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Dec. 12 and 19, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Dec. 13 and 20, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Dec. 13, at 11, over WABC. . . . Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 14, at 3, over WABC.

CHAMBER MUSIC—The Perole String Quartet: Sun. Aft., Dec. 14, at 1, over WOR.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist: Sun. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8, over WJZ.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 14, at 9:30, over WOR.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Dec. 15, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Dec. 16, at 9:30, over WABC.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Victor Kolar conducting: Wed. Eve., Dec. 17, at 10, over WABC.

RUTH ETTING—Guest soloist, with Rudy Vallée's orchestra, in Fleischmann Hour: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8, over WEAF.

FOOTBALL—Army vs. Navy: Sat. Aft., Dec. 13, at 1, over WEAF and WJZ.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden. Featherweight championship bout, Battling Battalino vs. Kid Chocolate, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12; Max Baer vs. Bernie Schaff, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

FOOTBALL—Benefit game for the unemployed: Army vs. Navy, Yankee Stadium, Sat. Aft., Dec. 13, at 1. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden. Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Dec. 14; Americans vs. Philadelphia, Tues. Eve., Dec. 16; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18. . . . Amateur Hockey: Kent vs. Morristown, Sat. Morn., Dec. 20, at 11; St. Paul's vs. Princeton Freshmen, Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 3; Yale vs. Dartmouth, Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:30.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Optimists vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30. . . . At Squadron C Armory, Nostrand Ave. at Dean St., Brooklyn: Squadron C vs. Fort Hamilton, Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

SPINSTERS' BALL—Annual Spence School Alumnae's benefit supper dance: Park Lane, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18, at 10:30.

AUCTIONS—at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The famous Béraudière collection: Paintings by Pieter Breughel Velasquez, Clouet, Chardin, El Greco, Rembrandt, Renoir, and many others, Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:15; sculpture, eighteenth-century French furniture, and art objects, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 12 and 13, at 2:15. . . . Penn family items, also first editions and library sets: Mon. and Tues. Afts., Dec. 15 and 16, at 2:15. . . . The Kakutani collection of jade necklaces and other Oriental art: Wed. Aft., Dec. 17, at 2:14. . . . Currier & Ives and other rare American prints: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:15. . . . Sculpture, furniture, ironwork, weathervanes, and objects of art collected by Karl Freund: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 18-20, at 2:15.

AN INTERESTING CORNER OF THE CUSTOM ORDER SALON—SIXTH FLOOR

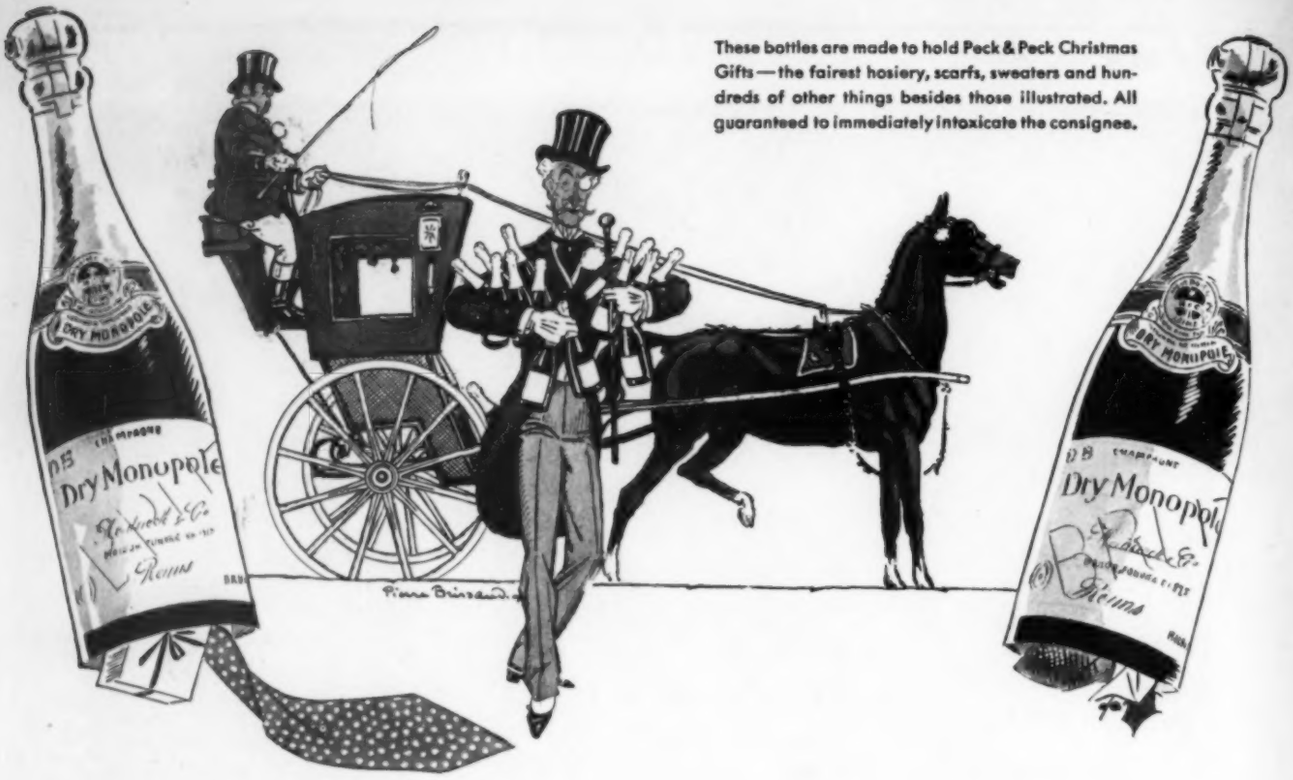
And After Christmas . . .

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?

If you are, do stop in any of these afternoons and let us give you a cup of tea while you look at all the charming fashions that are going South, too. Even if you're still Christmas shopping, you'll find it a soothing hour. For Aiken and Pinehurst, we are showing lightweight woolens in lace-like mixtures and plaids . . . for Palm Beach we have chiffons, new stripes and prints and those simple effective French eyelet cottons. For any Southern colony at all there are evening gowns of white lace, of pastel broadcloth (Yes, we did say broadcloth!) and our own collection of exquisite imported woolens to be made up to your individual order and design.

L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

THREE EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET



These bottles are made to hold Peck & Peck Christmas Gifts—the fairest hosiery, scarfs, sweaters and hundreds of other things besides those illustrated. All guaranteed to immediately intoxicate the consignee.

Peck & Peck Christmas Gifts are Packed in Champagne Bottles

Those grand old vintners, Peck & Peck, have bottled their Christmas Gifts this year. The vintage is the finest the Messieurs Peck have ever culled. You may choose from hundreds of recipes, "neat" or ready mixed.

Champagne Cocktails for the Ladies

QUARTS

Two pairs of sports stockings, a dashing scarf and a sporty scallawag clip . $11

Six pairs of glorious Fiesta silk stockings—neat in the most intoxicating shades . $15

Six pairs of sheer chiffon silk stockings with openwork clocks, very, very neat . $30

PINTS

Three pairs of Princess silk stockings in "Scotch and Soda" and other shades $5.55

Three pairs Silken Snare Stockings $8.85

Three pairs of royal Queen Victoria silk stockings, smartly victorian . . $9.00

★

Peck & Peck

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42nd STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET
MADISON AVE. AT 69th STREET

There are quarts and pints of the fairest feminine stockings and scarfs, the finest neckwear, socks and things for men. They're guaranteed to pack a load of Christmas spirit that you won't need to have tested.

Champagne Cocktails for Gentlemen

QUARTS

One white silk evening scarf and one pair of fine silk evening socks . . . $15

One pair of silk socks, one pair of fancy socks and a dashing silk necktie . $10

Three pairs of finest French lisle socks—neat—with fancy clocks . . . $10.50

PINTS

One pair of fancy wool socks, plain or clocked, and one stunning necktie . $5

One pair of ribbed lisle socks and one black silk socks, both with clocks . $7

Two dashing silk neckties . . . $8

★

PHILADELPHIA PARIS LONDON PALM BEACH MIAMI BEACH

BONWIT TELLER

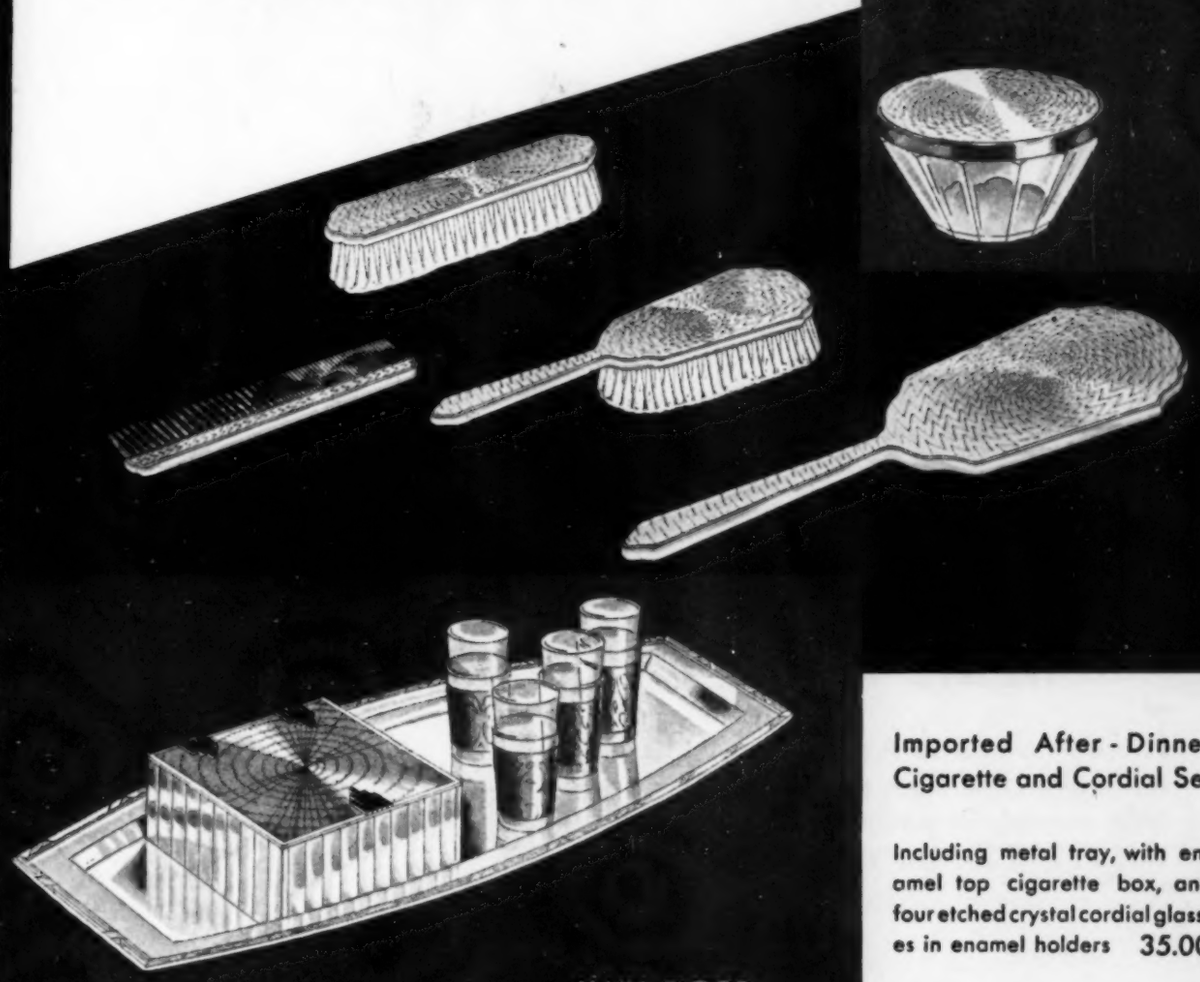
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

NEW YORK

Gifts of Enamel

That add greatly to the gentle art of living

IMPORTED TOILET SETS . . . Beauty lies at the fingertips of those fair damsels whose dressing-tables are glorified by this five-piece toilet set of enamel in soft boudoir pastels, including a heavenly new pink. Comb, brush, mirror, powder jar, hat brush 69.00



MAIN FLOOR

Large crystal perfume bottle with matching enamel top 17.75

Large crystal bottle for smelling salts, matching enamel top 29.50

Imported After-Dinner Cigarette and Cordial Set

Including metal tray, with enamel top cigarette box, and four etched crystal cordial glasses in enamel holders 35.00

Henry Waxman

WHITE—WITH PLAID ACCESSORIES

There's no end to the chic of plaids this season . . . the cool, clean white of a handkerchief linen dress . . . a small plaid scarf . . . and Grazia, the famous little sandal, in pastel-plaid linen . . . A clever bit of brilliance in southern chic . . . 15.50. The matching bag 8.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO
PALM BEACH MIAMI BEACH

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN antique times, when Christmas was a six-day affair, boughs of real holly used to appear on the fronts of stores, tacked merrily into place by red-faced porters on December 20. Lately, with Christmas arriving solemnly in town on the heels of Indian summer, the storefronts are well banked with artificial holly as soon as the serious-minded decorators can get the Hallowe'en pumpkins out of the windows. We foresee a still greater advance of the Christmas idea—Christmas in another year or two will begin on July 5, as soon as the sound of the last firecracker has died away. This will call for holly even stronger and more durable than the present artificial kind: it will necessitate the use of holly wreaths of solid concrete, which can be left in place on the store throughout the entire year, filling everybody with Christmas spirit every blessed minute of the 365 days.

THE public-relations counsel of the Hotel New Yorker has just been in to see us, insane with jealousy over the statistics we printed recently about the St. George in Brooklyn. He began by telling us that the valet of the New Yorker has pressed enough pants to make a crease one hundred and forty-two miles long, went on to say that the guests have drunk enough water every month to float the Europa, and ended in a brilliant flight of mathematics proving that the elevators in the hotel have travelled as far as from the earth to the moon. We listened gravely. There is, to us, a gentle sadness shrouding all statistics. How many of the pants, newly pressed, were caught that very same day in the rain and lost their crease? How many gallons of

the water were drunk by guests to whom a doctor had said: "You better drink more water"? How many of the elevators, skyward winging, actually got to the moon? We wish press agents were realists—then maybe we'd get something out of them.

IN a toy shop childishly browsing we came upon a toy flight of stairs—just big enough for a child to climb. It led nowhere. We asked what was the idea of a toy flight of stairs that led nowhere. The saleslady informed us that it was to give a child "stairs experience." Many a poor tot whose parents can't afford a duplex apartment has never had a chance to run up or down stairs; it was to fill the gap in the lives of such children that the toy was invented. The purpose is both educational and recreational. The toy was cleverly constructed, too, with a hollow place underneath

—children, the saleslady reminded us, love to hide under the stairs.

IT startles us to realize how old Modernism is getting to be. Why, we remember when Modernism was just a little boy in short pants. Do you remember when those modern chairs were cutting their first steel legs, and when those modern lampshades were in short creases? How grown up they are now—and how quaint they all seem, so full of the pathos of the past! And what, if you please, has brought the gray into Modernism's hair, the wrinkles into Modernism's brow?—what else but the new Paris gowns, with their frills and ruffles and laces: the new Paris gowns, just like Grandma used to wear!

FRENCH art, the critics say, is stifling American artists. The work of Cézanne, Derain, Matisse, and the other Frenchmen, they claim, has so befogged the air of these shores that native painters can hardly see their palettes before their eyes. To be entirely *au courant* with this situation, one should remember that among the staunch Americans who suffer most from the pernicious French influence are Yasuo Kuniyoshi (born in Okayama, Japan), Max Weber (Bialystok, Russia), Maurice Sterne (Libau, Latvia), Bernard Karfiol (Budapest, Hungary), Vincent Canadé (Albanese, Italy), and, posthumously, Jules Pascin (Widdin, Bulgaria). The situation isn't really as simple as it sounds. France is worried, and so are we. We find, however, some consolation in the thought that perhaps the well-meaning but phrenetic Frenchman, Van Gogh (Zundert, Holland), would be saddened at the thought of this stifling of genius if he were alive today, and that

perhaps that other Frenchman, Picasso (Malaga, Spain), isn't entirely without a prick of conscience, when he lets his protean mind dwell on it.

Parking Problem

THE man who told us this vouches for it—he hurried up to our offices as soon as he got off his train from Boston to tell us about it. They have, he says, built a big new Physicians' Building in Beacon Street right next door to the ancient little house of a maiden lady. For fifteen years or so she had parked her electric at the curb before her door, but when the doctors' building was opened she found the space usurped from early until late. Her first step was to have her man Watson speak to them next door about it, but they didn't do anything, and so she had Watson place in each car that offended a little note in her own daintily uncertain handwriting calling attention to her inconvenience and the old tradition. This didn't work, either, and so she went into seclusion and thought and thought. She emerged at last with a most original idea. She engaged a carpenter to make a wooden fireplug, paint it to look like a real one, and set it at her curb. It only lasted two hours. Someone, finding it was unattached to the sidewalk, and wooden, stole it for a souvenir. The old lady indignantly phoned the police and told them that somebody had stolen her fireplug. It took the sergeant who listened to her a long time to get the thing straight in his mind; fact is, he never did understand it perfectly, but she finally got word from the Department, after several more calls, that the manufacture of fireplugs for private use was a practice not to be officially condoned, and that nothing could really be done. Now she parks a half-block away and tells people that conditions in the United States are growing worse and worse.

Old Man of Paris

ALL the notice which the photographs of Eugène Atget are getting now, what with the publication of his book and the exhibition of some of his originals at Weyhe's, is, as you may know, posthumous. He died in 1927, seventy-two years old and poor. It wasn't until last year that his name began to be noised around, even in France. Before his death he made more than ten thousand photographs of Paris scenes and had developed and printed them all alone, besides peddling them in the streets to earn his living. People still wonder how he did it all.

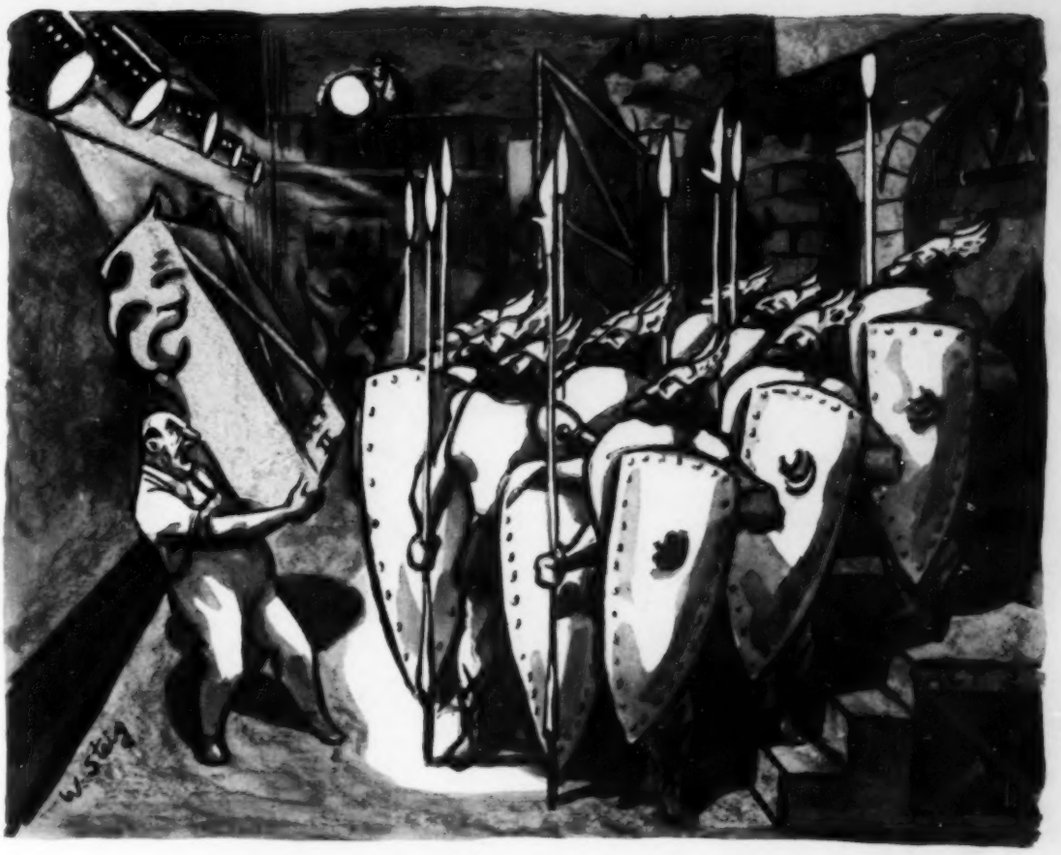
M. Atget was born in Bordeaux but he lived in Paris during the last thirty-odd years of his life, in the Rue Campagne-Première, around the corner from the Dôme. Art students rarely saw him, however. For one thing, the old-fashioned camera he used would give good results only in the clearest light of early morning, and consequently he usually got up just about the time the cafés were closing, and was out taking pictures by five or six o'clock. For another thing, he was pretty impatient about everything not connected with his work. He liked to be alone, and unbothered. In his early days, he had been an actor, playing the villain in a small provincial company, and his wife had been an actress in the same troupe. When she died he refused ever to go near her grave—said he missed her enough as it was without being reminded of it. Most of his life he lived entirely on bread, milk, and sugar only—partly a theory of his, and partly because if he went in for an expensive diet he wouldn't have money to buy plates for his camera. Most of the time, he got only a franc or two for his prints, with few buyers. Occasionally artists bought scenes or types to help in details of pictures they were working on. Several of Maurice Utrillo's paintings of Montmartre streets, for instance, appear to be taken directly from Atget photographs.

His outlook was naïve. He took photographs of shopfronts, circus carrousels, fish-peddlers, postmen—no tricks, no retouching, nothing but the effort to get every detail registered as clearly as possible. It is as if someone in New York were to devote thirty years to photographing gas stations, Nedick stands, barbershops, fire hydrants, mail trucks, and all the other details which contemporaries never think about and which historians later spend so much time trying to reconstruct.

The value of the whole collection has been set somewhere well up in the millions of francs, and Paris museums are belatedly angling for it. At present it belongs to Miss Berenice Abbott, a photographer herself, who

"We're as good as secretly married."

knew the old gentleman before he died. She acquired it unexpectedly. A few days after his death, she happened in at his place and found the concierge on the point of selling the whole collection to a ragman. Miss Abbott bought it instead.



"Outa me way!"

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Nice Number

IN one of the Forties near Broadway there is a little shop that sells trap-drummers' necessities, such as whistles, catcalls, silver derby hats, coconut shells, and sleighbells. A customer was deep in the study of a catalogue there one afternoon, and a clerk was patiently waiting for him to decide what he wanted, when outside a truck went by loaded with cattle on their way to the abattoir. One of the beasts mooed loudly just as the truck passed the storefront. The customer, without lifting his eyes from the catalogue, said: "Swell cow effect!"

The Clauses

TWO or three Christmases ago we commented on Eugene S. Todd, then as now, the Macy Santa Claus. Then, but not now, he was the only store Claus in town with a real beard. Charlie Moore, who dresses up for Wanamaker's, now has his own whiskers too. He is sixty-eight and is an old stage trouper. His Santa Claus specialty is talking in jingles, which he makes up as he goes along, such as: "Come here, little girl, and let's touch paws, for I am dear old Santa Claus." He used to be in the hair-tonic business and says he ought to be rich. Something went wrong, something about his partner.

The Santa Claus at Stern's is only thirty. He studied voice with Jean de Reszke, has acted with Irene Bordoni, and sung at Roxy's. His name is Rudolf Bertolo Wagner and he is in the Santa Claus business only temporarily. Last week a little boy tried to pull his whiskers off and had to be carried out, cursing.

At Arnold Constable's it is Al Reeves, native New Yorker, fifty-one. He is an actor: musical comedy. The children seem to like him, for the most part, and he has had very few scenes with them, although last week a youngster wanted to know why he didn't broadcast from the North Pole during the summer and didn't appear satisfied with the answer he made. Bloomingdale's Santa (one of our assistants worked all one day to get the information in this article) is named Wilbur, Wilbur F. Delenty. For many years he and his wife did an aërial act in vaudeville, flying trapeze, and so on. He's been at Bloomingdale's four years and has shaken hands with, fooled, or been suspected by, about two hundred thousand children.

The Santa at Gimbel's is a captain, with eight years in the infantry and five in the artillery to his credit. This is his eighteenth season as St. Nicholas, in various stores and cities. In the off-season he does a vaudeville act with a lady partner; he sings and she draws crayon portraits. He also owns, and rents out, carrousels. He makes a bluff and hearty Santa Claus, but shakes hands gingerly with children, extending just three fingers of the right hand. He never touches the hair, face, or clothing of any child. Sanitation, he says; you got to look out for germs. For nine years he was with Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. He finds that the children of New York seem to take the Santa Claus idea seriously up to a greater age than the Philadelphia children. Last year a Philadelphia child tried to spit in his eye.

The Ramblers Roaming

THE Notre Dame football team is called the Ramblers, as most everyone knows, because it rambles so much. The boys keep up with their studies on the train en route. Also, Knute Rockne keeps at them on the subject of football. Not being able to hold scrimmages in the aisles, he shoots questions at them unexpectedly, demanding snappy comebacks. One evening, returning from the diner, he noticed a little third-string quarterback whom he hadn't yet used in a game, and didn't expect to really, sitting

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Finney, save New Year's Eve!"

• •

studying European history. The coach barked this at him: "Ball's on the eighteen-yard line, fourth down, ten to go—whatta you do?" The scrub didn't bat an eye. "Move down the bench so I can see the next play," he shot right back.

Bones

THE goldsmiths of the Middle Ages, working in monasteries, made receptacles for the holy bones of the saints. Their descendants, the Goldschmidts of 730 Fifth Avenue, are now showing some of those religious objects —a collection called the Guelph Treasure. Admission is a dollar, proceeds to charity. For a dollar you may view the Plenar of Otto the Mild, the Monstrance with the Tooth of Saint John the Baptist, and the Cupola Reliquary valued at half a million dollars. Guards with guns help you make your hands behave.

The Goldschmidts and two art dealers of Frankfort, Germany, own the objects, except for six pieces which the Cleveland Museum owns. We attended the opening, mingling easily with the moneyed people who were interested in laying up for themselves Guelph treasures on earth. Mr. Kahn was there, Mrs. Borg, Mr. Bache, correctly dressed for viewing bones encased in gold. A young man connected with the galleries was there, also dressed for treasure, inquiring where "his newspaper people" were. We retired, at this point, behind the Arm Reliquary of Saint Innocentius (No. 26, Lower Saxony, end of 12th Century). Mr. Milliken of the Cleveland Museum spoke briefly, touching on the fervor, both religious and artistic, which had actuated the medieval craftsmen and pointing out what a lucky break it was for all of us that the Guelphs, a royal family of Germany, had gathered together such a fine lot of things. We agreed with Mr. Milliken, for the objects, obviously of extraordinary interest to connoisseurs, are pretty interesting to anybody at all. They have the beauty of devout craftsmanship, at the time when gold itself, a most rare metal, was believed to have the power to resolve the mysteries of the holy relics. Some of them are in the shape of the part of the body from which the bone was taken—arm reliquaries containing arm bones, head reliquaries containing skulls. Any one of them, executed for such a holy purpose, ought to make somebody very happy and more of a somebody. They would gladden any Christmas stocking.

Lady with Horse

MISS LUCREZIA BORI, herself, bought two apples from the apple man at the southwest corner of Madison and Sixty-fourth Street, and then decided to feed one to a horse hitched to a laundry wagon at the curb and apparently thinking about something. He came out of his reverie when the apple was presented to him, ate it, and looked at the other apple. Miss Bori gave him that one, too, because she was afraid he might make a scene. She then walked quietly away, toward Sixty-third Street. Much to the delight of a little audience that had gathered, the horse followed at her heels. He went all the way to the corner of Sixty-third with her. There the traffic situation required thought. She tried to pretend that the horse wasn't with her, but everybody knew he was. She was afraid to dart into a store because the

horse might dart in too—from the look in his eye he was alert now and ready for anything. She finally just stood there, in the midst of a growing crowd, until the driver of the wagon came out from wherever he was and reclaimed his horse. She said goodbye, the horse nodded and moved off, reluctantly the crowd scattered.

Fount

MINETTA BROOK, which flows underground and is considered a nuisance by building contractors, was brought to the surface last week in the lobby of the new Holley Chambers apartment in the presence of a few close friends. The fountain was dedicated with a simple ceremony of light verse, history, and plumbing. Mrs. Clivette, president of the Greenwich Village Historical Society, spoke first, paying tribute to the part Greenwich Village had played in the life of George Washington, the flight of Charles Lindbergh, the success of the Knott Brothers, and the development of silver-plate photography. "The United States," as she put it, "is bounded on the north, the south, the east, and the west by the Divine Spirit." At this point Grover Whalen arrived, unescorted. The next speaker was Arthur Guiterman, the poet, who read his poem "Minetta Water," slowly and with just a tiny shade of feeling. The fountain, during the early phase of the program, remained dry.

Mr. Whalen was then introduced. It was to be at a signal from him that the waters of Minetta Brook were to be released into the fountain. He wore a gray double-breasted suit, blue shirt, and polka-dot tie. After a brief pause to give the radio announcer time to explain to the radio audience that the water was going to flow when Mr. Whalen tapped three times on the pipe, Mr. Whalen read an appropriate speech in which he referred to his "ancestrial home." Then, while seventy-four stations of the Columbia network stood by to pick up the gurgle, Mr. Whalen tapped three times on the pipe and the water came rushing forth, looking so much like New York City water that it was embarrassing.

Historical Incident

A GENTLEMAN passing through Forty-second Street last Monday evening paused to listen to the harangue of a street hawker who, from a tripod stand, was offering to the world a number of small spidery-looking contraptions. "Listen, folks," he said, "remember when Queen Marie was here and went down to the White House a couple of years ago visitin' President Coolidge? Know what they did for entertainment that evening? Well, I'm gonna tell ya. They spent the whole evenin' tryin' to woik out one of these Famous Original Madagascar Wire Puzzles, which I am now offerin' to you for the small sum of five cents, a nickel, apiece. Who wants 'em?"

This same gentleman recalls that a few years ago he heard a spieler shouting the merits of a freak show at Coney Island, a show which included, in the words of the spieler, "the largest pyga-mee on earth."

Seascape

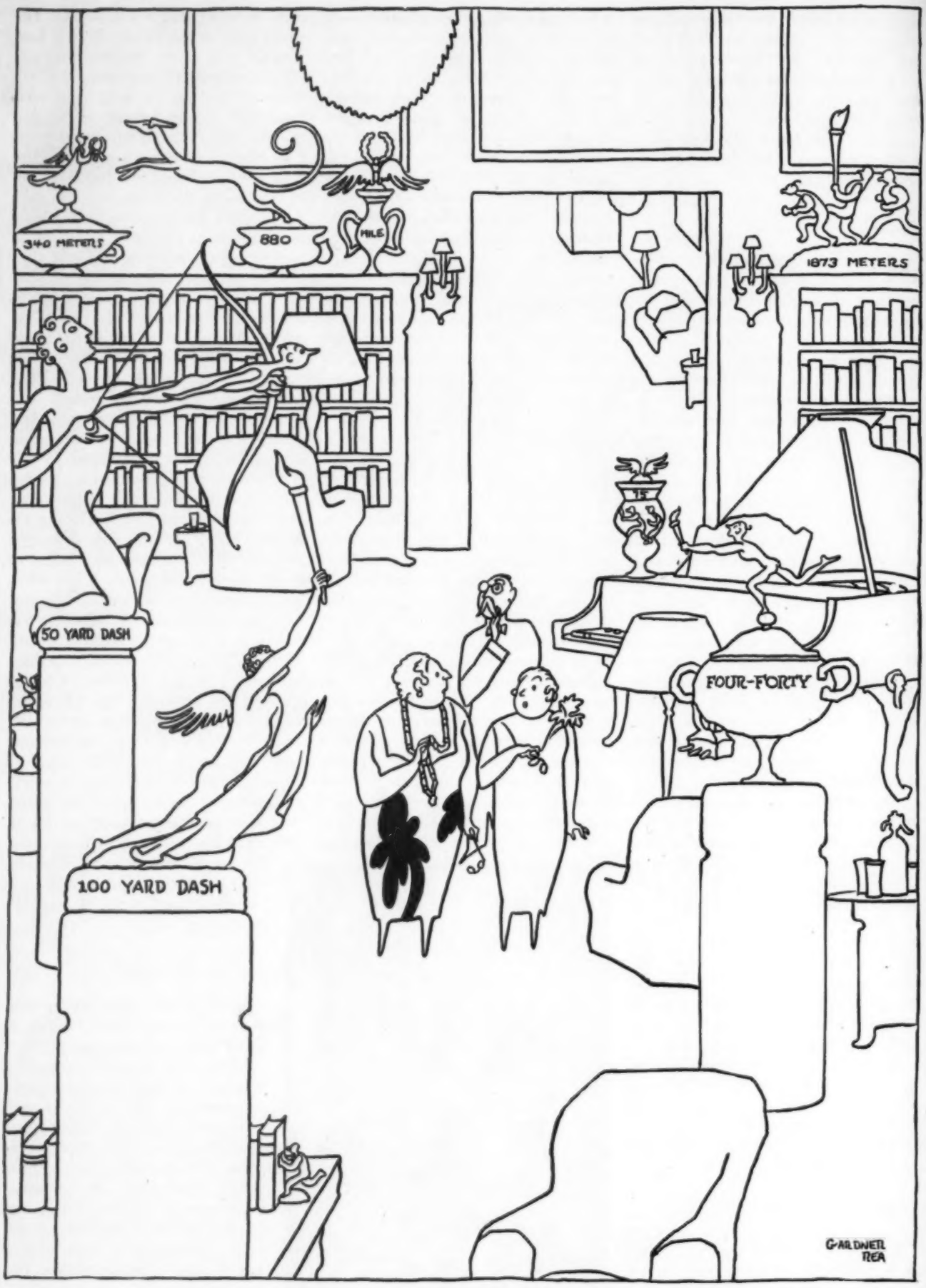
IF you have seen the Theatre Guild play, "Roar China!," you probably were amazed at the copious realism of its setting. So, in a sense, was the Guild itself when Herbert Biberman, who staged it, first brought up the subject. Biberman saw the play when it was produced by Meyerhold in 1926 and campaigned for it from then on. This year the Guild pulled all its forces together, and set about doing it. If you haven't seen it yet, we'd better give you an idea of what they were up against. There is a single set, but this calls for a battleship, a section of quayside, several Chinese sampans and rowboats, and a considerable portion of Chinese harbor. All this was not got together without some difficulty, but it was done. The entire stage at the Martin Beck is now covered with water, making it look a little like the old Hippodrome; eighteen thousand gallons are held in a tank lined with calked canvas, and so big that the apron extends out over the first four rows of orchestra seats. Into this tank people fall and are drowned. On it, the sampans ply back and forth, pulled by ropes hidden behind their sails, and so does the battleship.

The action calls for sixty-odd Chinese actors, and this proved a difficulty, too. For a time, none could be found; at least who could speak English. Most of those in the cast now are nonprofessionals, who gave up their various occupations to act in the play, just for the spirit of the thing. The *doyen* of the troupe, however, is Sam Kim, who has been appearing in Broadway shows ever since 1911. You'll notice that the others always defer to him, in curtain calls. All the Chinese have done very well. During rehearsals of the drownings they plunged without complaint into the water, as many times as demanded. The white player who gets drowned, William Gargan, complained that the water was too cold, and now the tank is steam-heated. There were the usual mishaps on opening night. When the Chinese stormed the battleship, they got so excited that a dozen or so accidentally fell in the harbor instead. At the same time, a machine gun in the hands of the whites failed completely to work. Quick-witted actors fired off pistols as fast as possible, to make up for it. All that has been cleared up now. Eisenstein, the Russian director, saw the show, and said it was "much richer" than Meyerhold's production.

Vie de Bohème

A YOUNG couple being visited by an elderly aunt from Stockbridge, Massachusetts, took her to one of the glamorous movie houses by way of variety in entertainment. They did it with some misgiving, but their guest showed a lively interest in everything and obviously had a good time. Moreover, she thanked them heartily on the way home. "I enjoyed just being there," she said. "You know I've always felt I have a touch of the Bohemian in me."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Sometimes I wish the dear boy wouldn't run quite so fast."

CHRISTMAS IS A STATE OF MIND

IT is fashionable nowadays to do quite a lot of moaning at Christmas time, before, during, and after taking. And there is little doubt that much of it is justified even though, according to the best thought, the moans are the result of adult forgetfulness rather than of any real change in Christmas itself. Where Christmas is concerned it is human nature to remember the good and forget the bad. As my friend Barry Phillips always says: "What do you remember about a poker game, the next morning? The many times you failed to better a pair, or the once you filled a straight flush?" . . . Of course. . . . So with Christmas. Forgotten are the many improving books, educative games, and useful garments; forgotten the time you wished for a football and got, from a non-sporting aunt, a soccer ball; forgotten (possibly) even the Christmas you had whooping cough, and couldn't enjoy the customary masses of hard candy you nevertheless stubbornly consumed under the bedclothes. Those were the days before presents had lost their power of exciting you; you still remember your first bicycle, your first skates, and later, when girls and music suddenly appeared in the world, your first silk hat, as gifts sent direct from Heaven.

Even the Barry Phillipses do some moaning. Some moaning, of course, is unavoidable around Christmas. They are, like most people, nauseated equally by the glad light in the eyes of the Christmas sentimentalists and by the curling lips of the cynics-about-town. Like everyone else, they are made savagely determined by the Christmas advertising to cut their giving to the bone, and to turn even from innocent holly wreaths and potted poinsettias with a shrug. Not that they actually succumb—they don't. For through it all rises the old spontaneous excitement, the renewal of their secret conviction that Christmas is, as always, the Great Day, the true climax of the year.

I, AS a visiting bachelor, as one additional object of the Phillips Christmas charity—I believe that the reason the Phillipses have succeeded in keeping this attitude toward Christmas is that they use their heads, plan things out. They do not, in other words, make the mistake of simply *exposing* the household to Christmas, like a photographic negative. They take reasonable precautions, and they do not attempt the impossible. They are wise enough, for instance, to know that nothing whatever can be done about the two hours just after Christmas dinner, when stomachs are too full of mutually antagonistic foods, and ears too full of the shrieks of children wrenching playthings away from each other. They know that no power on earth—least of all the spirit of Christmas dinner—will make their own children pleasant to their cousins, Aunt Bessie's loathed offspring from Hudson Falls, or cause them to be anything but rude to Cousin Bessie herself. This after-dinner period Mr. and Mrs. Phillips simply live through, suffering quietly, without trying to make it worse by organizing games, or even by listening to Uncle Randolph's nervous attempts to "make conversation." Uncle Randolph's nerve trouble takes the not uncommon form of a dread of silence. He leans forward in his chair, fingers twitching, lips dry, eyes fixed in a bright round stare on one after another of the assembled company, and fills any peaceful hush with—well—conversation, just that.

Then take the Ordeal by Stockings. Not silk ones for presents: woollen ones, for hanging. For years the Phillipses had been accustomed to sneak into the nursery late at night, take the empty stockings from the mantelpiece, fill them, and hang them up again, in the traditional way. And for years they had turned out not later than five on Christmas morning in response to popular demand (which invariably took the form of sharp blows about the head and chest and shrill screams in the ear) to "come *quick*, Mother, come *quick* and see what I got!" They always went, too, and managed to whip up an adequate enthusiasm. But Phillips came to dread the ordeal seriously, knowing that the day would be such that more sleep, not less, was essential.

"Matty," he said to his wife a year or two ago, "Matty, why not have the stockings in *our* room?" She looked at him long and speculatively. Then, as wonder dawned in her eyes, "Why not?" she said. You see? No talk about "Well, we never *have*." Mrs. Phillips has certain elements of greatness.

SHATTERING—even bending—a tradition is a tricky and dangerous thing to attempt, especially among children, the most hidebound tradition-sticklers alive. Mrs. Phillips therefore started her spadework weeks ahead by diplomatically persuading the children that what with aërial traffic conditions and the many stops Santa Claus has to make in China, South Africa, and Nebraska, he couldn't be counted on to reach New York much before seven this year. This sounded reasonable, and she got away with it, thus gaining a clean two hours of sleep. She and Phillips seriously debated making a play for eight o'clock but regretfully decided against it for fear of bursting trouble among the young. They knew from memory that the hours from five to seven are the slowest in all life's journey—except, Phillips amended, the hours he had waited at the altar while his procession of ushers tottered toward him down the aisle, smirking. They didn't quite dare take a chance on eight.

MRS. PHILLIPS knows, as a skillful parent, that the big kick in stockings lies not in the nature and quality of the contents, but in the fun of reaching in and pulling things out one after the other, as fast as the arm can work. Stocking toys *must* make the stockings mysteriously lumpy, and heavy enough to awaken honest greed. They ought also, for perfection, to be gaudy, noisy, original, and enchanting, with the exception of one item each child really wants. And these items of preferred stock, she knows further, had better be of approximately even desirability, as the first thing a normal child does, after emptying its own stocking, is to check up pretty narrowly on its brothers' and sisters' takings. The most model infant in the world, long before it has learned to walk and talk and spit out cereal, has mastered the scale of comparative values of Christmas presents.

On the pretext of examining them for holes, Mrs. Phillips has the children turn over to her their long red woollen snow stockings at least two days before Christmas. And this leads to what is without question the most radical and intelligent revolution in the history of Christianity, as she thereupon can, and does, fill the stockings ahead of time and while still more or less in her right mind—a great improvement over the old night-sneaking routine. For having filled them, she hides them.

"I tell you Mr. Connelly don't live here—this is a speakeasy."

• •

and then, on Christmas Eve, *produces the empty mates for the children to hang!*

IN the Phillips family, as in all well-conducted households, the Rite of the Stocking requires two ceremonies: hanging them, and taking them down in the morning. When the kids come into their parents' room on Christmas Eve for the hanging, the empty or bogus stockings are always lying out on a chair, as first official evidence that Christmas is really imminent. (The unauthorized secret examination of all the other, major presents is ignored by both sides.) The red woollen stockings make it official.

At this point there is likely to be a hitch caused by the imperfect functioning of the construction department, of which Phillips is foreman: he has remembered the string, but forgotten, as usual, the tacks and hammer. The eldest boy is sent to fetch them from the shelf in the parlor closet, and comes back, much too soon to have had time to look, to say that they aren't there. Then, after Phillips too has gone and looked without success, he finds last year's tacks still in the mantelpiece, also as usual. The children do the actual hanging, of course, left to right in order of size. All except little Ellie, who can't reach, and instantly turns crimson with rage and wants to know why she isn't bigger. A hard question to answer satisfactorily.

In connection with the ceremony of taking the stockings down in the morning, experience has taught the Phillipses one or two other prudent little dodges. Tragedy *must not* occur before breakfast. It is very bad for a little child, both psychologically and digestively, to start Christmas Day with a yell of despair; and even worse for Daddy's and Mother's nerves, especially after having been up so late the night before. Therefore Phillips makes a point of having a few extra peppermint canes stowed away—to replace those that instantly fall out of the stockings and shatter on the hearth—under his pillow, in his slippers, anywhere so he doesn't have to get out of bed. "Tough luck, Bobby. Bring Daddy your stocking; I'll take an oath there's another one in there." Then it is a simple matter to stifle the yells and square the honor of Santa Claus both, by palming one of the spare canes and pretending to pull it out of the stocking.

It takes the average youngster thirty seconds to empty his stocking, and thirty more to lose every one of his presents under the masses of wrapping paper. The Phillipses have long since drawn up a code whose whole purpose is to do away with property claims and counter-claims, and in particular the use of the words "That's *mine*!" Each child must keep his loot in the sector allotted to him, and all papers must be thrown into the laundry basket put in the middle of the room for the purpose. They have found that this system enables them to clear the room of children within fifteen minutes of the time the stockings are taken down, each with its own winnings intact, and with practically no yelling. An adequate clearing formula they have found to be: "Nurse must be dying to know what you got. Why don't you all run and show her? Yes, right now." Then after the last child has left, Phillips springs up, locks the door, and tumbles back to bed; and if he has the good luck not to find the sheets garnished with moist, partly sucked fragments of candy canes, he can count on nearly an hour's more sleep.

IT is said that Christmas is nothing but a state of mind; and this is true. But the Phillipses have found that the proper state of mind can only be cultivated with wisdom. Otherwise chaos results, if not actual crimes such as infanticide, matricide, suicide, and haimsucken. (Haimsucken, it is perhaps unnecessary to mention, is a crime peculiar to Scotland. It consists of committing murder by burning down a house with the family locked inside.) Yielding to the Christmas-afternoon impulse to commit haimsucken tends to make the day definitely less merry. The average family will find it much wiser to follow the example of the Phillipses, and use their heads a little.

—DONALD MOFFAT

SILVER LINERS

IN the early spring of 1933, when Calvin Coolidge is serving his third term in the White House and there is a chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage, and a smiling face in every Republican headquarters—then, when the Golden Age has come back, I am going to do something big for Mr. Theodore Luce and Mr. Henry J. Gielow. I don't know how I would have survived the depression without them.

You know the sort of mail we all get these days. Appeals for charity; reports of the International Insecticide Company for the quarter ending September 30, making it appallingly clear that you'll be lucky if you ever get another dividend on that block of common stock you still hold because nobody else wants it; more appeals for charity; memorandums from your broker reminding you that he still has on his books your order to sell Cosmic Utilities at 175 (they're down to 38½ now and will do well ever to go any higher); still more appeals for charity. Opening the mail would be about as cheerful a pastime as opening the coffin to take a last look at the deceased, if it weren't for Theodore Luce and Henry J. Gielow.

MR. LUCE sells Lincoln cars and Mr. Gielow sells Diesel yachts. If everybody worked as hard as they do to sell their wares this would truly be a busy nation, though just what good that would do it remains uncertain. Mr. Luce, lately, has been sending me a personal letter every morning telling me how good a car the Lincoln is (and I can well believe it, having once known somebody who had one); and since this sales attack by driblets of one letter a day didn't get results, he outdid himself the other morning and sent me ten letters in the same mail. Not ten copies of one letter, you understand; ten separate and distinct personal letters, each one giving me a different argument as to why I ought to buy a Lincoln. Five of the ten enclosed neat and tasteful booklets in pastel shades discussing the topics that smart people discuss, and incidentally alluding to the advantages of owning a Lincoln.

As it happened I got just about twenty letters that morning; so every time I read an appeal from some worthy cause for money that I couldn't afford to contribute, I took the bitter taste out of my mouth by opening one of Mr. Luce's letters and realizing afresh that even if I don't own so much as a Ford, I have been judged by Mr. Luce to be the sort of person who ought to own a Lincoln. For obviously he (and Mr. Gielow too) got my name from some pretty exclusive list; and if you say the New York telephone directory is not an exclusive list, I remind you that it is the only sucker list hereabouts on which you can't keep your name unless you pay money for that privilege on the first of every month. Some of these list-compilers keep your name on long after you're dead, but not the Telephone Company. It makes you feel a good deal better on these bleak autumn mornings to realize that you've been definitely classified as belonging in the higher brackets of society.

I don't want you to think my gratitude to Mr. Luce is purely selfish; I appreciate the social significance of his activity too. If he sends me ten letters at a time instead of one, he helps to swell the revenues of the Post Office, thereby helping the government to avoid a deficit and doing his bit toward tax-reduction; and it must keep a lot of people busy to write these letters and address them, which mitigates the unemployment problem. Honestly, Mr. Luce, I am going to buy a Lincoln as soon as I can get around to it.

"Now, you take this depression."
"Huh? What depression?"

It is true that with a taxi-stand in front of the apartment house I have no use for a car of my own; but I want to buy a Lincoln and give it to one of my rich friends. It might cheer him, or her, up; and they all need it, for they've suffered more than I have from the depression. They make that perfectly clear. "You never had anything anyway," they point out to me, "so what difference does it make if you lost it? Besides," they continue morosely, "you ought to have known you were in for a trimming, for does it not say in the Bible, 'From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath'? But it also says in the Bible," they go on with an injured air, "that to him that hath shall be given, and however true that may have been in ancient Palestine it has certainly not been the way things have gone here-

abouts since October, 1929." So I am going to give one of these unfortunates a Lincoln, and maybe I will give another one a yacht whenever I find time to go down to the store and look them over. For I owe a lot to Mr. Gielow too.

IT is now several years since Mr. Gielow started trying to get me to buy a yacht, but in the old days I was investing my surplus in common stocks in order to participate in the future prosperity of the nation, so I felt that a yacht was something I could not afford. I can see now that a yacht would have been cheaper after all; and as soon as I inherit two or three million dollars, Mr. Gielow, I am coming around to see you. That nice hundred-and-ninety-one-foot seagoing all-steel affair that you told me about this morning, for instance. Don't expect me to use it; I can get seasick even on a ferryboat. But I will tie it up in the river off Ninety-sixth Street so that the barkers on the sightseeing buses can tell everybody: "That is Davis' yacht."

Only, Mr. Gielow, please confine yourself to yachts when you write to me; don't, as you did this morning, go into the philosophy of prosperity. "Suppose we all begin to think in terms of business improvement," you suggest, "and see what happens."

Well, I began to think in those terms on October 30 of last year, when Mr. Rockefeller announced that he was buying common stocks at bargain prices, and I decided to take my stand beside him and help support the market. I saw what happened, Mr. Gielow; and I never want to see anything else like it.

BUT I can overlook these little gaucheries, considering the debt I owe to Luce and Gielow. They've given me moral support; but more than that, I am convinced that I owe it to them, to the standing they have given me as a potential purchaser of a yacht and a Lincoln, that my long campaign for social recognition has at last been crowned by success. Yesterday, after years of quiet but unremitting endeavor, after all kinds of wire-pulling with the Committee on Admissions, I was at last invited to become a member of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

"They must be letting down the bars," said an ungenerous bystander. Well, maybe they are; but in a few years that will make no difference. When you meet a French count, do you know whether he is of the old *noblesse* or only a Bonapartist imitation? They know in France, of course, but it doesn't make any difference on Park Avenue. And who can tell offhand whether an English lord you meet in a speakeasy owes his title to what his ancestors did for William the Conqueror or what he did for Lloyd George? Just so, in a few years these subtle distinctions between members of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment will be forgotten, and my grandchildren may claim the title as proudly as Henry H. Curran's.

So when the wheels of industry are turning again I'm going to do what I can to pay my debt to Luce and Gielow. I think I'll invite them both to the annual dinner of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. After that maybe it would be a little treat for Mr. Gielow to take a ride in my Lincoln, and for Mr. Luce to spend a weekend on my yacht.

—ELMER DAVIS

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BOOK REVIEW

INDIVIDUALISM, OLD AND NEW. By John Dewey. A timely book by the foremost thinker of today. Minton, Balch & Company. $2.

I

The contradiction in our life today
Is this: that though our chief concern is money
(Having a knack with jack),
We glorify no selfish creed—nay, nay,
We glorify the love of Mother! Funny?
It seems to Mr. Dewey gooey.

II

We mechanize, we standardize the whole,
And raise the standard, by the bye, of living
(The Frigidaire is not rare);
Our thought is homogeneous, our soul
Impersonal, unvarious, outgiving.
We've gone (I'm quoting Dewey) flooey.

III

Our grandsires bred, in pushing back frontiers,
The individual. They were contented—
(One can relax, with an axe).
Today, with Nature cowed, we engineers
Should utilize the things we have invented.
We don't, says Mr. Dewey, do we?

IV

A lot of people entertain the thought
That the machine itself is reprehensible
(It is a pose, God knows).
To blame the mechanism for its overwrought
Condition isn't, somehow, very sensible.
It is, says Mr. Dewey, hooey.

V

Bewilderment comes largely from our way
Of dragging in ideals so old they're dusty
(By the heels, Dewey feels).
We live in a most bright electric day
And use a code that's gone completely rusty.
Our morals aren't, says Dewey, dewy.

VI

To build our culture, then—since we are fed
Through courtesy of Henry Ford and G. F. Babbitt
(Well fed, it must be said),
Let industry *refine* our hearts instead,
And out of steel let's pluck our mental habit.
Don't simply say, warns Dewey, "Phooey."

—E. B. W.

COUSIN BOB

WHEN my cousin Bob was in prep school he had an attack of pneumonia and ever since then his health has been delicate, although you could never tell it to look at him. He is the picture of health, as the saying goes. But Uncle Ed and Aunt Katherine worry a great deal about him. If he has a cold or a pain in his stomach, they call in a couple of doctors right away. They are not quite convinced of the wisdom of just one doctor; the presence of a spare always reassures them. Aunt Katherine tells friends of the family: "You know Robert has to be very careful."

I remember that Bob caught a severe cold at the Harvard-Yale game last fall and was confined to his room at a Boston hotel for a week. I was feeling a bit ill myself but I recovered sufficiently to go to the office on Monday. The second week Bob went to a sanitarium called the Chateau Frontenac, in Quebec. I got a post card from him saying: "Boy, this is one grand place!" The climate there agreed with him fine.

BOB has a desk in the office next to mine. In May he was working hard, nearly every day, and seemed to be standing it all right. Then, suddenly, he went all to pieces. Uncle Ed called me into his private office to tell me about it. "What the boy needs is a good rest," said Uncle Ed. As luck would have it, two of Bob's buddies were sailing for Europe that week, so he went with them. The plan was that he would be away two months. Bob wrote that he was getting a world of benefit from the trip but he thought it would be advisable for him to stay another month and join his friends in a trip to Scotland to shoot grouse. Uncle Ed and Aunt Katherine thought it would be good for him to shoot grouse in Scotland if he was very careful. Uncle Ed cabled him to stay.

"I feel like a million dollars," Bob said when he got back. He said he was ready to tackle a lot of work. However, it wasn't long before he tackled too high and was smeared. He had a sort of nervous breakdown, or cough. I saw him show Miss Murray, our stenographer, how his hand shook when he held his fountain pen. Uncle Ed and Aunt Katherine decided Bob better get away from the office for a little while; give his nerves a rest and get his physique hardened for the winter months. So today he left for Hot Springs, a health resort in Virginia.

While Bob accepts his condition philosophically enough, you can't envy a man whose health is as frail as his. Not much you can't envy him.

—GEORGE CECIL COWING

"Have you a safety pin, old man?"

OF ALL THINGS

WE must all agree with Mr. Coolidge that the President's Message "fits the occasion." Dull times should be reflected in dull reading matter.

•

Al Smith says he will write only one column a week because that will give him more time to think. "More than who has?" one snickers.

•

We cordially welcome the Happy Warrior to our little group of hebdomadal thinkers but our guess is that things will not work out that way. Presently he will find that he has not yet done his week's thinking, and here it is Friday already.

•

To the efficient American there is something utterly fantastic in the treason trial at Moscow. The eight erring engineers are giving away confessions which would have brought them untold riches from our magazines.

•

Since our last report, New York has lost a unique feature: it no longer contains a village named Linoleumville. We might as well be Birmingham or Indianapolis.

•

The DO-X is in trouble again and when it will come to America goodness knows. We still hope it will arrive in time to celebrate Hoover's abolition of poverty.

•

This broadminded department feels that those clergymen were right in disregarding the wishes of the good Bishop. Better learn the facts of life from Judge Lindsey than from some rough choirboy.

•

Admirers of Thomas Jefferson should take steps to remove his name from the courthouse in Sixth Avenue. The place should be known as the "Justice Market Court."

•

"Coolidges Eat Porridge to Cut Wheat Surplus"—Boneheadline in the *Herald Tribune*. We might have known that sooner or later some of those unemployment apples would end up in sauce.

•

Our favorite Nimrod, the Prince of Wales, is going to South America to hunt big customers.

•

Einstein cannot understand why Americans with no intention to insult offered him big money to indorse things he never heard of. It is said that there are only six people in the world who can comprehend this.

•

The suggestion is made that people pledge themselves not to exchange Christmas presents this year, but that would probably make unemployment worse. Even the scheme wouldn't work.

•

A musical show called "Of All Things" is headed for Broadway and for our private Hoopla Department. Or possibly our Pshaw Department.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"And the tragedy of it is that he couldn't have lived to see the family move to New York."

PROFILES

HEAVIER THAN AIR

Orville Wright

THE first man ever to fly an airplane is a gray man now, dressed in gray clothes. Not only have his hair and his mustache taken on this tone, but his curiously flat face, too. Thirty years of hating publicity and its works, thirty years of dodging cameras and interviews, have given him what he has obviously wished for most: a protective coloration which will enable him to fade out of public view against a neutral background. Orville Wright is not merely modest; he is what the sociologists call an asocial type. Bachelorhood is one evidence of this. You might discover another yourself, by searching the back files of newspapers for photographs of him. You would find fewer than you expected, and almost all of those you did find would be of his back. Temperament is doubtless partially responsible for making him thus. So, doubtless, is the way the world has treated him as a pioneer.

December 17, this year, is the twenty-seventh anniversary of the day when the younger of two of the sons of the Reverend Milton Wright, Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren of Christ, flipped a coin with his brother at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and, having won the toss, climbed into a motorized orange crate which slipped crazily forward—and left the ground. Orville and Wilbur Wright had for almost three decades looked toward this moment, and during most of that time they had shared the secret of their ambition with only one other person, a sister. Then, as they grew up in Dayton, Ohio, they had to take their experiments into the open. They flew odd kites before groups of raucously unsympathetic townsmen who asked what kind of business this was for grown men. They were going to fly! —and at a time when Samuel Pierpont Langley was falling into the Potomac River near Washington demonstrating that man could not fly, and when the joke of the day was that flying machines ought to be launched upside down so that they might soar, not fall. Then followed the immediate aftermath of their success, and its psychological effect. After Kitty Hawk the Wrights had returned to Dayton, which couldn't realize that the two boys who ran the bicycle shop had flown. They tried a public flight for the townspeople, and when it was unsuccessful the newspapers printed funny stories. Thereafter, Dayton could see the Wright plane in the skies, and hear the uncertain musketry of its engine, and still not believe that anyone had accomplished power-driven flight. An old farmer expressed the general local opinion when he said: "There's no use fussin' with that thing, Will. It's against Nature to fly, and even if anybody does, it won't be anybody from Dayton." Nor did the rest of the country show much interest. It wasn't until 1908, two years after Europe had accepted the success of emulators of the Wrights, such as Santos-Dumont and Bleriot, that this nation came to suspect that the machine made by the bicycle-repairmen was a reality, perhaps even a success.

NOW you find Orville Wright, when you confront him in his workshop, a timid man whose misery at meeting you is obviously so keen that, in common decency, you leave as soon as you can. He is to be found in his office, if you intrude, in a small brick house at 15 North Broadway, Dayton. It has two stories, a few yards of frontage on the street, and an ell that vanishes somewhere in the rear. In only one way does it stand out from the run of buildings along the street. It is not the ugliest house, nor the handsomest, nor the most sinister, nor the most inviting, nor the most well-kept, nor the most ramshackle. It is simply, by a long shot, the most undistinguished. By no stretch of the imagination would you suspect it houses fame.

The interior furnishings carry out the same motif. The front room is a spare box. There is a thin, faded rug on the uneven floor. The walls are bare of pictures. Not a memento is to be seen. There is a roll-top desk against one wall and a small table against another. There are three chairs, thin chairs. The gentleman opposite you is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a doctor of technical science of the Royal Technical College of Munich; he holds almost every honorary degree that a university can award; he owns enough medals to entomb him completely if he ever wore them all at once; he is an honored member of every association of aëronauts in the world; but on rainy days the roof leaks and he winces faintly when, every nine remorseless seconds, a drop of water flashes past the pale light of the window into the little pool on the floor.

He has been victimized and distorted by the written word ever since his first flight in 1903, when a reporter swiped a telegraphic message telling his father, the Bishop, that the machine had flown, and, knowing no fact but that, wrote what seemed good to him —a long, richly embroidered piece of imaginative prose describing in detail a flight of a virtuosity to which no plane has yet attained. He hates to have anything written about him, especially the conventional struggle-and-success story in which he has almost always been publicly presented. He regards his and Wilbur's early work with a kind of religious pride, and would have it understood clearly and without gush that there were no melodramatic heartbreaks in learning to fly—save the inevitable financial ones. He insists that neither he nor Wilbur ever tried anything until they had worked it out first on paper and then in the laboratory, and that on the field, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, that which was planned to happen happened. By this logic he insists there was no thrill whatever in leaving the ground on the first successful flight, in 1903. He was too sure he would fly to be excited. He says he had only one thrill in aviation: the moment when the bare idea of flight came to him as he lay abed at night

as a sleepless small boy. He has almost never written for print and he refuses to write his autobiography. The persuasive demons who have put John D. Rockefeller, Colonel House, and the Pope into the sound movies will never triumph with him. "The only birds who talk are parrots, and they are not birds of high flight," once said Wilbur, who had a certain flair for epigram. His brother's interest in aviation is now only that of a bystander. He occupies himself now largely in "putting some of Will's papers in order," so that the amazingly exact early data of aërodynamics which the brothers worked out in the eighteen-nineties will not be lost. He serves on a few aëronautical committees. Curiously, although he never entered aërial sporting events in the earlier days and frequently evidenced his dislike for them, the post in which he now takes the greatest interest is the chairmanship of the contest committee of the National Aëronautic Association.

The inventor can no longer travel much. His shattering accident at Fort Myer in 1908 resulted in an injury to his spine which takes itself out now in the form of an excruciating neuritis when he is subjected to vibration. Railroad companies may pillow him like a rajah, but a Pullman car is still too rough a form of travel. An airplane, which must land on bumpy ground at forty miles an hour, is unthinkable. In spite of his painful disability Orville Wright did leave Dayton for a long trip in December, 1928, when, to participate in observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first unsteady flight, he went back to Kitty Hawk. It's a story worth a digression.

IT all began in Washington, as do so many things. In 1927 it was decided that something should be done to commemorate a quarter-century of flight, and that a memorial be erected on the desolate sand dunes of North Carolina where two Americans had first lifted a flying machine into the air. As a preliminary to carrying out this plan, various assistant secretaries of aviation in government departments were appointed to a commission to investigate and recommend. They set out for Kitty Hawk, something of a Tibet in accessibility. One of the secretaries flew, and made the trip in an hour and twenty minutes, but the others spent five days in getting there and back by train, boat, and Ford. On their return they presented a proposal. It was that, since no human being would ever think of going to Kitty Hawk deliberately, a strictly utilitarian building be erected—a Coast Guard station combined with an aviation beacon to guide coastwise pilots and marked by an appropriate plaque. This plan immediately fell afoul of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, who was taking responsibility for aviation in the Upper House. He wanted a Greek temple, made of Connecticut granite. Also a Congressional committee or two and the Fine Arts Commission had to consider the situation, which got more complicated all the time. Three months before the time for the dedication of the monument no decision had been reached, but a battalion of engineers of the United States Army was nevertheless dispatched to prepare for the event. It marched valiantly across the wastes and encamped before Kill Devil Hill, a burly sand dune. Here, at the top of the sandhill, the soldiers built a derrick, by which the cornerstone was to be lowered, and a stand to hold the two hundred distinguished persons who were to see it put in place. Again there were

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"You understand this is only on approval. My husband really isn't very au courant."

complications. The work was no sooner done than a violent windstorm swept Kitty Hawk, blowing relentlessly south for two days. When it was over the officer in charge went out to inspect his work and found that, while their derrick and stand had triumphantly withstood the blast, Kill Devil Hill had moved coyly away from there. The army groaned and swore, but its officers led a rally and in two days the battalion had shovelled Kill Devil Hill back in place.

On December 17 no decision as to what the monument would be had been made, but the dedicating delegation started for Kitty Hawk anyhow. It was a long and miserable procession. The State of North Carolina had early entered heartily into the spirit of the celebration, announcing that, coöperating with the nation, it would build an automobile road to the site of the memorial. It succeeded merely in getting the old road thoroughly torn up. Progress, in the automobile transport of the neighborhood, was made largely in low gear, with hot water spouting from the radiators. On the way down two Fords collided and another went into the ditch. The expedition had taken a doctor along and before he got back he had treated cases of multiple contusions, sprains, influenza, bronchitis, lacerations, acute hysteria, immersion, exposure, and exhaustion.

Whatever pain Orville Wright suffered on the wintry way down, this modest, retiring man undoubtedly underwent greater agony during the public glorification of his and Wilbur's work. The cornerstone was laid. It was a spectacle unique in history, for nobody knew what it was the cornerstone of. It probably didn't matter much, as Senator Bingham and the other orators spoke into a whistling thirty-five-mile wind which blew most of their words away unheard.

The return from Kitty Hawk was another retreat from Moscow. Some of the native automobile-owners had scrapped their "Welcome to Kitty Hawk" banners and gone off home to get warm. The Spanish delegation, as a result of an interpreter's error, had got things mixed up and gone off to attend a duck dinner given by a native. A large part of the group, including Orville Wright, set out finally, and somewhat desperately, for the shore of Albemarle Sound, to catch a ferry that would take them out of the wastes. Most of them missed it, but one of the officials commandeered an antiquated government rum-chaser which appeared fortuitously. Unhappily, the commander of the craft didn't know the waters very well and had to stop every little way and get his bearings from bumboatmen. Unhappily also, the boat began to sink—or so it seemed to two highly important delegates who noted some six inches of water in the bilges. Surreptitiously, so as not to alarm the ladies, they began to bail. They first used their cupped hands, afterward their silk hats. They worked for ten minutes in heroic silence, until the chief bos'n's mate saw them and said: "This craft's a self-bailer; so long as she's got this load she'll carry that much water." Somehow, the creature seems to have escaped court-martial.

THE thoughts of Orville and Wilbur turned to flying in 1878, when Orville was seven. The Bishop, their father, had bought them a toy helicopter and from it they visioned a machine which would carry people. It was a boyhood dream which persisted into manhood. Years later, as young men, Orville and Wilbur found that the larger you built a helicopter the harder it was to make it fly. They turned to kites and gliders and had only a half-hearted interest in following their elder brothers to Yale or any other college. An accident suffered by Wilbur on a hockey rink settled matters. It made him a semi-invalid for a time, and helped to reconcile their family to this unconventional decision. For a livelihood they opened the Wright Cycle Company in West Third Street, Dayton. Their spare time was spent in building gliders on the biplane principle of Octave Chanute, and flying them as kites. They were so successful that soon they were riding aloft in them. For two years they studied complicated questions of stability. They had almost no previously assembled data to go on. They built themselves a wind tunnel and spent months in calculating the lifting power of different wings. By the time they were ready to apply power they knew enough of stability to be reasonably certain that they would not kill themselves.

The application of power was almost hopelessly baffling. How could anyone design an aërial screw for them when, in the year 1901, marine engineers were vague as to the principles by which a marine propeller drove a ship? How could they hope to buy a gasoline engine light and efficient enough to be carried aloft when the best automobile motor could drive a car at but fifteen miles an hour and weighed a cumbrous ton? The answer is: they couldn't. The Wrights designed their own pro-

"The greatest little scooter on the market, gentlemen."

peller from their own data and smoothed it down with a spoke-shave. They forged and hammered and cast their own engine in the Dayton cycle-shop.

When the first machine was publicly exhibited in 1904, it looked awesomely ridiculous and no spectator who saw it trundled onto the field believed it would take the air. Even after it had, this country didn't realize it. It was France which first became convinced that it had, and when Wilbur circled near the cathedral at Le Mans, that nation embraced him as it had embraced no other American since Franklin. It was then that the brothers became international figures; then that Orville was photographed standing with a derby hat almost rakishly one side, in the presence of Edward VII; then that Orville and Wilbur, each looking uncommonly wretched in a frock coat and silk hat, stood flanking President Taft on the White House steps. Then followed the miserable years in which there was no time to fly; in which patents, litigation, contracts, editors importuning for manuscripts, and toastmasters begging for a few words, all but ruined the happiness of the brothers. Wilbur always looked cross. Orville always looked frightened. Each was both.

ORVILLE WRIGHT took a great many tumbles in serving his apprenticeship, but only once did he have a serious accident. That was at Fort Myer, Virginia, in 1908, during the course of the first army tests. Three and a half times around the parade ground and Orville's plane, carrying Lieutenant Selfridge as observer, dropped one hundred feet and buried its nose almost vertically in the ground. Selfridge was killed, Orville was badly hurt.

In the weeks that followed Orville spoke not one word of pain and was never even heard to mention Selfridge. He was a man obsessed with a burning question: "How did it happen?" By minute investigation he decided later that a guy-wire fixture had worked loose and permitted the wire to foul the propeller.

Wilbur's death from typhoid, in 1912, was a sad blow to Orville, whose gradual withdrawal from the front ranks of aviation began then. He last piloted a plane in 1914 and last flew in one in 1918. In the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" you will find a long article about Wilbur Wright. Reading it you might gather that he was the sole inventor, developer, and pilot of the first successful airplane. There is but the faintest suggestion that Wilbur ever had a brother. This perplexes you until you see the initials indicating the author of the article: "O. W."

Now Orville stays in Dayton and the longest trip he is apt to make is from his home, where he lives with two servants, to his office, where he works with one secretary, seeing no one if it can be avoided, saying nothing if he can help it. He does not now concern himself with the company which bears his name. None of the millions which have gone into aviation has found its way to him. He certainly hasn't the talent for acquisition. In the early nineteen-tens capitalists who sought to promote his and his brother's patents found the pair indifferent and dreamily impractical. Or so they said. One must remember, however, that some years before this the brothers had sought financial backing and then had found the capitalists indifferent and dreamily impractical. At any rate, when the war started, Orville was merely running a flying school, and that on no high business basis. He lives in comfort which is adequate for him.

He still receives letters by the hundreds. Answering them all would keep a score of secretaries busy. Boys write to him for advice on models. Inventors try to interest him in their ideas, reminding him of his early battle against prejudice. But Will's papers must be put in order. This he finds as much of a draft on his time as he can meet. He looks tired, his voice is almost listless; unquestionably he is in some physical pain. The mail accordingly is neglected.

ORVILLE WRIGHT refuses to predict the future of aviation. He is both exact and exacting: what he does not know definitely, what is not a matter of demonstrable fact, he does not speak about. He feels that airplane design is somewhat in the doldrums because, while there have been refinements and improvements, no new principles have been developed. Perhaps the Autogyro appeals to him; he cannot, however, avoid showing that he thinks little of worth has appeared since he and Will gave up. He feels deeply upon the subject of accidents, saying that there are vastly too many of them and that this country has a bad record. He regards this as a matter of better pilot training; not, he thinks, until the spirit of daredeviltry dies out and pilots shun a hazard with the horror of a veteran locomotive engineer will we witness material improvement.

—ERIC HODGINS

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À BAS BEN ADHEM

My fellow-man I do not care for.
I often ask me, what's he there for?
The only answer I can find
Is: reproduction of his kind.
If I'm supposed to swallow that,
Winnetka is my habitat.
Isn't it time to carve "*Hic Jacet*"
Above that reproduction racket?

To make the matter more succinct,
Suppose my fellow-man extinct.
Why, who would not approve the plan
Save possibly my fellow-man?
Yet with a politician's voice
He names himself as Nature's choice.

The finest of the human race
Are bad in figure, worse in face.
Yet just because they have two legs
And come from Sloane's instead of eggs,
They count the spacious firmament
As something to be charged and sent.

Though man created crosstown traffic,
The *Daily Mirror*, *News*, and *Graphic*,
The pastoral fight and fighting pastor,
And Queen Marie and Lady Astor,
He hails himself with drum and fife
And bullies lower forms of life.

Not that I think that much depends
On how we treat our feathered friends,
Or hold the wrinkled elephant
A nobler creature than my aunt.
It's simply that I'm sure I can
Get on without my fellow-man.

—OGDEN NASH

THE THEATRE

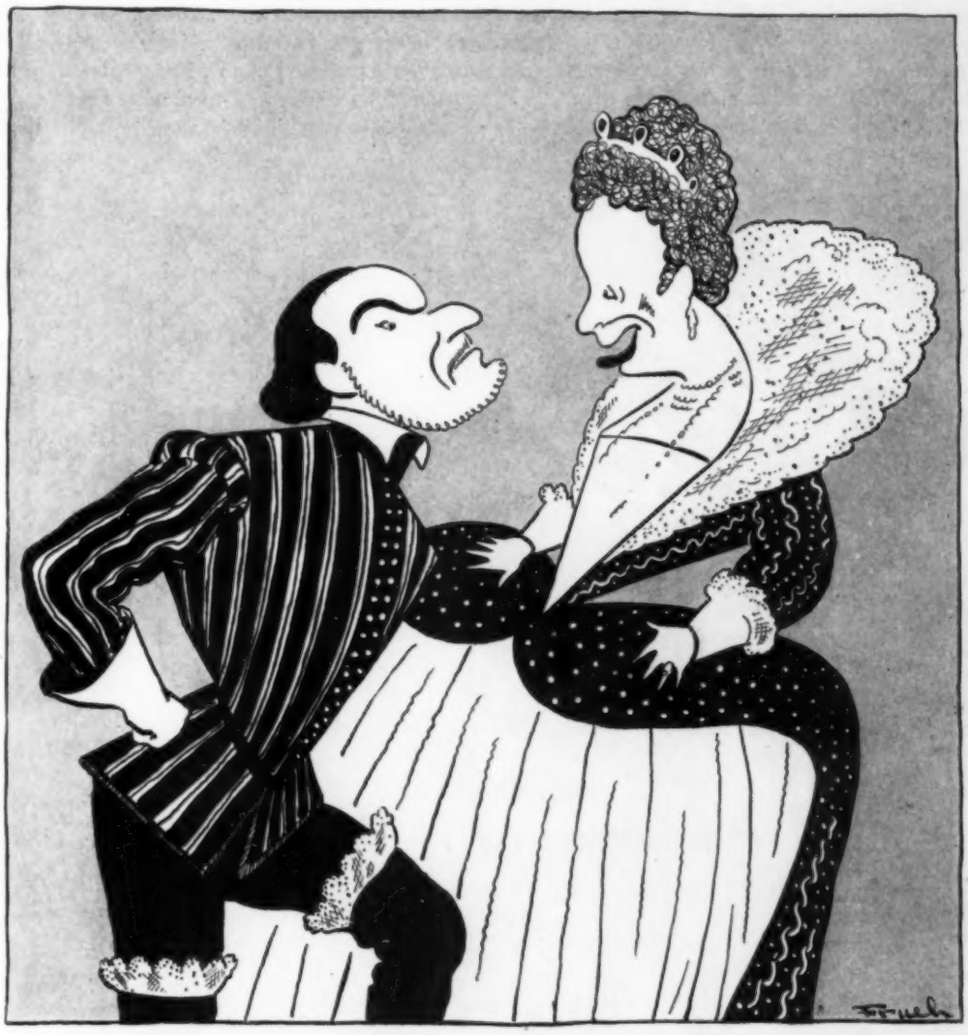
EARLY CHRISTMAS FLOPPING

THERE is something almost spooky in the way actors who have been under the direction of another actor take on his personal mannerisms. He not only tells them when to cross right and left and what to do on their exit lines, but he evidently imparts to them something much more subtly his own, with the result that it is sometimes as if the director himself were on the stage during the performance.

For example, young men who have been under the direction of Mr. Alan Dinehart acquire his not unpleasing manner of reading words in bunches of two and three with a slight cough in between as if thinking of what to say next (a trick which, oddly enough, does not slow up the pace at all). Miss Josephine Hutchinson, under Miss Le Gallienne's direction, has so many of her tutoress' little ways that it is sometimes difficult, if the lighting is dim, to tell which one is on the stage. And Mr. Lionel Atwill, in directing "A Kiss of Importance," has imparted to Basil Rathbone the invaluable manner of talking as if he were just finishing the last few nubbins of a mouthful of almonds.

Of course, during the second act of "A Kiss of Importance," Mr. Rathbone is called upon really to eat a piece of candy which might very well have had a nut concealed in it, but no one nut could last as long as the one Mr. Rathbone seems to be having trouble with, and, as this has long been a trait of Mr. Atwill's, especially while playing comedy scenes, the only conclusion is that it is his own delicate contribution to Mr. Rathbone's technique.

There are other Atwill touches in the direction which lend strength to the theory that his personality as a guide is so strong as to make members of his cast forget their own style and adopt his. Aside from his work on the last vestiges of the almond, Mr. Rathbone bounds and shadowboxes a great deal more than is his wont, and even so excellent an actress as Miss Ann Andrews surprises her admirers by talking, obviously for comedy purposes alone, a strange mixture of dialects, reminiscent now of Irene Bordoni, now of Fannie Brice. The base of the impersonation is French (quite unnecessarily, as everyone else in the play is supposed to be French as well) but every once in a while the hand is clapped to the side of the head and a very distinct Jewish "Oi!" is uttered, serving only to confuse those in the audience who still care about following the action. I do not know whether Mr. Montague Love has come under the Atwill spell or not, but I rather have a feeling that his squaring his shoulders and bringing up his elbows for a comic exit was his own idea. Mr. Frederick Kerr is the only member of the cast who is himself, and although that self is one of the most expertly amusing personalities on the stage today, it avails him but little, for "A Kiss of Importance" is just another French thing about cuckoldry, which gives



"ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN"

You might not recognize Miss Lynn Fontanne in this Queen Elizabeth of the play at the Guild Theatre. Her makeup is so good that even Alfred Lunt (Lord Essex) has a hard time spotting her.

none of those concerned much of a chance to do anything but act as badly as they can.

TWO of the most interesting plays on what is known as "Broadway" are now being performed in the Civic Repertory Theatre in Fourteenth Street. Jean Giraudoux's "Siegfried" and Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House" are both so far removed from the ordinary run of theatrical truck that, no matter what their shortcomings, they must surely stand out prominently when the season is finished. We cannot thank Miss Le Gallienne enough for having offered them to us.

"Siegfried" is a beautiful and dramatic piece of writing and Philip Carr (presumably the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*) has made an excellent translation of it. If you can get hold of a copy of the French version, I would advise you to read it *after* seeing the performance, for, in this instance, the play is the important thing, the acting serving chiefly to give you something to hold in your mind's eye while reading. The acting of Miss Le Gallienne's company, while easily one hundred per cent better than last season, does not seem quite sufficient for so important a play, although Mr. Ben-Ami as Siegfried, the shell-shocked Frenchman who is reborn in Germany to become its political leader, and Miss Le Gallienne and Miss Hutchinson as the two women pleading the respective causes of his two fatherlands, are all good. The play calls for something superfine in the way of acting, but, until it gets it, the performance in Fourteenth Street will serve beautifully. I would suggest, however, just to show that I am a serious and constructive critic, that Miss Le Gallienne's reading of the final line of the play, by her long pause between the word "Siegfried" and the rest of the sentence, loses one of the vital points of the story, which is that the woman not only loves the Frenchman to whom she was engaged before the war but also the German whom she has come to know since.

If this quibbling has served to make you indifferent to the whole business, I am sorry. I had hoped to get you to go and see "Siegfried."

IN the case of "Alison's House" the acting of Miss Le Gallienne's company is the best I have ever seen them do. There are one or two perfectly terrible features, which come close to wrecking the scenes with which they are connected, but Alma Kruger, Leona Roberts, Josephine Hutchinson, Florida Friebus, and Walter Beck, with Miss Le Gallienne herself taking a smaller but highly important part, all work together with a skill unusual in Fourteenth Street (or Forty-fifth Street, for that matter) and give life to a play which, although based on a thrilling idea, needs life above all things.

Miss Glaspell has quite frankly taken the story of Emily Dickinson, the Amherst anchoress, as her theme, for some reason shifting the locale to Iowa, thereby fooling no one. The action takes place eighteen years after the death of the heroine, and we see the effect on a household of a woman's life which had been dedicated to sympathy and understanding and the fashioning of beautiful verse. The first two acts and the first half of the third, aside from a certain fault of repetitiousness, are moving and, on occasion, thrilling, with Miss Kruger, as the feeble-minded sister bent on burning the revelatory unpublished verses, giving a splendid performance to help things along. If the curtain had come down for good as the family sat around the candles reading the salvaged manuscript while the chimes tolled the passing of the nineteenth century, "Alison's House" would have been, with all its minor faults, a remarkable play. Unfortunately another scene is tacked on which is not only unnecessary but acutely tiresome. It would be well if, when you see it, you make believe that you think the play is over when the curtain comes down

"Mr. Smith, you go too far!"

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on Scene I, Act III (you will have plenty of company, for many people are quite sincere in this belief) and sneak quietly out.

INCIDENTALLY, going to the theatre in Fourteenth Street is the nearest thing to having the feeling you used to have when you went to the theatre in your home town years ago. The house itself is large and old and abominably lighted and decorated. There is the musty smell of a church vestry about it and between the acts candy and lemonade are sold with all the gusto of the 1900's. And it is always crowded to the last rows of the balcony with people who have come to the theatre, not for something to do after dinner, but because they love the theatre. One really ought to go there about once a month just to recapture the feeling of theatregoing.

IN "This Is New York" Robert Sherwood has, like Miss Glaspell, had a little third-act trouble, but up until then he has written an amusing, and at times exciting, comedy about a Senator from the Dakotas who is forced to take New York for what it is and like it. In the last act there is a bit too much speechmaking, which, although it is meant to be spurious for the most part and entirely satirical, is, nevertheless, still speechmaking, and speechmaking is never easy to sit through. The third act seems all the more static because of the excellent second act which has preceded it, in which the Senator's daughter is caught in a police investigation of a suicide resulting from a gay party in one of those Central Park West apartments. The beautiful Lois Moran returns to us of the theatre in "This Is New York," so one can always look at her when the action lags, and she is surrounded by an excellent set of companions including Geoffrey Kerr, Robert T. Haines, Audrey Dale, and Robert Barrat. After having done something quiet and poignant in "Waterloo Bridge" Mr. Sherwood has evidently decided that what the people want is a good, rousing straight-from-the-shoulder comedy, and he has written it.

IF you care enough about seeing Maurice Moscovitch's idea of Shylock to sit through "The Merchant of Venice" again, it is at the Times Square Theatre. I, personally, have not, as yet, been able to whip my curiosity up to the point of putting on my overcoat. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

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THE CORNER—I

REMINISCENCES OF HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA

IN 1899 Oscar Hammerstein opened his Victoria Theatre at the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, where the Rialto movie theatre now stands. It was then what is known as a "combination house," playing legitimate attractions. There was no Times Building in front of it. Instead there was a five-story structure embellished in enormous letters with the fresh and sparkling name of Pabst, now almost forgotten. Diagonally opposite it, between Seventh and Broadway, in Forty-second Street, was George W. Considine's old Metropole, famous for its bar, and later, at its new location in Forty-third Street, for being the scene of the Rosenthal murder, which sent Police Lieutenant Becker to the chair. This spot was the theatrical district's farthest north in those days.

Oscar Hammerstein put his theatre in this supposedly out-of-the-way spot because he believed that eventually it would be a crowded place. Several years before the Seventh Avenue subway was begun, Oscar had said that some day there would be a subway station at his corner. He felt that it would be a good thing, because everyone would think that the crowds were going in and out of his theatre. As usual with prophets, Oscar was a little bit ahead of his time. At first the Victoria prospered, but ordinary drama and light opera couldn't crowd people in fast enough to pay Oscar what he needed for his other ventures, which, as everyone remembers, included grand opera in New York, Philadelphia, and London.

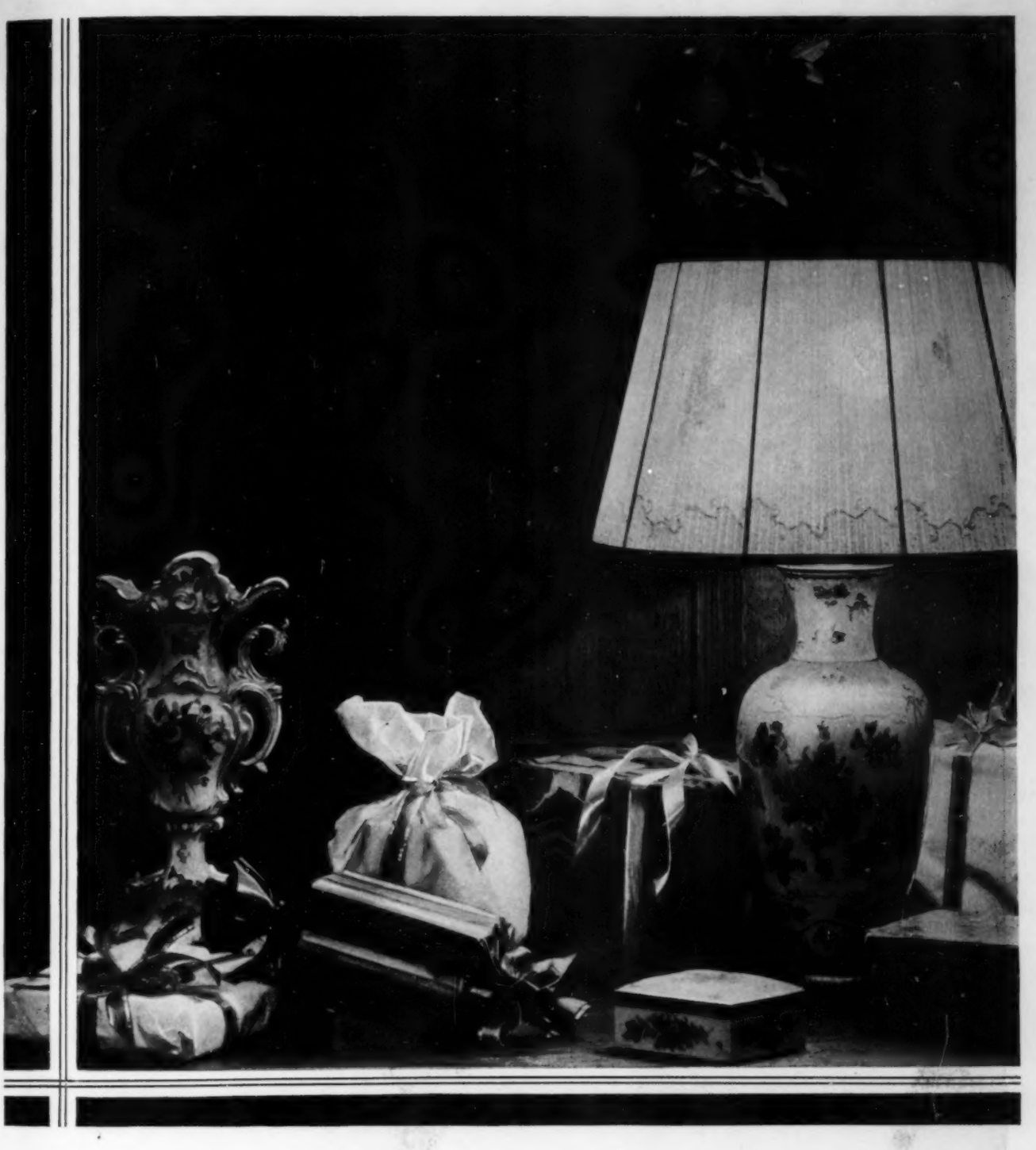
ON the evening of Monday, February 1, 1904, just a week before the Russo-Japanese War would have crowded news of the event out of the papers, the Victoria opened as a vaudeville house. The *Times* commented on the change:

> It was just 8:25 last evening when the curtain of the hitherto Victoria Theatre —now the Theatre of Varieties—was raised. A troupe of dogs marched soberly on the stage and . . . proceeded to give . . . an exhibition of their "almost human" intelligence.
>
> In the lobby Oscar Hammerstein was blandly assuring a group of newspaper men that they would be permitted to smoke inside.
>
> . . . All this could hardly fail to bring a thought of the suddenness of transitions which marks the theatre today. A little more than a year ago, on the same stage now occupied by the dogs, the ventriloquist and his wooden-headed dummies, the black-face comedians, and the aerial gymnasts, Eleanora Duse was exhibiting her exquisite art, and from time to time it has been the scene for other artists of prominence. It was here that Mrs. Patrick Campbell first revealed to New York her "Paula Tanqueray," "Magda," and "Mrs. Ebbsmith."

The Theatre of Varieties, which soon went back to its original name of Victoria, was the scene of a great change in the principles of entertainment. I was for many years master of ceremonies at Hammerstein's. Oscar Hammerstein conceived the idea that it was a sin to let newspapers get away with all the profits derivable from the exploitation of personal idiosyncrasy. In a sense, Oscar and his son, Willie, were the fathers of the modern tabloid. They began to present at the Victoria, Oscar holding the bag and Willie booking the acts, the most lurid news items of the day in a graphic form. Anything that would draw a crowd was meat for a Victoria bill. If people would gobble up an extra edition of a paper just because it carried a story about the Countess of X, whose seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of pearls got a starved and hungry look if she didn't wear them to bed, how much more would they pay for a look at the Countess herself—pearls, bed, and all? And there were few countesses of that sort that the Hammersteins didn't know how to get hold of. A seal with a taste for cigars, a four-horned monkey, a good deep excavation (provided it could have been put on the stage), anything with crowd-gathering qualities, with or without a prepared act, would have got a booking.

"Please, sir, would you mind moving up? Herringbone always makes me dizzy."

VERY little happened during the last four or five years of the Victoria—very little with any dramatic news value—which didn't find its way onto the boards at The Corner, as it was called. Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad got into both the papers and the Victoria programs by taking a shot at W. E. D. Stokes, the big hotel man, and hitting him in the ankle. They got a week at The Corner. They didn't have any act. They were given a few lines and put through a sort of prance, but they weren't entirely successful. People came to see them but left without feeling stimulated. Jim Thornton, comedian, who appeared last winter in "Sweet Adeline," was at the Victoria when the girls first appeared. When he left, he was heard to remark that "those girls'll have to shoot a lot higher than that to get another week here." In order to boost the act, the Hammersteins got Ethel Conrad to go up to Pough-



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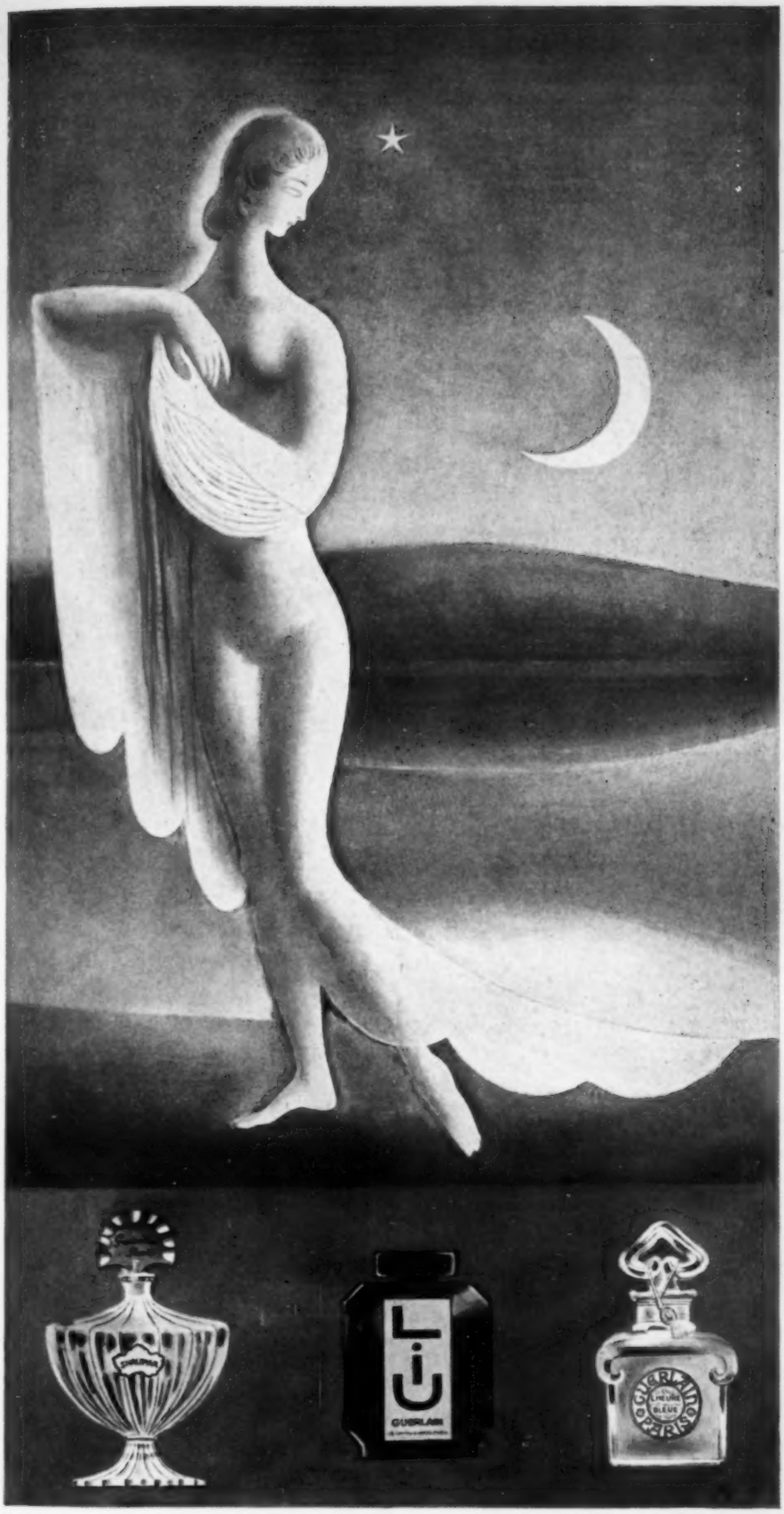
SMART GIFTS FOR HIM

keepsie and lose herself for a while. The police were notified of the loss, but not of the place of losing, and the result was a big hullabaloo in the papers, just as hoped for. At just the right time Ethel reappeared, suffering from what she called aphasia. It didn't hurt her act any. She and her partner got an extra week or so out of it. Then they disappeared for good and all. Acts at the Victoria had a way of doing that. They were seldom booked on any circuit afterward. Hammerstein sucked them dry of all possibility of drawing a gate.

Willie Hammerstein kept his eyes wide open for big news. Once he read something in a German paper about a marvellous hound which belonged to Frau Carl Haberland. The dog's name was Don. He was about eight years old and had spent those years preparing for a stage career. He had learned to talk. Not just to bark out numbers, but to say actual words that sounded different from one another. There were not many words, but it was as much of an act as the Misses Graham and Conrad had been able to manage. Don was a hunting dog from the Schwarzwald and he made good. He could say, in addition to his own name, *Hunger, nein, Kuchen, haben, ja,* and, for no particular reason, *Ruble,* which was Russian money. This was a good deal for a dog to do without the aid of a ventriloquist, but he did it. Nevertheless it seemed only fair that he be given some special publicity. Accordingly it was announced that Mr. Hammerstein had taken out an insurance policy on the hound's life for a hundred thousand dollars. Fortunately Don survived the engagement so the policy never had its validity tested. Don got a thousand dollars a week for his act, which consisted in coming out on the stage with Frau Haberland and being offered a piece of candy. First she asked him his name. He said "Don." When she asked him: "*Was hast du?*" he said: "*Hunger.*" To the question "*Was willst du haben?*" Don was able to reply "*Kuchen.*" I have forgotten just how he worked in the "*Ruble.*" The only trouble was that Don couldn't talk long enough to fill up the time allotted his act. That meant that I had to get off a line of patter to keep the thing going. Fortunately I was pretty well known at The Corner and they let me get away with it. Anyway, Don's act was good for eleven weeks, which was pretty profitable. He was an exception to the usual Victoria book-



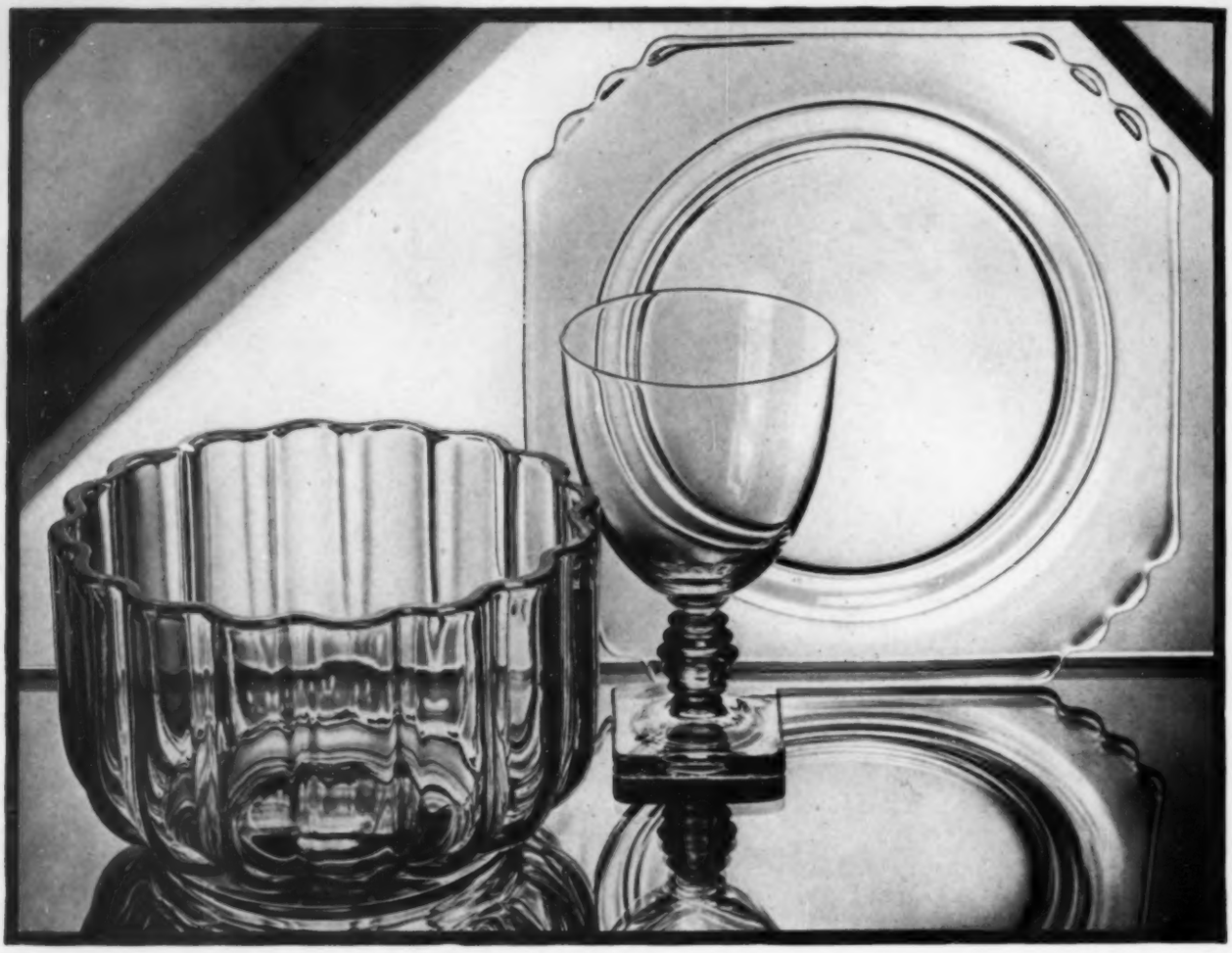
a Gift. Messieurs of Kingly Elegance

A perfume by Guerlain is the epitome of elegance, the consummate gift among luxuries. For it is a gift which enhances the elegance of woman. Shalimar is the reigning perfume of the world. Women of elegance in all the great capitals bow to its power and its beauty. Liu, Guerlain's newest perfume, has a strange and modern charm and if newness is to be an added virtue of your gift, Liu is an offering without compare. But to many women, L'Heure Bleue still remains, for softness and delicacy, the supreme perfume of the supreme perfumer. The fairest name on your Christmas list is the one to match with a perfume of Guerlain. For to enhance the charm of fair women is an art, an art that has no master equal to Guerlain.

Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . Liu is $30 . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15

Guerlain parfumeur Paris

GLASS IS A THRILLING GIFT



Not a woman lives who would not be delighted with a gift of Fostoria glassware. It has an exquisite, vivacious beauty . . . and the additional charm of being useful and practical.

You may want to give . . . or own . . . or give because you would like to own . . . merely a bit of glass, to add brilliance to a living-room . . . or a whole dinner-service, to form a colorful setting for the civilized ritual of dining.

Perhaps you are interested in stemware. There is a Fostoria glass for every kind of toast. Goblets that are bold and modern, liqueur glasses delicate and fine. There are colors for every mood and every scheme of decoration. A warm Rose, a glamorous Azure, a brilliant Topaz. Amber, Green, clear Crystal, sophisticated Ebony.

Fragile as Fostoria seems, it is made to withstand extremes of temperature, and hard usage. It is absolutely practicable for serving hot and cold foods.

Stop in at your favorite shop and look around among the Fostoria pieces.

Fostoria *can be purchased for moderate prices at the best shops throughout the country. It can be bought in complete sets or individual pieces, because it is sold on the* open-stock plan. *Replacements can be made at any time. Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It contains invaluable suggestions for table settings and decoration. The Fostoria Glass Company, Department* N-12, *Moundsville, West Virginia.*

ings. He went on a road tour and was so popular that he played another two weeks at The Corner when he returned to town. Then he went back to Germany. He was coming back another year but there was a war. Frau Haberland's husband got mixed up in it and the dog himself was dead of old age before the trouble was over. People who remember him tell me still that they believed I was a ventriloquist and did the talking myself. I didn't. There was something unusual about Don's throat that allowed him to make truly undoglike sounds.

SOME of the tricks that we staged at the Victoria were things which wouldn't go very well today. For instance, there was Dorando Pietri, the Italian marathon runner. Dorando had just beaten the American marathon champion, Johnny Hayes, in a race in Europe. Messrs. Powers and Pollock brought him to this country in 1908 for a race against Tom Longboat, the Indian, to be held in Madison Square Garden. With an eye to picking the fruit while it was ripe, Hammerstein booked Dorando for an engagement at the Victoria before he appeared at Madison Square Garden. It was a good engagement, for Dorando was very popular. In fact Irving Berlin's first song hit was written about the Italian. It was called "Dorando" and went something like this:

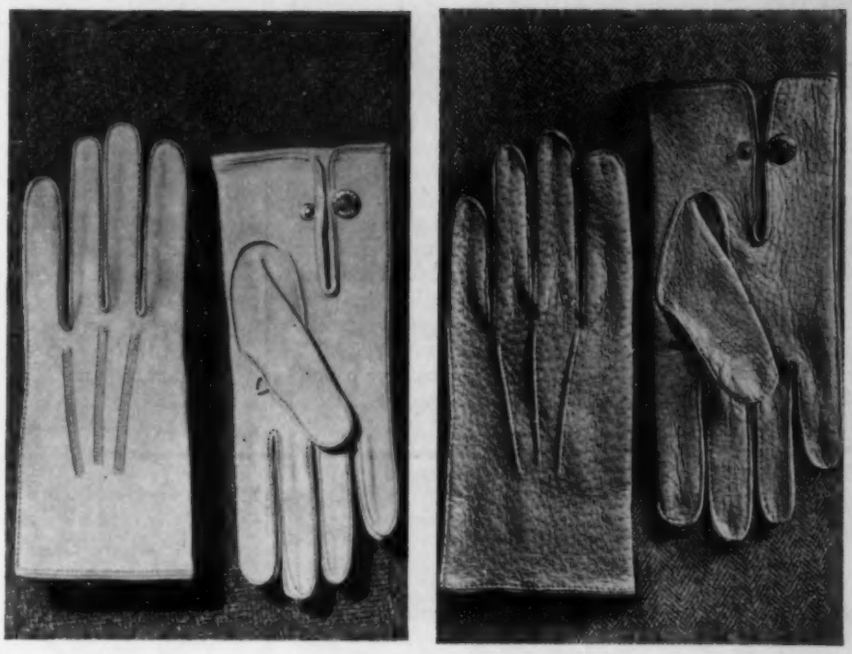
Dorando! Dorando! he run-a, run-a,
run-a, run like anything.
One-a, two-a hundred times around-a ring.
I cry, "Please-a nun-ga stop!"
Just then, Dorando he's a drop!
Good bye, poor old barber shop.
It's no fun to lose da mon,
When de sun of a gun no run.
Dorando, he's good-a for not!

You can see the sort of thing I was up against. We had to put Dorando, who was nothing but a runner, on the stage and make him look like something to a rather critical audience. We might have used a treadmill if we had been able to get one rigged up in time for the opening of the act, but we couldn't. The best we could do was have him trot around the stage a couple of times showing off his paces like a horse. While he did this I introduced him and acted as master of ceremonies, a custom which has survived in vaudeville acts to this day.

Dorando didn't speak any English so I fixed up a piece for him and had it translated into Italian. Dorando memorized it and after I had got the audience into a pleasant frame of mind

CHRISTMAS HINT—

MOST MEN WEAR SIZE 8



"SOMETHING FOR A MAN" is supposed to be woman's worst Christmas problem. We don't know why . . . with Fownes Gloves at all the best shops! After all, what more handsome gift than gloves? Particularly Fownes. Particularly the two pairs due north of this paragraph.

At the left, is a pair of Fownes Mocha, soft and sleek and slate-gray. Mocha is the aristocrat of leathers, here cut conservatively and equipped with conventional snap-fasteners. At right, is a pair of sturdy, pliant Pigskin, snap-fastener style. Pigskin is easily the most popular of present-day leathers—possibly because it looks like new after a budget bath of soap and water!

Fownes have been making gentlemen's gloves since 1777. Naturally, they know how! All Fownes Gloves are correctly cut and smartly styled. They fit snugly, look well and live to a ripe old age. Various models and leathers, boxed for gift purposes . . . $3 to $15.

IT'S A

Fownes

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

GIFTS Janet Gray SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER

THIS elegant contraption is our old childhood friend the Corn Popper — but with modern improvements. Pops by electricity. Is of shining chromium plate with a heat-proof glass top so that you can watch the corn popping inside. Plugs into any socket. A tin of corn goes with it. $6.50

I'M giving the Face-a-lite to my sister because it's such a help in powdering. There's a light behind the mirror, with a frosted-glass reflector that sheds a brilliant light over your whole face but without any glare in your eyes. Dressing-table model on chromium stand, $20.00. For men—a bathroom wall type for shaving, $12.50

FOR drinks that need blending, these Swizzle Sticks are useful. The big one goes into any large beverage holder and you spin it around between your palms to swizzle the contents to your taste. The little ones are for individual glasses. Big one, $3.00; little ones, for six, $2.50

FOR the man particular about his clothes, for the boy just beginning to take an earnest interest in his appearance—the Electric Tie Presser. It will keep his ties looking fresh. The Presser clamps the tie smoothly, then the heat presses it, and out it comes looking good as new. $3.00

WITH the rage for golf, big and little, what could be a jollier gift than this Indoor Golf Game! Amuses everyone, young or old. It can be played on the living-room rug. Has nine sporty hazards (made of metal and wood), two balls, two putters, putting hole, tees, and hinged backstop. All for $7.50

ONE or two Dancing Fairy Lights thrown on a fire make it leap and stream with vivid changing color. They're pine cones, mosses, sprigs and berries impregnated with Fairy Fire. A big box of them, covered with gay paper is $5.00. A smaller size, 12"x8", $3.00

Janet Gray

© 1930, Lewis & Conger

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street & Sixth Avenue, New York City VAnderbilt 3-0571

with a certain amount of what would now be called wisecracking, he spoke his piece and got a big hand for it. I then explained what it was that Dorando had said and fervently hoped, as I did so, that he had said what had been written out for him and nothing else which the Italians in the audience might have understood. This was all very well, but only occupied about ten minutes of the time needed to make a good act. That gave us an idea for the best part of the entertainment. We got Dorando's brother, Ulpiano Pietri, who was the runner's trainer and manager, and who spoke a little broken English, to appear on the stage. I then asked the audience if any of them would like to ask any questions about Dorando's training habits, diet, mode of living, or anything of that sort. I fixed it up with the spotlight man in the gallery to act as a plant. He started things going by shouting out: "Does he drink?" The answer to that may sound a little obvious but it brought down the house. My answer was: "That all depends on who buys." That started the questions going, and they always filled up the extra five minutes. One of the things that helped was the fact that Ulpiano wore the funniest suit of clothes I ever saw. His trousers were very tight-fitting, with sailor bottoms, belled out. His coat was very short, kind of a monkey jacket with very narrow shoulders. The vest ended in a wide V way up between chest and stomach. One night Ren Shields, the well-known comedian, was in the audience. In the middle of the questioning during this act he got up and called out: "May I ask Dorando who makes his brother's clothes?" That struck the audience as being funny. They roared. But, whether you believe it or not, they went into convulsions when I hemmed and hawed for a minute and finally said that we were not allowed as a rule to advertise any particular firm, but that in this case I would make an exception and say that Moe Levy made Ulpiano's clothes. That shows you what you could do with an audience in Forty-second Street before the war.

It was a good thing we got in Dorando's act before his race in the old Madison Square Garden, because he lost to Tom Longboat and went back to Italy to be forgotten by most Americans.

ANYONE can see that with the type of act which ran at The Corner, press-agenting would be pretty important. It was. John Pollock, brother

Here's a Christmas Gift That's Never Been Given Before

So You Can't Go Wrong · No Matter To Whom You Give It

NO WATCHING!
NO BURNING!
NO SMOKING!
NO STICKING!
Merry Christmas from Larry
1
You simply set a lever—and the red signal light flashes "bright"
2
Then pour in the batter—and forget about it!
3
The signal light changes to "dim" to tell you the waffle is done

This Amazing New Waffle-Iron Makes Waffles AUTOMATICALLY!

HERE'S something new, something smart, something marvelous — a Christmas gift that's never been given before! That you can't go wrong in giving —no matter to whom you give it.

An amazing new waffle-iron that makes waffles *automatically!* That banishes all the guesswork; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making!

It comes as another unique electrical invention from the people who invented automatic toastmaking—from the inventors of the famous Toastmaster.

It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

All You Do Is Set A Lever

All you do is set a lever. When the iron is at just the right heat for the batter, a tiny red signal *tells you* that it is.

Then you pour in the batter, close the iron —*and forget about it.*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

Won't Stick—Won't Burn

Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet —you use no grease.

Another is, that waffles *will not* burn. For when one is done, the Waffle-Master turns the current down from "high" to "low" heat *automatically.*

You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

See The Waffle-Master

If you like waffles, but have had bother making them—see the Waffle-Master. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

WAFFLE-MASTER
A TOASTMASTER PRODUCT

Makes Waffles Automatically

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Division of the McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

281-R

A GIFT

of an ancient secret in a *"keep-sake"* flagon

FOR men—a gift that will be used. For women a toilet daintifier of European society through two centuries. For both, a flagon that makes its precious contents appear more precious.

Farina's Red Crest Cologne is the original, the true cologne, created by Johann Maria Farina in 1709, and its secret has been well guarded ever since. An appropriate and useful gift in itself—or just the thing to add to the small gift whose size seems inadequate to express your true gift spirit. Be sure that the red crest is on the bottle that you buy, to make sure that your friend receives the true Farina's Red Crest Cologne.

Obtainable at your druggist's or department store in glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes.

Sole Distributor
R. B. Semler, Inc., 105 E. 29th St., New York City

Look for the Red Crest

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

of Channing Pollock, and sometime Mayor of Leonia, New Jersey, was one ballyhoo artist, and the celebrated Nellie Revell was another. They were hard and fast workers. Willie Hammerstein, however, was a good press agent on his own account. Every night he used to gather the reporters in the lobby and give them an earful. Newspapers being what they are, the stunts which filled the Victoria were generally pretty well noticed by the press. At the time that Harry Thaw, the killer of Stanford White, escaped from Matteawan, where he was confined after the killing, it happened that Evelyn Nesbit and her dancing partner, Jack Clifford, were playing the Victoria Roof, where the acts were always played in summer. It was a coincidence, as a matter of fact, and not a press-agent stunt, although everyone seemed to believe that it was, and it proved to be just a piece of lucky billing.

THE Roof was a wonderful place in summer. We could fill it up when the hot, unventilated houses on the street level would be practically empty. Partly because it was cool and partly because we gave everybody his money's worth in entertainment. On the main stage we had all sorts of acts. There was an ice-skating act on imitation ice, in which Mrs. Manny Chappell, Billie Burke's sister, led a troupe of six girls in tights. There was Odiva, the swimming illusion, an act in which a large glass tank filled with water and completely transparent, when covered for a moment by a sheet and uncovered again, showed a beautiful girl swimming nonchalantly about. That was the sort of act Willie Hammerstein liked. There were several of that kind, including Aga, a lady who went in for levitation, rising from the floor with no apparent support; rising, that is, until one day some fellow-performers got under the stage and wrecked the levitating apparatus. That finished Aga, and annoyed Mr. Hammerstein a great deal.

La-La Salbini was an example of what our press agents could do when given a chance. She was a nice-looking girl with an ordinary bicycle act, the usual sort of thing. We made her unusual by noticing that she had very long eyelashes and billing her as "The Girl with the Longest Eyelashes in the World." It was as simple as that. The stunt doubled her drawing capacity, and her salary too. Another example of the wisdom of making someone appear unique was Mademoiselle Polaire.

HERE ARE 7 SUGGESTIONS FOR HIS GIFT

Neat spaced figure, spaced stripe or geometric effects if you give neckties, $1 to $5

Gloves by Fownes $3 to $7.50

Wool hose, ribbed, clocked or figured as he likes, from 55c to $3.50

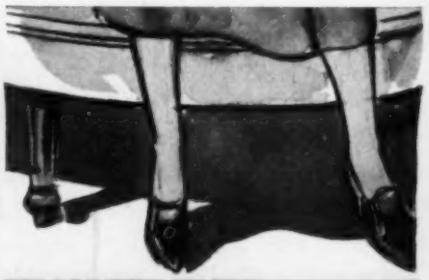
French handkerchiefs, initialed—plain or with colored borders (box of six $2 to $5)

Hickok belt and initialed buckle sets $2 to $13.50

Silk muffler squares, also Swiss Knit and wool scarves $1.85 to $7.50

Lounge robes of wool, flannel or fine brocade $4.85 to $50

Hundreds of other gifts for men



WALLACH BROTHERS

53 Broadway (below Wall) 489 Fifth Ave. (at 42nd St.)
265 Broadway (at Chambers) Fifth Ave. at 28th
7th Ave. at 41st Broadway cor. 29th
Court corner Montague, Brooklyn
*246 West 125th Street
*Fordham Rd. corner Marion, Bronx
*Jamaica Ave. at 168th Street, Jamaica, L. I.
*Central Terminal Building, Flushing, L. I.
828 Broad Street Wallach Building
Newark, N. J. State corner Broad, Trenton, N. J.
*These stores open evenings

She was a French actress who had aided and abetted the craze for Apache dancing in her native land. That wasn't the worst thing about her, however. You can guess what the worst was when you realize that we were able to bill her as "The Ugliest Woman in the World" and get away with it, although we added another slogan, perhaps equally truthful, to appeal to those who might shy at ugliness. She was also called "The Woman with the Smallest Waist in the World." Her waist actually measured a little less than twelve inches around.

We didn't have to use quite such strenuous publicity methods with Harry Houdini, who played the Victoria Roof every summer. He could always draw a crowd. Houdini's special stunts consisted in things like the hiring of bona-fide clerks from department stores to nail him in packing cases, or bona-fide bricklayers to lay up a wall in the stage for him to walk through. This walking through a wall was one of Houdini's most popular acts in those days. The bricklayers laid up, in double-quick time, a wall eight feet high and six feet long running from the footlights upstage. Houdini then put screens on either side of the wall near the footlights, disappeared behind one, and immediately emerged from behind the other. Even the bricklayers, they tell me, always thought that he took out bricks and then mortared them up again. He didn't. Anyone could see that he didn't walk around the wall, either. He simply stepped down a trapdoor on one side of the wall and came up a trap on the other side.

IN addition to acts like these on the stage, we had side-shows, and good side-shows at that. The now-famous trained fleas were first known as a side-act on the Victoria Roof. So was Sober Sue, the girl who successfully defied anyone to make her laugh. So was another stunt, which would hardly draw a crowd even at a county fair these days. That was the matter of cows being milked by electricity. They say that cows kick if milked any other way now. Times have changed. Audiences can't be milked the same way either.

—LONEY HASKELL

(This is the first of two articles on the Victoria. The second will appear next week.)

•

AGED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS—*Sinclair Oil sign.*

There's no fuel like an old fuel.

slim monogram compact

WITH THE SOPHISTICATED AIR OF CUSTOM JEWELRY

IT looks as if an exclusive jeweler had fashioned it specially for you . . . Jet black enamel edged with silver, with a stunning Primrose House monogram. This gleaming little compact is smart with every costume — and so slim that it takes up hardly any room in your bag . . . Although offering the triple combination of chiffon powder, compact rouge, and a stunning shade of lip rouge, this chic compact is only a trifle larger than your visiting card.

The triple — in all combinations of Primrose House chiffon powder and compact rouge together with a fascinating shade of lip rouge — $2.50.

The double — in all combinations of Primrose House chiffon powder and compact rouge — $2.00.

The single — in Primrose House chiffon powder or compact rouge — $1.50.

A charming Christmas gift for any woman. Enclosed in a gay little pink and silver gift box.

Illustrated at the left is the companion lipstick in a rich, black enamel and silver case — $1.00.

PRIMROSE HOUSE

595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

On the "LEVIATHAN"

More good looking Hartmann Trunks Travel First Class than any Other fine Trunk made.

Stateroom on the S. S. Leviathan

THE distinguished first-class passenger list on the Leviathan—like that of all other smart boats—usually reads like a roster of Hartmann Trunk owners. Perhaps it's inevitable that sooner or later most seasoned travelers choose Hartmann after experience with others. We'd rather believe, however, they choose them to start with—for their crisp, good-looking lines, their gay colorful finishes, their staunch ruggedness. Plus of course, their amazing capacity for handling whole wardrobes in orderly, unwrinkled and marvelously convenient fashion.

Steamship regulations now allow you to take your Hartmann (any size) in your stateroom—if you or your party occupy it exclusively. Incidentally, if you'd like full information on steamship baggage regulations, write Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wisc.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

50 Models and Sizes—Colors Galore—Sold by Most Good Shops and Department Stores

HOCKEY

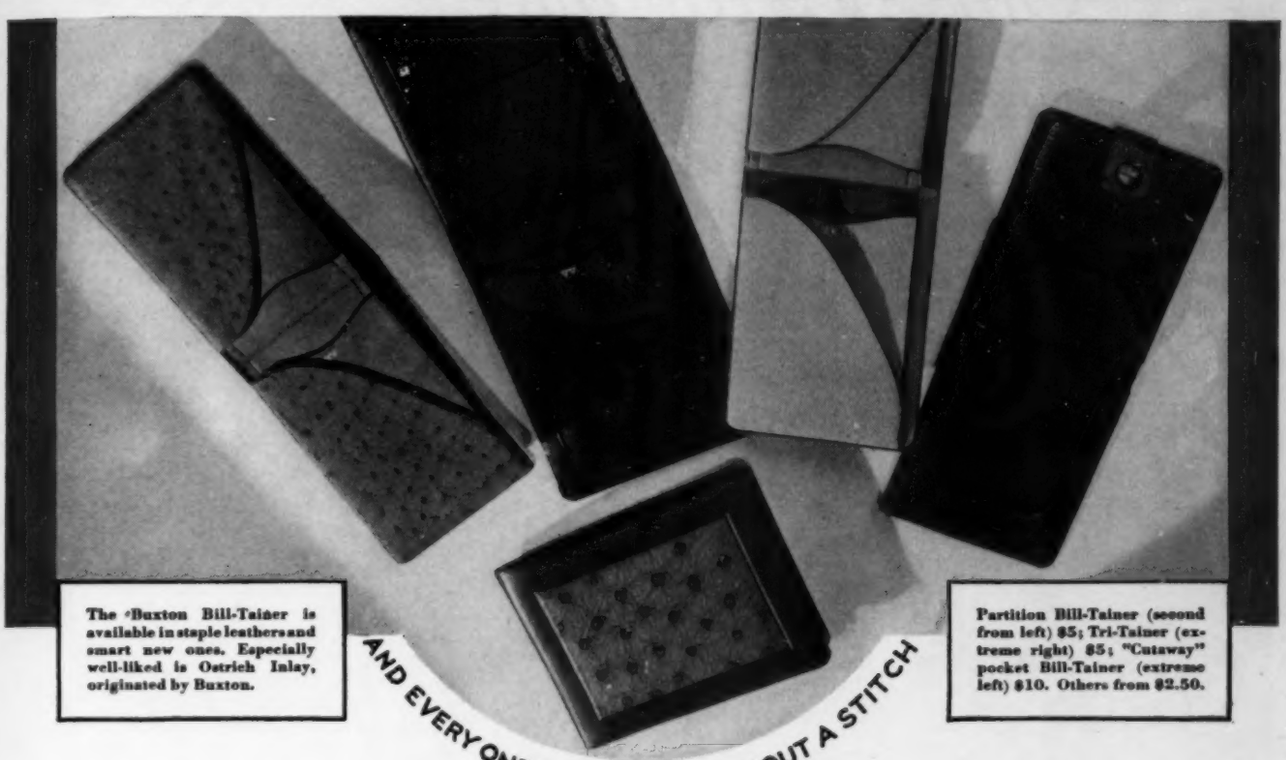
The Canadiens' Choir

SOMEHOW we always feel sorry for the Canadiens when they play in the Garden. Not that the results of their games always make sympathy appropriate; in fact at present they are champions of the world. Yet the Canadiens are never quite themselves when they are playing away from home. When they score the crowd remains quiet and the team lines up for the next face-off with a bearing that seems to indicate complete indifference to its hostile surroundings. Howie Morenz looks down the side of his nose at the referee; Joliat flexes his bulging jaw-muscles and pulls his cap down nervously. When the puck is snapped back, the wingmen taking it on attack growl the same suggestions at each other that their wildly partisan following in Montreal yell, with the whole strength of their lungs: *"Dis-donc, Aurel, attention! Passe à douette, maudit! Ah, bâtèche! Shoot, alors! Torrieu!"*

TEAMS don't always play better at home than they do on the road but at least they like the atmosphere better. The Canadiens have never quite got used to the hostile silence that hangs over their out-of-town encounters. Other teams must face much the same kind of thing but the Canadiens get more of it. No team in the League except Boston is razzed as energetically around the circuit; and no team is rooted to victory by its fans with as much enthusiasm. In a reserved section of fifty-cent seats in the Montreal Forum sits an official cheering squad of five hundred rooters. They are known as the "millionaires." They wear jerseys like the team's, and at every important game they carry out a prescribed program of enthusiasm.

It is worth a trip to Montreal to hear the millionaires in action. They have a newspaper of their own: *Le Petit Journal des Millionnaires du Forum.* On one side is printed the schedule of the team's games prefaced with exhortations to exhort. The rest of the paper is devoted to the lyrics of the songs sung by the millionaires as part of their function of encouraging. These anthems are numerous, spirited, and varied. There are "Alouette," "Ils Sont en Or," and "Dans Cette Ville

HANDSOME? . . OBVIOUSLY!



The Buxton Bill-Tainer is available in staple leathers and smart new ones. Especially well-liked is Ostrich Inlay, originated by Buxton.

Partition Bill-Tainer (second from left) $5; Tri-Tainer (extreme right) $5; "Cutaway" pocket Bill-Tainer (extreme left) $10. Others from $2.50.

AND EVERY ONE FASHIONED WITHOUT A STITCH

They serve better • • Wear longer

THE photograph reveals the graceful design of the new pocket pieces by Buxton; suggests the handsome texture of their leathers; hints at their meticulous hand-tailoring.

Undeniably they are handsome; but not until you examine them closely will you discover how cleverly they are contrived for greater convenience, for longer wear. Each of the pocket accessories pictured above represents in one or more of its details a marked improvement upon the conventional type.

The Bill-Tainer, in whatever style, has no threads to wear, no seams to rip. Folded where other billfolds are sewed, the Bill-Tainer lasts as long as its leather. And its folding construction makes for greater flexibility. It expands and contracts with its contents. Cram it full, still it will not buckle or bulge.

The Tri-Tainer (shown at right in photo above) is carried by many in preference to any other type of pocket case. Holds bills, coins, cards, motor license. They're safe until you need them, and then quickly, conveniently available. Tri-Tainer prevents dirtied and torn pocket-and-purse linings, ends annoying, time-wasting rummaging.

Stop at your dealer's; see for yourself how smart are Buxton pocket accessories; how convenient to carry; how sturdily made. Several styles. Staple leathers and smart new ones. $2.50 to $15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 412 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

New trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer.

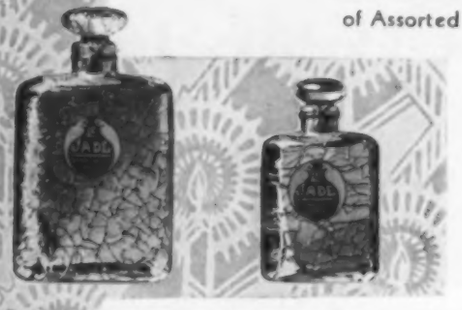
Buxton

BILL-TAINERS

NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR

Gifts of Fragrance by ROGER & GALLET PARIS

EXTRACT
TOILET WATER
FACE POWDER
BATH POWDER
BATH SALTS
SOAPS
SACHET
TALCUM
COMPACTS
Colorful GIFT BOXES
of Assorted Articles



Priced from $1 to $25,
in the fragrances of

FLEURS D'AMOUR
LE JADE
PAVOTS D'ARGENT

ALL BEST DEPARTMENT AND
DRUG STORES AND SPECIALTY SHOPS

de Montréal;" and there is "Les Millionnaires du Forum" which contains the lines:

> Après la partie d'hockey
> On s' dépêche à s'en aller
> Et chacun court à sa force
> Pour aller prendre une
> "Black Horse."

Already the song has mentioned:

> Et les Hot Dogs il faut manquer
> Car une partie n'a pas soupé . . .

HOWEVER, these ditties are as nothing in the comprehensive songbook of the Montreal hockey team compared with the official anthem, "Les Canadiens Sont Là," which is sung to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." In this the millionaires take up separately each man on the team and laud him in a quatrain, with two quatrains for Cecil Hart because he is the boss. Some of the rhymes are wonderful:

> Aurel Joliat
> Par ses tours d'acrobate
> On croirait qu'c'est un employé
> Du Cirque Barnum-Bailey.

> Howie Howie Morenz
> N'est pas un aéroplane
> Mais sans doute aussi rapide
> Qu'une grosse automobile.

They even have a verse for the indispensable English goalie, although his name is not one the millionaires pronounce with any ease:

> Hainsworth, ce bon gardien des buts
> Qui n'est jamais battu
> Pour bloquer son adversaire
> N'a pas besoin de coucher à terre.

No wonder the Canadiens are gloomy playing in the Garden. They miss their choir. —N. B., Jr.

•

WE STAND CORRECTED

IN "The Wayward Press" in our issue of December 6 we said, in speaking of the football news sent out by the colleges: "What we *didn't* get was that a young man was killed playing football at Brown University on November 1. That probably wouldn't be considered news."

One very good reason it was not considered news by the papers is that a young man was *not* killed playing football at Brown University on November 1. The young man we were talking about was killed playing football in a suburb of Boston and his only connection with Brown University was that he had recently won a scholarship there. We regret our mistake and apologize to Brown University. —Guy Fawkes

Three NEW wonders

in electric cookery—all Lovely Gifts

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Waffle-Grids, Batter Bowl, Measure Ladle — everything you need — all in one

NO MORE messy batter bowl, spoons or pitcher on your dining-room table when you make waffles. Wafflewitch ends mess, inconvenience and guesswork. Batter bowl and ladle are out of sight and out of the way—beneath the grids.

Just swing the grids aside and batter bowl and ladle are uncovered. One ladle of batter makes one perfect waffle. When the heat indicator says "hot," pour in batter. No guesswork or muss. Then swing grids back into place, covering batter and ladle completely. No confusion. No sticking. No greasing.

Finished in beautiful chromium plate, including batter bowl and ladle. Graceful handles. Deep, non-sticking grids. Long-life Sunbeam heating units. *A gift the whole family will enjoy.*

Note how grids swing to one side uncovering batter bowl and ladle. Everything in one beautiful unit.

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Sunbeam MIXMASTER

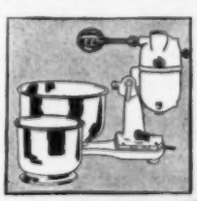
Mixes, stirs, whips, beats quickly, silently and smoothly

ABUNDANT power to make the fluffiest, flakiest mashed potatoes, turnips, squash. Whips cream in record time Finer-grained, smoother cake batter. Beats eggs. Mixes stuffing, meat loaf, fruit cake. Improves them all amazingly!

No end to its usefulness. Powerful, light and portable, *and so quiet you can hardly hear it!*

Ends Drudgery and Arm Aches

There is nothing to hold — it stands by itself. Just set the speed regulator — Mixmaster does the rest. It has two beautiful bowls. Easiest mixer to clean! Completely adjustable! Occupies little space!



This clean, trim, sturdy, powerful food-mixer is as good looking as it is useful. As powerful as it is quiet. *A gift that elates all women.*

The Mixmaster motor tips back when mixing is finished allowing beaters to drain into bowl.

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Toasts two slices of bread, both sides at once, sandwiches, appetizers, muffins — *all automatically*

WHY *have a toaster that toasts only bread?* Here's one that toasts anything that toasting improves.

When toasting is done, the top opens —the current shuts off—and the crispy-brown food rises for easy removal. *All Automatically.* Can't burn food, table-tops, or you!

Toast sandwiches, canapes—anything you like. Toastwitch adjusts itself to any thickness. *All the full flavors are toasted and blended in.* Adjustable to any shade of toasting wanted.

Makes a beautiful gift—Finished in chromium plate — artistically designed. Dependable long-life Sunbeam heating units.

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SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

MUSICAL EVENTS

Russian Opera in Italian Equals a Revue—Conductors Running Wild—More Débutants—Memories

EVER since the Metropolitan announced "The Fair of Sorochintzy" I have felt an obligation to chase around and indulge myself in some scholarship. The opera was sketched by Moussorgsky, who completed little of it. The fragments were collated and amplified by Cui and Liadow, whose version of "The Fair" was succeeded by one prepared by Tcherepnine. Tcherepnine rounded out the bits and pieces of Moussorgsky with other compositions from the composer's catalogue, scoring the opera according to his conception of Moussorgsky's instrumentation. What I meant to do was to set up in parallel columns specimens of Moussorgsky's work, Liadow's arrangement, and Tcherepnine's transcription. How else could I determine whether or not "The Fair" would give pleasure to anyone?

NOW that you know that there won't be much erudition here today, you may feel better about "The Fair." The Metropolitan production is a carefully planned job, well cast, and rehearsed to the last stamping of a Russian boot. The opera is short and moves at a neat pace; it is consistently melodious; the stage pictures are attractive; throughout there is a winning spontaneity. If it did not happen to emanate originally from the composer of "Boris Godounow," it could pass as a pleasant series of songs, dances, and low-comedy bits.

If you go to "The Fair," try not to have in mind notions of what it might have been if Moussorgsky had done it all himself. Undoubtedly, it might have been a trifle less perfumed in its instrumentation and there might have been more of that crudity which to some observers invariably denotes ruggedness and earthiness. Possibly it might have been more "important." I don't know what "important" means in this connection, but certain operas are said to be "important." "The Fair" doesn't seem to be "important," but it provides ample entertainment.

Stripping away the overhanging figure of Moussorgsky and the fact that the flimsy libretto is derived from a story by Gogol, "The Fair" turns out to be pretty nearly a revue. There is a flicker of plot, but the chorus is rushed on and off in the best light-opera manner; the comedy sequences have nothing much to do with the argument of the piece; and the argument is hardly an argument—it is not much more than a murmur.

What we get, in sum, is a series of fetching dance tunes, handsomely performed by Mr. Serafin and his orchestra; a number of romantic arias and duets, well sung by Mme. Mueller and Mr. Jagel; a surprising song-and-dance by Mme. Bourskaya, who proves herself to be the best stepper of all Metropolitan vocalists; and a graphic alcoholic by Mr. Pinza, who always seems at his best when the idea is to get laughs. Mr. Danise reveals unexpected comedic gifts as the secondary drunk, and Mr. Windheim contributes an effective piece of hokum as the parson's philandering baby boy. The chorus, brightly arrayed, chants riotously, and Mme. Galli has arranged a spectacular string of weird rites in the ballet which accompanies the familiar orchestral excerpt, "A Night on the Bare Mountain." Mr. Lert's direction is the best that I have seen at the house, and the Soudeïkine scenery is colorful second-best Soudeïkine.

"The Fair" is sung in Italian; "Sadko" is done in French. The next Russian opera at the Metropolitan Op-

• •

"Now you get off that G."

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Beauty boxes containing Miss Arden's lovely preparations... exquisite powders...enchanting compacts...fragrant luxuries for the bath...these and other Elizabeth Arden creations make gifts of true distinction that may be proudly given and proudly received ● Elizabeth Arden's famous boxes are filled with the loveliness every woman longs for. If you want to be really luxurious, there are handsome leather traveling cases, completely equipped. For a charmingly satisfactory small gift there is a box of rose lacquered metal, holding just enough for a week-end. And, in between, there are special cases for motoring...and for short visits and long ones...each ingeniously fitted with the preparations you are sure to need...in such sweet ribbon-tied jars and bottles that each package is like a little greeting in itself! $3.85 to $250. And the little accessories of beauty... are equally perfect. Whatever you choose from Elizabeth Arden will be one of those precious gifts that women treasure.

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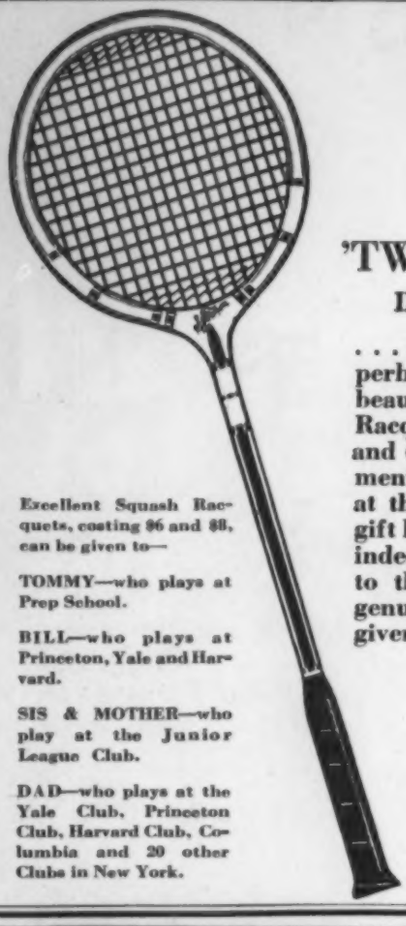

'TWAS CHRISTMAS
IN A SQUASH COURT!

. . . and there was Tommy, superbly happy, trying out his beautiful new Feron Squash Racquet . . . truly the smartest and (he concluded that very moment as he flicked the racquet at the ball) the most effective gift he had ever received! It was indeed a splendid compliment to the thoughtfulness and ingenuity of Dad, by whom it was given.

Excellent Squash Racquets, costing $6 and $8, can be given to—

TOMMY—who plays at Prep School.

BILL—who plays at Princeton, Yale and Harvard.

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Childs

era House will be sung in Spanish; or won't it?

PATRONS of orchestral concerts have had a kaleidoscopic array of directors for their delectation in the past few weeks. Mr. Toscanini, having led the finest presentation of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony that the town has had, and having assisted the venerable Alexander Siloti in reviving Liszt's "Totentanz" and the "Wanderer" fantasy, swapped places with Mr. Stokowski, who achieved what probably is a record by appearing twice within one week with two different orchestras. Mr. Koussevitzky also came in, with a couple of new symphonies and an uproarious edition of Tschaikowsky's Fourth.

Not since the unfortunate Rosenstock inherited for a few weeks the German repertory of the Metropolitan has a conductor been put on the spot as Mr. Stokowski was. He was expected not only to maintain the Philharmonic-Symphony's current levels; he was expected to make it sound like his own band from Philadelphia. Inevitably he seated the musicians according to his Philadelphia blueprints, with the 'celli massed at his left—not entirely a Philharmonic-Symphony novelty, for Mr. Mengelberg at one time operated on a similar plan. I don't think that the seating had a tremendous lot to do with what happened, for even a superconductor cannot alter the tone of an orchestra by placing the players in unfamiliar locations; but the Philharmonic-Symphony, always a chameleon, took on the color of Mr. Stokowski's home ensemble, and except for a general sense of effort at the first concert, the Stokowski-led Philharmonic-Symphony sessions might have passed for Philadelphia Orchestra evenings. They tell me that something of the same sort took place in Philadelphia, when Mr. Toscanini operated Mr. Stokowski's orchestra.

It all seems to prove that an orchestra of competent musicians is just about what its conductor makes it, which may be discouraging for idealists but illuminating for those who wonder why an orchestra can't just get together and play without assistance from the podium.

Mr. Koussevitzky, as usual, had strangers with him. One was a symphony composed for the Boston's fiftieth anniversary by Roussel, who turned in a cleverly devised item which you probably won't hear soon again and certainly won't miss. The second

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What of it?—Marshall Field's store set out in a vacant prairie might be more conspicuous but it certainly would be less successful.

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was a symphony by Nicholas Nabokov, a young Russian, who seems to have heard plenty of Tschaikowsky and Stravinsky, but who has so much talent that we'll be watching for more of his music.

THERE have been a few more débuts at the Metropolitan. Miss Myrna Sharlow, who used to work for Mr. Gallo, was somewhat miscast as Nedda, her voice being rather heavy for this rôle, but she exhibited routine and high notes, and she ought to find plenty of work. Miss Olga Didur didn't have much to do in the "revival" of "La Forza del Destino," and as her only important solo was converted into an ensemble, Miss Didur may be put over for another meeting. One of the season's earlier débutants, Claudio Frigerio, participated in the "Pagliacci" which introduced Miss Sharlow, and created a Silvio that set the battered opera in its correct perspective. Ivar Andresen assisted in the redemption of hitherto slighted music by singing Pogner in "Die Meistersinger." It used to be woofed, but the coming of Mr. Andresen is a boon for the masterpiece. All that it requires now is a tenor, staging, and scenery. Perhaps it ought to be revived some day!

LOOKING back on a crowded interval, it seems that something ought to be said about: Ruggiero Ricci's almost unbelievable performance of the Beethoven violin concerto with the Manhattan Symphony Orchestra. . . . John Charles Thomas and his success with a group of cowboy songs. . . . Paderewski again. . . . Nastia Poliakova, a gipsy singer of whom you will hear more one of these weeks. . . . Ernest Hutcheson's Chopin. . . . The broadcasting of the Chicago Civic Opera, through Station WJZ, which would be better if matters could be arranged so that it didn't consist so generously of intermission. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Trying Over Some Scores at the Piano

WITHOUT having heard them in the theatre, where the orchestrator, the singers, the dancers, and the producer have their will with them, I recommend to you the songs from "The New Yorkers," all by Cole Porter. "All" is especially inclusive, for not only is Mr. Porter responsible for the complete catalogue of ditties, but he

TUESDAY—the day when an irate farmer in the County of Essex, England, seeing his crops about to be trampled by the Lord of the Manor's foxhunt, took the red-herring he was eating for breakfast and drew it across the trail of the fox. Thus he set the dogs at fault

and supplied politicians of all time with an irresistible figure of speech. Tuesday is also the day when no side issues can divert well informed people from tuning in on WABC at 8:45 p.m. to hear The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers give their fifteen minutes of salty, well seasoned music.

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When it's Christmas!

There are brighter eyes and warmer hearts and the whole world seems a better place to live in. Though children be old and gray, they go back over the Old Trail to the family hearth. In the flaming blaze of the logs, in the colored lights of Christmas, age drops away. Again they enjoy with the zest of youth the simple pleasures of the season.

To all those friends of ours—adventurers into little-known lands, comrades at home, and families in whose hearts burns a love for outdoor life and sport—to all of you we raise our glass in the old greeting—"A Merry Christmas to you—wherever you are."

Send or call for Christmas Book

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The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*
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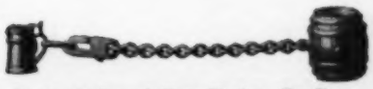
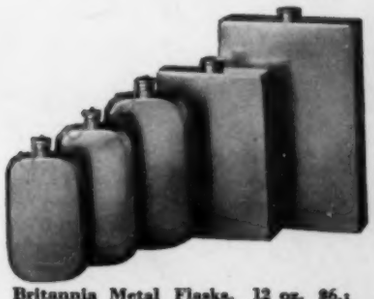


Stein & Barrel Key Chain. Sterling Silver $5. 14 Kt. Gold $20.



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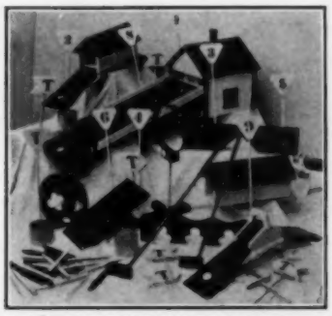
Clubman Case—carries spare suit or evening kit in perfect press. Suit held on hanger, tray for linen, etc., and detachable pocket for shoes. In pigskin, black and tan cowhide. Also in two- and three-suit sizes. Evening Kit size $50. Others up to $120. Price list of complete line on request.



Obstacle Golf, 9 hole outdoor set for space 35 x 70 ft. Complete with putter and ball. $25
9 hole Indoor set $20

Auto Gee. The home race track. 5 horse track, mechanically perfect. $15.

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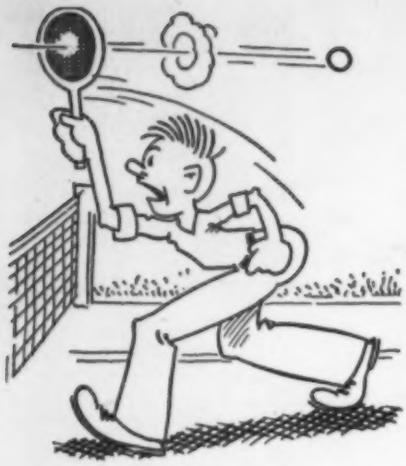

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also manufactures the texts for his tunes. It isn't the best Porter score that I ever have heard; but a writer can't always emerge from his studio with a "Fifty Million Frenchmen." "I'm Getting Myself Ready for You" probably is the best bet for a popular hit, although there may be a demand for "Love for Sale." (How they are going to edit the latter for radio consumption is something to which I look forward with no little glee.) The most thoroughly Porterish affair in the bundle of printed sheets, however, is "The Great Indoors," which contains an immortal closing couplet that probably should not be reprinted here. This also will trouble the guardians of public welfare of the national networks.

"BALLYHOO" has a distinctly "commercial" set of songs. "Blow Hot —Blow Cold" maintains a good average heat, and you will hear plenty of it. "No Wonder I'm Blue" and "If I Were You" are constructed according to approved formulas—meaning that either one might be a hit, if nothing untoward happens to the formula buyers.

From "Sweet and Low," I select "Cheerful Little Earful," which seems to make that matter unanimous.

THE best score, from a purely dramatic point of view, that I have heard lately is the music for "Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt," the German film which seems to have been in the Fifty-fifth Street Cinema for the past twenty years and probably will be there for another decade. The composer is Robert Stolz, and he has contributed two waltzes that are genuine *Wien*. The two fox trots are reformed waltzes —but everything in the score is literally in the picture.

"Just Imagine," from the atelier of the Messrs. De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, contains more good popular items than any other talkie that I have encountered these several months. Of course you know "Never Swat a Fly" by this time. If you don't know it, you have no radio. —R. A. S.

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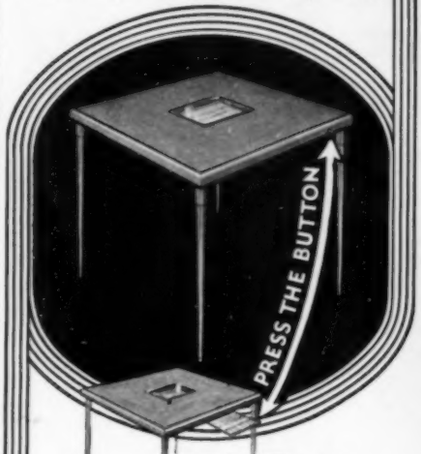
Laconic, witty remarks punctured Sir Ronald's conversation. He sometimes indulges in a bit of American slang. When a guest commented on an imported screen depicting the Spanish armada Sir Ronald remarked with a twinkle: "They are shown getting what you call 'in the neck.' "—*Baltimore Sun.*

Which is that, the laconic, or the witty?

Open Covenants *Openly Arrived At*

In the new Steelart Center-Score Table score and rules are under glass in plain view of all. Press the button and the score pad glides out. A gentle push puts it back in its place. Why not give this peace-pact table to some contract fan, making this Christmas the dawn of more pleasurable games. Telephone Wisconsin 7910 for names of New York stores. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Illinois.



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THE ART GALLERIES

Recognizing America—One Modern and Some Antiques—No Outsiders

THE Museum of Modern Art is holding the best show it has had in that sector of its activities which it occasionally allots to the local boys. The exhibition is termed "Living Americans" and thus avoids the somewhat awkward designation of "Some Pictures We Thought Good and Some That Have Been Bought by the Directors." Until now the main activity of the Museum has been to ride into favor and an ephemeral popularity on the backs of such unknowns as Van Gogh, Cézanne, Daumier, Gauguin, Seurat, and Corot. It has mainly been proud of the number of people it could attract, and every now and then has issued statistics showing how many thousands have traipsed through its halls. We earnestly feel that this means nothing in the pathetic struggle to make Americans buy pictures, foreign and homemade. We have waited in vain for the Museum to announce that some of the money used for insuring masterpieces and bringing them from Europe would now be diverted to the needy local talent. So far as we know the Museum has purchased only three of their pieces.

AS for the show, it contains some of the men we think are vital and important in this period of change in art. At least one of the rooms is stirring, with its Niles Spencers, Arnold Friedmans, and Arthur Doves. Here is American art at its point furthest removed from the overpowering influence of the French Moderns. With three or four others included, the room could well stand as the rallying point for the embattled defenders of native art.

In this room are two fine canvases by Sheeler. Starting with the first impulse that came out of the Armory show, Sheeler for a time was one of the white-headed boys. Then—at least to our mind—he fell into a sterile period, sentimental and utterly without life. His "American

Cast your eyes down this page *you puzzled Xmas shoppers!*

PARODYING our good friend Murad, we might call this situation "le moment joyeux." Translated freely, it means that the happy moment is here when, after dreadful meditation, you suddenly hit upon *exactly* the right Christmas gift.

An Electric clock, of course! Besides being quite the thing these days, an electric clock (especially a Hamilton-Sangamo) provides the party at the other end of the gift with multiple joys.

It is lovely to look at, and it looks lovingly at you. It tells accurate time . . . *always!* And it requires no winding . . . *ever.*

Your dealer is now proudly displaying three kinds of Hamilton-Sangamos . . . all of them handsomely, really handsomely, cased! Electrically wound clocks for AC or DC power. And NEW synchronous* electric clocks at enticingly low prices.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "Telling Time," which gives descriptions of all our electric clocks. Address, Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 103 Race Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

To wives: (private) Try leaving this magazine, open to this page, on your husband's dresser. Maybe you'll get one, too!

Listen in every Thursday evening at 8:45 (E. S. T.). The Hamilton Watchman broadcasts an airy tidbit over WABC and 19 other stations of the Columbia chain.

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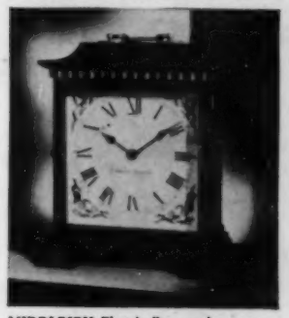
SANFORD. Synchronous type. Buried French walnut. Small mantel model. Height, 7"; width, 6"; depth, 2¾". **$15**



MIDDLESEX. Electrically wound with strike. Mahogany. 11⅜" high; 9¾" wide; 3⅞" deep. (AC) **$75** (DC) **$80**

SILVERWOOD. Synchronous. Panels of buried maple, hairwood and ebony. Height, 7¾"; width, 5⅛"; depth, 2¾". **$18.50**

DECOR. Electrically wound. Black enamel and silver. 8⅛" high; 3¾" wide; 4" deep. (AC) **$35** (DC) **$40**

STANWICK. Synchronous type. Genuine imported Italian marble. Height, 5⅞"; width, 7"; depth, 3½". **$30**

NEW YORK SALES REPRESENTATIVE, S. A. WEISS CO., INC., 205 EAST 42d STREET, N. Y. C.

the poster face
is last year's exhibit and this year's disaster

TONIGHT'S winning item has to look like a maiden's prayer. Even the wildest flowers of Broadway are getting demurely behind the garden wall in their make-up.

Madame Nina's Poudres are the sort that look as though you were born wearing them —5 perfect shades that stick to business no matter how hot the dance floor gets. Not the kind to be appreciated on Main Street, perhaps—a bit too subtle. But just what the deb is wearing when she wants to go sub.

For those who like liquid refreshment on the face, the same 5 tones are made up in Contra-Sol. Marvellous for pulling together a sun-tan frayed at the edges. Wonderful in the evening. For very recherché effects, try a shade lighter out of the bottle, followed by your natural skin tone from the box. Poudres—two-fifty for a six-months' supply. Contra-Sol—three dollars.

Madame Nina's whole 5 preparations—Geranium Cream, White Rose Cleansing Cream, Rouge, Powder and your choice of Tonic Lotion (for young skins) or Astringent Lotion (for skins that need a rather stern hand)—in a smart red box for your dressing table—Fifteen dollars.

YOUR PET NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE

keeps Madame Nina's Poudres and other Nina Preparations. You may also order direct from Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you want advice about complexion problems, page Miss Nina Nestor with a 2-cent stamp at same address.

produits **nina**

Landscape" we think a fine piece of painting and we hope it marks his release from that interest in camerawork which engrossed him so long and so badly.

Among the new painters, there are Mark Tobey and Benjamin Kopman, both intensive, sincere artists, but working in symbols that are hard for the layman to swallow. We have seen these men before and would not be surprised if their reputations survive their generation. John Kane, who paints houses, as well as canvases, in Pittsburgh, has come into the news because his work was included in the Carnegie Institute International Exhibition. He is a Primitive of a fair sort, but nowhere nearly as interesting, as vital as many a bootblack, columnist, or doctor that we have in our own woods. Others whom we consider important in this show are Vincent Canadé, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Morris Kantor, and Karl Knaths. Then there are several of the Middle (or Woodstock) Group, born too late to be able to join the revolution that started with Cubism and yet too sensible to cling to the pathos of the Academy. Of these, Kroll seems to be making the greatest effort to lift himself out of the slough of despond.

THE sculpture exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art is alive; which is about the first time an exhibit of sculpture in America has been alive. There is Gaston Lachaise, a holdover from the period when only the classic was thinkable, and yet possessed of some divine fire. Then there is Calder, a humorist in a medium that is too often soggy with selfconscious dignity. Last, and perhaps most important, is Dudley Talcott, a worker in all sorts of mediums who is aware that he lives in an age of skyscrapers and reality that can be beautiful even if material and mechanistic. We think Talcott alone among the Americans has invaded a field that has remained static and brought it to a consciousness of what is afoot in our world. It is really a thrilling show and we hope that you like it.

THE Guelph Treasure is on view at the Reinhardt and the Goldschmidt Galleries for the benefit of the Big Sisters. The show is mainly for those interested in antiquity and the religious phases of early craftsmanship. One or two pieces are as beautiful as the ordinary peasant workmanship of any race. Much of it is mere sententious

MODERN . . . gay . . . resplendent, the newly decorated and renovated Bermudiana "comes out" for a bigger-than-ever season. Its lovely 19 acre tropic garden is even more alluring . . . the new grill is perfect for a snack and a dance . . . and the beauty of its new appointments will increase its popularity as the center of Bermuda's social and sporting life. Modern accommodations for 500, with cuisine and service in the famous Bermudiana manner.

For literature and reservations address the Manager, Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda. Or Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall St., or 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Or any authorized tourist agent.

THE
FIFTY-SIXTH STREET GALLERIES
6 East 56th Street
CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION
by the
YOUNGER AMERICAN SCULPTORS and PAINTERS
No price over $100.00
December 15th to 20th
A fine opportunity for the younger generation to invest in art
The 30 under 40 auction closes Saturday Midnight, December 13th.

Paintings
by
Maxime Maufra
Dec. 2 to Dec. 23
Durand-Ruel
12 East 57th St.

rot, glorified by time and religious tradition.

THE Academy opened its annual show with a new idea: all outsiders were excluded. The effect is that the mediocre display has been brought down even a few more points, which is in itself a feat. Other times there were spots here and there, up against the ceilings or out in the halls, where beginners and aspirants showed some promise. Now the array is dull, drab, and altogether pathetic.

READERS are notified that the Valentine Gallery has an exhibition of drawings by Peter Arno, including many which have appeared in this magazine, and others, some of which are a little naughty.

HERE AND THERE: The Metropolitan is holding an international show of metalwork and textiles. . . . Don't miss Roy, this year's sensation, at the Brummer Gallery. . . . John Keating has paintings at the Hackett Galleries. . . . Theatrical caricatures by William Auerbach-Levy are at Harlow, McDonald. . . . Zhenya Gay is at Montross. . . . Old and modern sporting pictures are at Arthur U. Newton. . . . Kipps, Ltd., has Nassau scenes by Frederic Soldwedel. . . . Paintings by Rubin are on view at Montross. . . . Albert John Comas has a show at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. . . . Josephine B. Gridley has landscapes at the Art Center. . . . The G.R.D. Studio is holding its Christmas sale. . . . The Downtown, Weyhe, and Daniel Galleries have supplied small low-priced works for a similar sale at 771 Madison Avenue. . . . Gifford Beal, Jonas Lie, Jerome Myers, Mahonri Young are at the Arden Gallery. . . . Paintings by Goerg can be seen at the Marie Harriman Gallery. . . . The Howard Young Galleries have sporting events painted by A. J. Munnings. . . . Charles M. Cox of Boston has a show at the Milch Galleries. . . . Mary Seaman has a show at the Marie Sterner Gallery. . . . Rabindranath Tagore closes his show at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries December 17. . . . The Gallery of Living Art, 100 Washington Square, has acquired ten new paintings.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

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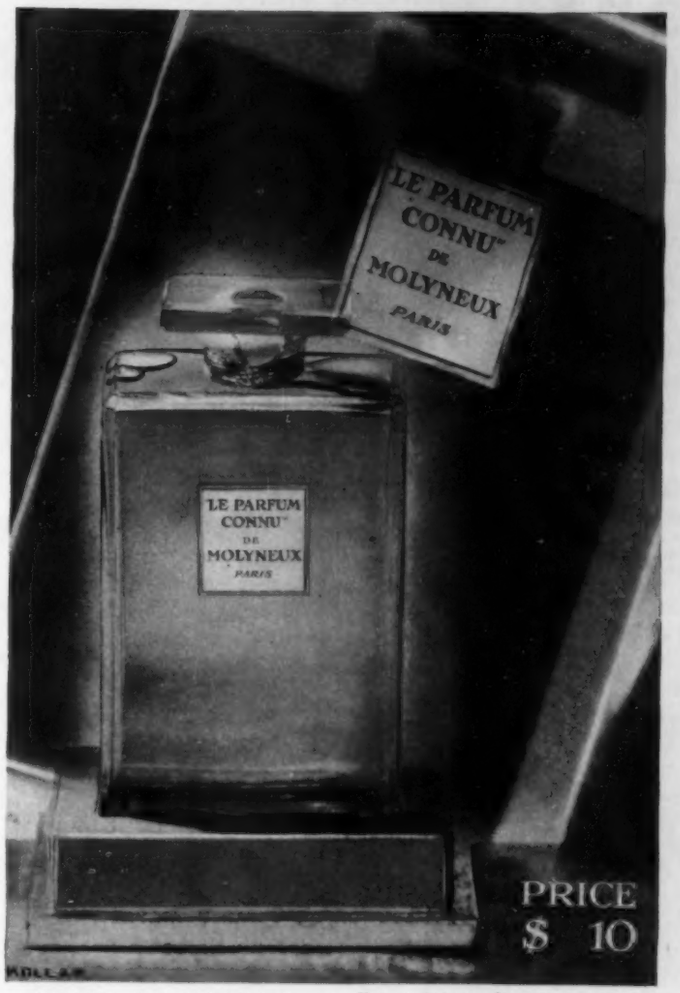
RAIN IN CALIFORNIA AIDS FLORIDA FRUIT—*Headline in the Tampa Morning Tribune.*

If it does, it shows a beautiful spirit.

"the best gift of all"



KNOWN IN EUROPE AS "LE NUMÉRO CINQ"

"used by famous women known for their chic"

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PARIS

41 West 57th Street New York City

obtainable in all the best shops

Do you want a surprise?

No doubt, you've heard of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. You know it's free from the harmful effects of caffeine and will not disturb your sleep.

But you may have an idea that removing the caffeine steals some of the aroma—some of the wonderful flavor of the coffee.

But please forget any prejudice. Try the improved Kaffee Hag Coffee. You'll be surprised. This is *real* coffee. Each sip brings you every bit of the rich flavor and aroma of the world's finest coffees. You cannot tell it from the best coffee you ever tasted. But it will not keep you awake, disturb your nerves or digestion.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is now made by the Kellogg Company in a modern new plant in Battle Creek. It has been wonderfully improved and materially reduced in price.

Won't you try this more healthful delicious coffee? Your grocer has it—or we will send you a sample for 10 cents to cover mailing. Address Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Now a Kellogg product

ACCEPTED by the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N Committee on Foods

A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it over WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

THE ICONOCLAST

I STEADIED myself for a moment on top of the swaying bus, then squeezed into a seat next to a dignified old gentleman and tried to get my legs out of the aisle. I succeeded in wedging one knee against the back of the preceding bench. The old gentleman moved nearer the window.

I looked at him. His face was venerable and wrinkled, and an impressive expanse of white beard partially hid the muffler tucked under his chin.

He was reading a book.

I opened the evening paper and turned to the sports page. I was suddenly conscious of an admonishing voice in back of me.

"Walter! Sit down next to Mother! Gentlemen don't kneel on seats."

The conductor stopped before me, and when I paid my fare I looked back. Walter's mother was about thirty, round-faced and rather sweet-looking. Walter was about three, and not very impressed. He was still kneeling on the seat.

I returned to my paper.

Presently Walter began to sing in a thin, monotonous treble. It was all about a train that went clackety-clackety. In the second verse it went rumbledy-rumbledy. He finished that, and with a breathless gasp, but no change in rhythm or key, continued with a song about brownies on a hillside and fairies in a dell.

I decided not to read, and folded my paper. The old gentleman next me was frowning at his book.

Walter pitched his next selection an octave higher and carried on.

"Walter! You mustn't sing so loudly. You're bothering all the people."

Walter finished that verse and the next one. Then he stopped. "But, Mamma, I like to sing," he said.

"Suppose Mother tells Santa Claus that you're not a good little boy?"

I felt Walter kicking the back of my bench.

"I don't care," he said. "Go ahead and tell him."

"Shh! Santa may hear you!"

"How can he hear me if he's way up at the North Pole?"

Walter's mother sighed heavily. "The man in the moon will tell him, then."

Walter raised the beat of the tattoo on my bench. "Can the man in the moon hear what I say?"

"Certainly."

The old gentleman slammed his book shut and hunched his shoulder against the windowpane. His lips were bunched and moving slightly.

"Can he hear what you say too, Mamma?"

"Why, certainly. He can hear me, too. He hears everybody."

The old gentleman snorted audibly.

"Oh!" Walter was thinking. "When does the man in the moon see Santa Claus? I thought—"

"Why," said Walter's mother, "sometimes Santa disguises himself and comes down here to watch little boys and girls." She paused; then: "And

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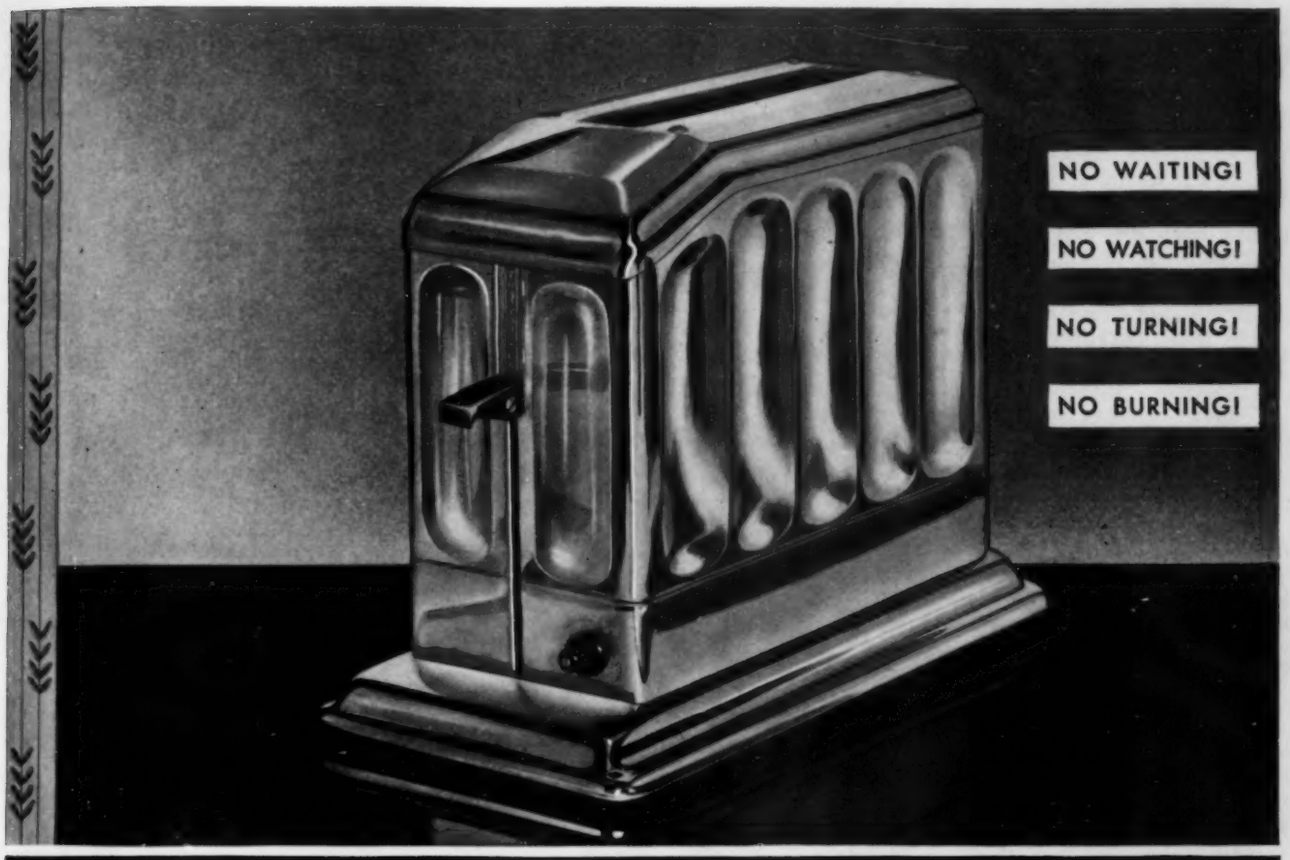
"You look lousy, Joe. You must be dissipating."

The Smartest Gift of the Season

the New and Improved Toastmaster



IT'S by far the smartest gift of the season—this new and improved Toastmaster! See it by all means—this utterly new model of the famous toaster that "Pops Up The Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

Works Automatically — Won't Burn Toast!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster That Pops Up The Toast

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display both in 1 and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada. 234-R

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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For every name on your gift list

Ask or send for this new book

Items of originality, at a range of prices that will suit every budget

ILLUMINATED MIRROR

Designed originally for shaving, this illuminated, magnifying mirror has also found much favor among women. The 9½-inch mirror is of very fine French glass and the lighting arrangement insures a perfect and clear reflection of the features. Beautifully finished in nickel.

MAGNIFYING
Table model, **$39.50** . . Wall model, **$35.00**

NON-MAGNIFYING
Table model, **$29.50** . . Wall model, **$27.50**

Magnifying Wall Model, *not illuminated*, on accordion bracket, adjustable in any direction. 7 inch, **$10.50** . . . . . 8 inch, **$12.00**

"ON-A-DOOR" RACK

Something entirely new—On-a Door Umbrella and Cane Rack. It is made to fit almost any closet door, and holds eight umbrellas or canes. Choice of red, blue, green or ivory — all antiqued. Width 23¾ inches. Easily attached **$3.50**

MINIATURE PIANO

Diminutive in size only, otherwise as true to scale, construction and tone as the most expensive full-sized piano. Keyboard and action are standard except that scale comprises only 60 notes.

Lacquer finish in various colors **$250.00**

Hammacher Schlemmer—
145-147 EAST 57th STREET
Just a few steps east of the Ritz Tower
'THE HOUSE OF FINE HOUSEWARES'

what's more, when the moon goes to sleep at night—"

"At *night?*"

"Oh, very *late* at night, it sinks behind the North Pole."

The old gentleman had risen so suddenly that I was pushed half out of my seat. He brushed by me and stood in the aisle, towering over Walter and his mother.

"Listen, sonny," he said in a deep angry voice. "The moon rises in the east and sets in the west—not the north! And there isn't any man in the moon. And there *isn't* any Santa Claus!" He glared for a moment at Walter's mother, then he stamped down the aisle.

I moved over to the window and stretched my legs.

WALTER was whimpering. His mother seemed shocked into silence. "Don't cry, darling," she said after a while. I heard a noise. Walter was being kissed.

He made a long wailing sound. "That man—he said there wasn't any Santa Claus!"

"Ho!" Walter's mother was trying to laugh. "No Santa Claus!" She stalled for time. "No Santa Claus! Why—" Then she lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper. "Walter! Do you promise Mother you'll never tell?"

"What?"—suspiciously.

"You'll never say Mother told you?" I heard Walter suddenly stop crying. He held his breath. His mother raised her voice triumphantly. "He's just pretending—he's in disguise, darling! *That* was Santa Claus!"

—T. H. WENNING

•

MANGOES

The melon hangs
In a green net:
The fire of grapes
Burns violet:
But mangoes from
The tropic South
I shall take home
To tease your mouth.

Their whim is honey,
A startling wine
Touched with a rumor
Of turpentine:
A Mayan humor,
Not yours nor mine!
Like tasting the serpent-god's divine
Dark laughter. . . . *Escape who can!*
. . . Like tasting Yucatan.

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

make HER happy *daily*

for years to come

More than ever before, this Christmas will be a time to give practical presents. Surely, nothing could be more useful, more welcome to your wife, than a

CONOVER *Electric* DISHWASHER

It washes, rinses, dries and is self cleansing

The disagreeable features of hand dishwashing are eliminated and three to four hours' less time is required every week in the kitchen that has a CONOVER.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Delineator Home Institute.

Special Christmas Delivery

Write or phone us for names of leading department stores, electric light companies and other electrical dealers who can deliver a portable model CONOVER to you the day before Christmas in a green and red holiday wrapping.

For a sink model CONOVER apply to the plumbing trade.

Sink Model CONOVER

Free Folder

on request. State whether interested in portable model, or sink model, or both.

THE CONOVER COMPANY
Dept. N-12-A, at 101 Park Ave., New York
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Fortunate Gentlemen Are Coming to Havana This Winter—

In considering your wardrobe for your Southern trip may we suggest that you plan to supplement it after your arrival in Havana . . . For many years El Encanto has had a reputation for authentic correctness among distinguished visitors and leading gentlemen of Havana.

Among the items of apparel we are famous for are—

Montechristi Panama Hats
English and Austrian Cravats
English Sport Suits
Monogrammed Handkerchiefs made in the Spanish Manner
Custom-Made Shirts

Write for our interesting Tourist booklet

Our Gift Department brings you imports from all over the world—French perfumes—shawls—antique jewelry—the sort of presents women love.

El Encanto

SOLIS, ENTRIALGO & CO.

Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store

• HAVANA •

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS

IF the various departments that follow have a helter-skelter, madman quality that you have never seen the beat of, it is because, as we near the finish line, we suddenly have found that all kinds of vitally important things either had slipped our slippery minds or been discovered so late that classification with their kind was impossible. There are also many enchanting knicknacks here and there that have no little classified home of their own and have been left wandering around for weeks while we tried to find them a niche. When we did portrait photographers, for instance, we plumb omitted Berenice Abbott, of 1 West Sixty-seventh Street; and the new Underwood & Underwood snapshot process for children's pictures came romping in to our attention very late. It suddenly occurred to us, with the first cold nip, that somebody might not have heard that Gunther, Revillon, Jaeckel, and C. C. Shayne are superb for furs, and might not have heard, either, that trick cuffs, huge collars, and a fitted, slender look (even with heavy furs like mink) are *de rigueur* for exquisite, though shivering, womanhood.

The various loose threads, therefore, have been twisted together, and the heterogeneous collection of lists below is the result. Personally, we thought this type of list more fun than the organized kind, but we dunno any more.

SO far there have been more or less masterly dissertations on:

November 1 . . . Christmas cards, luggage, and monograms.
November 8 . . . Photographers, art and such, frames and framers, lingerie and boudoir froufrous, and miscellaneous orders.
November 15 . . . Assistants and helpers, caterers, entertainers, children's parties, radios, phonographs and records, radio cabinets, and domestic animals and their accessories.
November 22 . . . For children—Part I, perfumes and such, and haberdashers.
November 29 . . . For children—Part II, children's clothes, jewelry, semiprecious jewelry, men's jewelry, and tips on mailing and expressing.
December 6 . . . The big bewildering stores, and for the house.

This week, we try to solve some of the remaining problems with:

Miscellaneous shops, below.
The beauty houses, page 72.
For the drinker, page 73.
For the smoker, page 77.
Leather things, page 78.
Sports equipment, page 81.
Cameras, still and movie, page 83.
Games, page 85.
Gifts that last, page 87.
Gift wrappings, page 90.
Brain waves, page 92.

(Note: You may have thought the telephone a stable thing. Well, it isn't. Any number mentioned in these lists will be different after December 16. Not very, but just a little. If you wait that long to use these lists, which you shouldn't, consult the new Manhattan and Bronx telephone directories which will be distributed on that date. If you haven't got your new ones then, ask the Telephone Company for its booklet telling what is changed and why.)

MISCELLANEOUS SHOPS

AIR ASSOCIATES, INC., 535 Fifth Avenue: Information and orders on all kinds of aviation equipment and transportation.

MRS. KAYE BELMONT, 576 Madison Avenue: Collection of animal figures in china by Stella R. Crofts.

MRS. FRANK BRYCE, 230 East Fiftieth Street: British and Basque gifts, mostly exclusive. And a complete selection of the Floris beauty preparations and perfumes. Leather slippers. Miniature chess sets in leather cases. Gardening aprons, beach umbrellas (very gay), espadrilles, for people going south. A small glass mirror that may be attached to any surface, with a suction cap to make it cling.

MARIANO FORTUNY, 509 Madison Avenue: For those shimmering pleated teagowns in fine satin, rolled up and delivered in a box for violets. Also for evening or tea-coats of velvet stamped in silver or gold in a manner that suggests antique embroidery.

JEANNE P. HODGMAN, 689 Madison Avenue: Gifts of every sort, but

"Here it is nearly Christmas and I can't think of a thing to give the boy friend."

IN THE bundling days of an unenlightened fashion . . . pajamas were a highly confidential secret between one sheet and another. Today they work right out in the front parlor . . . in one way or another . . . and with the same insouciance for a nap on the bed or a loaf on the beach. Really swell pajamas favor Stehli Silks.

. . . WITH INSOUCIANCE

PAJAMAS FROM JAY-THORPE

© 1930 S. S. CORP.

Stehli Silks

ESTABLISHED 1874
Wetzel
2 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

THE PRESENTATION of correct fashions for men, through three generations, has established the authoritative position of WETZEL.

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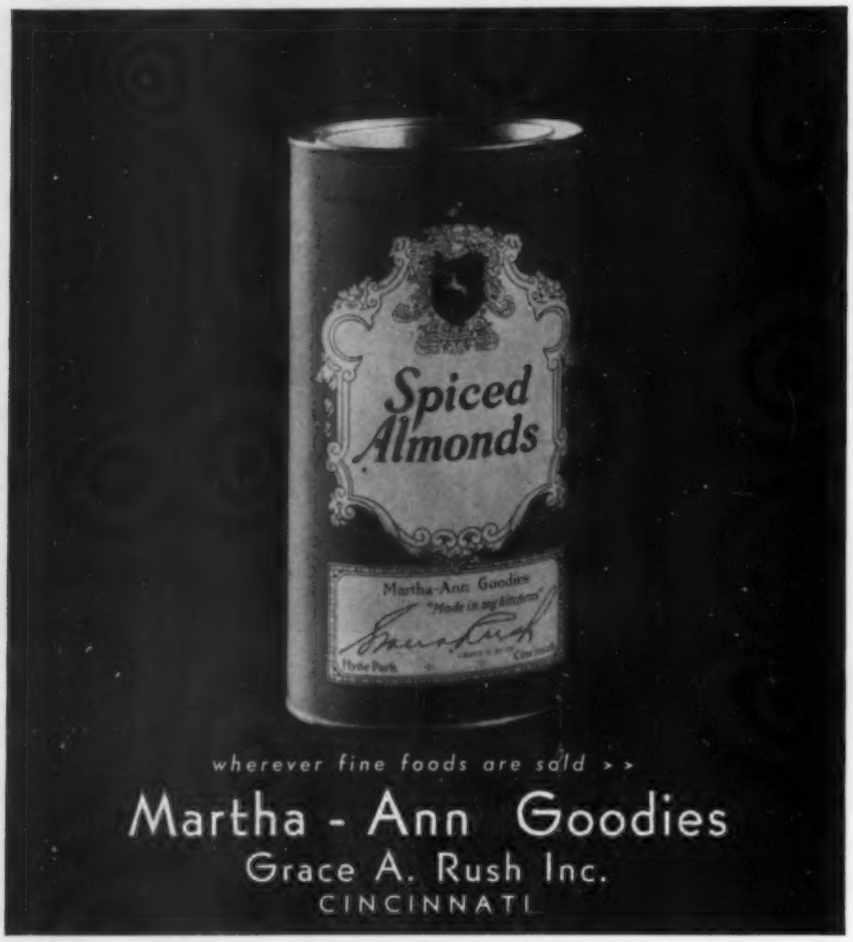


wherever fine foods are sold >>

Martha - Ann Goodies
Grace A. Rush Inc.
CINCINNATI

best for things to give elegant travellers who like to be comfortable in transit. Bag with moiré pillow, and kasha flannel rug. Stocking-and-lingerie cases. Brown linen shirt bags for men. Chaise-longue cover of Korean silk, hand-quilted and monogrammed. (Korean silk doesn't slip.) Baby things. Hand-made lingerie for children.

MARY HOWARD, INC., 108 East Fifty-seventh Street: A special Christmas selection of gifts just arrived from England. Also very luxurious domestic novelties. Teddy-bear covers for hot-water bags, bathtub trays and mirrors, cigarette boxes with bridge scorecards marked on covers. Bridge chairs with air cushions—unusual and most comfortable.

JAVOTTE, 11 East Fifty-fifth Street: Just the débutante's dream as far as French lingerie and the finest, sheerest, and most delicate of French hose are concerned.

GEORGE A. KAHN, 665 Fifth Avenue: Bobby date books, which always open at today's date; $2 to $18. Flowerpots of semiprecious stones holding barometrical flowers that change color with the weather.

C. KLAUBERG & BROTHERS, Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street: One of those paradises for people who love bottle-openers, knives, scissors, and amusing cutlery.

NAT LEWIS, branches all over town: Noted for stockings, gloves, and handbags, the bags being made with the finest antelope hide, the best brocades, and most perfect workmanship in clasps and decorations. Other trifles, like cigarette cases for evening, very well done here.

MADOLIN MAPELSDEN, 825 Lexington Avenue: Nicely chosen gifts,

and small furniture. Many things at low prices. Swell boxes for men's handkerchiefs.

ALICE H. MARKS, 19 East Fifty-second Street: Simply everything, and everything in perfect taste. Brocaded bags with crystal and marcasite clasps; caviar-spreaders made of mother-of-pearl (won't impair the flavor); copies of old Battersea enamel cigarette boxes; slender flashlight with pencil attachment (authors' wives take note). Also choice small antiques. Various types of steamer baskets.

LE MOUCHOIR, 757 Madison Avenue: A good place to pick up presents for the very feminine woman: lingerie, trinkets, and so on. And here you get those heavenly crisp sugar cookies. Five dozen in a tin box; $3.50.

OVINGTON, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street: Gifts from $3.50 to $50 are grouped on the second floor, but the most amusing ones are scattered around. All kinds of trick cigarette-containers, and versatile music boxes. Magnifying glass with flashlight in handle. Game sets for travelling or stay-at-home gamblers.

NONA OWENS' ATTIC, 27 West Eighth Street: All sorts of metalwork and jewelry pounded out by the female Village blacksmith in her attic.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 520 Madison Avenue: Many Viennese and German artists have helped make this one of the most fascinating places. Bead bags in modernistic designs and colors. Enamel cigarette cases and toilet sets, decorated with those lovely, languid ladies. Christmas *crèches* and Christmas angels. Small, gay wooden toys.

DAVID R. ROUGH, 721 Madison Avenue: Nice Lowestoft china, and a pair of Chelsea dog inkwells that formerly belonged to Sarah Bernhardt.

RUSSIAN BAZAAR, 618 Fifth Avenue: Bright boxes, embroideries, Tartar boudoir slippers, smocks. All most reasonably priced.

R. SHACKMAN & COMPANY, 906 Broadway: A huge clearing house, not only for Christmas-tree decorations, favors, and such, but also for practical-joke nonsense: spoons that break when lifted, false noses, rubber hatchets, etc., for childish rompers.

NANCY SHOSTAC, 820 Lexington Avenue: You can find here the most amusing little Biedermeier figures; those red beeswax horses, made in the old Bavarian molds; and an enormous selection of small boxes. Also very lovely antique jewelry, and old and modern glass.

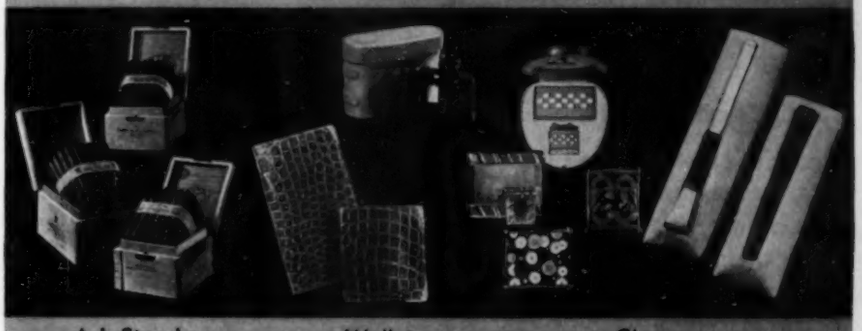
THREE NEW YORKERS, 8 West

ALFRED DUNHILL
of London, Inc.
MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIPES AND LIGHTERS

GIFTS FROM $5 to $25

Ash Trays
Bill Folds
Canes
Cigarette Cases
Cigarette Boxes
Cigar Humidors
Shaving Brushes
Shaving Sets
Lighters
Desk Sets
Pipes
Cigars
Tobacco Pouches
Tobacco Humidors
Smoke Absorbers

GIFTS FROM $25 to $100



Ash Stands
Binoculars
Book-Ends
Cuff Links
Pipes
Wallets
Cocktail Sets
Cigarette Cases
Cigarette Holders
Poker Chip Sets
Cigars
Cigar Cases
Military Brushes
Lighters
Sport Watches

GIFTS FROM $100 to $2000

Original Bronzes
Boudoir Clocks
Gold Cigarette Cases
Combination Cigarette Case, Lighter and Watch
Cuff Links
Hospitality Cabinets
Humidors
Diamond and Platinum Evening Watches
Lighters
Cocktail Sets
Gold Sport Watches
Figure Desk Sets
Ladies' Fitted Motor Kits

FIFTH AVENUE at 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

A thrill for Wife, Mother, Sister! . . . . when she discovers on Christmas morning that Santa Claus has left her

"OLD BLEACH"

PURE IRISH LINEN

with your card enclosed

CHOOSE NOW

Pure Irish Linen Damask Table Sets, Luncheon Sets, Guest Towels and Face Towels, Hemstitched Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Smart Hand Made Linen Bridge Sets, Afternoon Tea Sets, Cocktail Napkins, Linen Baby Pillow Cases and Sheets.

"Winnie-the-Pooh" Appliqued Linen Nursery Sets.

(Copyright Stephen Slesinger, New York)

COLOUR:—"Old Bleach" Linens in modern colours (white and delicate pastel shades) are absolutely proof against sunlight and launder perfectly.

BOOKLET:—"Table Talks" with illustrated ensembles in colour, will be gladly mailed upon receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

Department B

The "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., Ltd.
448 Fourth Avenue . . New York, N. Y.
Works: Randalstown . . . No. Ireland

Member:
The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, Inc.

"OLD BLEACH" LINEN

Forty-seventh Street: A godsend for those in search of last-minute incidental and miscellaneous gifts. Closets and equipment a great specialty.

WELLBY, LTD., GIFT SHOP, 57 East Fifty-sixth Street: Every kind of pleasant luxury. Here you find things to brighten convalescence: dainty wool bed-jackets, comfortable but not frumpy; English Shetland-wool scarf-jackets, lined with chiffon; even bed-jackets for ailing gentlemen. The quilted silk things here are very modestly priced.

YAMANAKA & COMPANY, 680 Fifth Avenue: Oriental presents at all prices. Also, those simple dressing-gowns in brilliant colors that everyone likes. Real yellow jade, carved and made into lamp bases, cigarette boxes, and so on. Cigarette boxes; around $185. Cocktail set of jade and carnelian, most de luxe; $2,000. —H. L.

THE BEAUTY HOUSES

IF there is anything that makes a woman feel wholly lovely and desirable, it is the gift of beauty products of one sort or another. You will find, too, that such a gift appeals more to a rich great-aunt than shawls, conveying, as it does, the desire that she live and be charming forever. With this, as with any specialized gift, it is safest to find out what particular preparations are dear to the recipient's heart, though women, we find, are so restless in their quest of the miracle of loveliness that they switch around all the time. Most of the beauty houses put out all kinds of beauty-preparation sets, ranging from around $3.50 for a boxed overnight supply, upward to over $100 for complete weekend cases, with room for a nightgown and a pair of mules thrown in.

All the places listed here have un-

A GIFT FOR THE GIFTED HOSTESS!

Another famous pyjama ensemble by Bruck-Weiss, to brighten the lives of gay young hostesses! The sophisticated little velvet jacket, satin lined, has deep cuffs of clipped marabou... the one-piece pyjama beneath flares to prodigious lengths of gleaming satin. Jacket in Chinese red with eggshell or turquoise pyjama, or black with chartreuse, white or turquoise.

39.50

BRUCK-WEISS

20 West 57th Street
New York

questioned prestige; all of them have salons of their own and will sell you a course of treatments, a good average in price being about $18 for six:

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 691 Fifth Avenue.

SALON BERTIE, 695 Fifth Avenue.

MARGARET BRAINARD, 654 Madison Avenue.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ, branches in several hotels.

MME. DE BOOR, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF, 1 East Fifty-third Street.

MARIE EARLE, 660 Fifth Avenue.

DOROTHY GRAY, 683 Fifth Avenue.

ROSE LAIRD, 785 Fifth Avenue.

PIERRE, 39 West Fifty-seventh Street.

PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 Fifth Avenue.

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN, 655 Fifth Avenue.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 8 East Fifty-seventh Street.

SCANDIA JOURDE, 601 Madison Avenue.

ANGELA VARONA, 660 Madison Avenue.

IF you know the woman so well that she would not take such a gift as the most brutal of hints, a course of de-luxe reducing treatments would be a perfectly grand present. Some of the very feminine places, that do wonders with you without too much effort on your part, are Marjorie Dork, 10 East Forty-ninth Street; the Saks Silhouette Shop, 10-bis East Fiftieth Street; and Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue. If the woman is of that bouncing, vigorous type that loves virile things like running around in a sweatshirt and skipping rope, the Roosevelt Health Institute at the Hotel Roosevelt, or Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's, at 1658 Broadway, are among the best. —L. L.

FOR THE DRINKER

SINCE we cannot very well talk about the gift of liquor itself (and what a load off our mind *that* is), this section of our lists is devoted solely to

FIFTH AV AT 57TH ST

Dobbs

GRACEFUL GIFTS WITH A FLAIR FOR LINE AND COLOR

16.50

Dobbs lounging pajamas in heavy silk crepe have a way of being supremely welcome at the Christmas season

Black, Corsair blue or wine trousers with contrasting triple tone blouse

Black, purple ink or Corsair blue pajamas with contrasting duotone bandings

Women's and Misses' Sizes

What a Gift for a Boon Companion!

Offhand, you'll probably know three or four kitchen(ettes) where Biddy would make things hum. This handy little electrical servant doubles in brass (stainless aluminum, to speak correctly)—extracting a noggin of orange juice to start the morning, or mixing a flotilla of brimming beakers to finish the evening—without changing a gadget. She's a sturdy little trick, quicker than quick, asking only a bracket on the wall. And $14.95 puts her there for life.

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio

AT ALL GOOD ELECTRIC SHOPS—*If your dealer does not have Biddy, phone Robbins & Myers' local office,* WALKER 3171 *for address of nearest dealer.*

those accessories which make drinking a luxury.

We hope your drinking companions are the sort who have bars in their homes, because that makes the gift problem a lot simpler. Abercrombie & Fitch have a grand department full of things you can give to people who own bars. Also, English bar taps for bottles, $22.50; small wooden kegs, banded in brass, $5, $6, and $10.50, with cribs; those enormous English brandy-vapor glasses, $8 each; silver tankards with glass bottoms (so you can see what you're drinking), $100 for a set of eight.

Further bar equipment: Bar stools, at the Frankl Galleries, 509 Madison Avenue, in different heights and with red or blue leather seat cushions; $25 to $75.

WE cannot undertake to discuss all the new decorated glasses, but we can tell you that plain ones are scarce, most glasses having hunting scenes, fish, Godey prints, and dogs either painted on or blown into the stem in some way. All the shops have versions of these.

Among the shakers, you will want to see a two-foot glass vessel with a plunger that mixes the drinks (at Abercrombie), a vacuum-bottle shaker which will keep a drink cold for forty-eight hours, always provided you could resist it that long (at McCreery), and a very complete set in pewter or chromium by Russell Wright, including a big tray, the shaker, the cups, a set of pretzel plates, coasters, and some ash-trays. This can be found at Macy, or you can order it from Mr. Wright's studio at 18 Beekman Place. The shaker has places top and bottom to grasp it by.

Some of the big jewellers have done tricks in this line. Brand-Chatillon, 773 Fifth Avenue, have a silver individual tray service for cocktails and canapés; Van Cleef & Arpels, 671 Fifth Avenue, have a drink-server like the ones they use in theatres for lemonade.

Ovington, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, has a miniature

. . . . *here's one gift you never gave before*

Such complete bath sets as these have never before been packaged even by Martex. Cunningly folded side by side in each Martex box set you will find a complete ensemble of Martex bath towels, bath mat and wash cloths in matching colors and patterns. The new colors for your choice are orchid, jonquil yellow, azure blue, apple blossom pink, peach, Nile green and coral. Many of the sets also include a Martex shower curtain in matching color and design . . . Martex Bath Sets will keep their lovely colors and soft texture through years of daily use and laundering because every one is woven with the famous Martex Underweave. At all leading linen and department stores. Wellington, Sears & Co., 65 Worth St., New York, N. Y.

Martex Bath Sets

At this joyous season we extend our message
of peace and good will to all.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

piano with music box inside which plays "Tea for Two" as the keyboard opens to reveal bottles, and the top lifts up and discloses eight glasses; $75—not much more than you would have to give for a rabbit in a hat.

There are countless little gadgets, of course: trick corkscrews (this year's two specials are called The Key to Heaven and Hooch Hound); those metal cups encased in a golf ball—these can be found all over. Mitteldorfer Straus (the Peasant Village), 245 Fifth Avenue, has cherry picks with little roosters on top, and all kinds of glasses. Mrs. Frank Bryce, 230 East Fiftieth Street, has a bottle top which holds on by suction and looks like a small bell; $1.50. And so on.

Syrie Maugham, 65 East Fifty-seventh Street, has a new idea in portable bars: one built into a wicker trunk, which closes up when not in use, storing stools and other accessories inside. Other portable bars can be ordered from Hammacher, Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street; Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street; Eastman Brothers, 36 West Forty-sixth Street. The Eastmans will also rent you a bar, with atmosphere, for your holiday parties. The atmosphere includes sawdust, rude pictures, and other barroom necessities.

FOR THE SMOKER

TOBACCO in any form is a dangerous gift. Most smokers have, or think they have, a very cultivated taste and are likely to snort at any brand except their own. However, we all run out of ideas at this time, and cigars, cigarettes, and pipe tobacco may be the only things that seem to express the right degree of sentiment. So here are the names of a few shops where you can be sure of getting good tobacco and advice:

BENSON & HEDGES, 435 Fifth Avenue: Their own brands in Christmas boxes. Also, unobtrusive smoke-consumers.

ALFRED DUNHILL, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street: A new cigarette case; snaps open when you shake it and out comes a single cigarette, which you can put right in your mouth without further handling. In silver; $50.

MM IMPORTING COMPANY, 543 Madison Avenue: Pewter ashtrays with a cradle to hold a pipe, and a rounded piece of cork in the centre to knock a pipe out on. MM cigarettes, pipes, and tobacco mixtures.

NOVOTNY'S SMOKE SHOP, 1409 Broadway: Exotic tobaccos and cigarettes.

RITA'S *gifts all have strings on them . .*

. . . and one end of the string, my dears, fits into an electric light socket. The other end is attached to an Edicraft Speed Toaster, Sandwich Grill or Waffle Baker. Thus Rita not only presents each of her friends with a gift—but also with a talent . . . the ability to be a marvelous cook right at the table! Edicraft things have changed the chore of cooking into a charm of creation. They're amazingly swift, absolutely safe, absurdly simple—and utterly reliable. Yes, and beautiful, too. They'll do honor to your table. Edicraft Products are sold at the best stores. Write for "Table Cookery". Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

Toasts 2 slices on both sides at once. No watching. No waiting. No burnt toast. No burnt fingers. Toast browned to the exact shade desired. For it's automatic, you see. It's a gift!

EDICRAFT WAFFLE BAKER

Perfect waffles are the only kind it knows how to make. Automatic heat control. Makes three generous servings. And, makes them in the smart new diamond shape. It's a gift!

EDICRAFT SANDWICH GRILL

Toast-blended sandwiches—two at a time. Or non-warp-able Melba Toast. Or chops, bacon—even eggs. Why it's a miniature kitchen range at the table! It's a gift.

EDICRAFT

PRODUCTS ARE DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A Edison, ORANGE, N. J.

Be well dressed for

WINTER SPORTS

Skiing Suit
Cravanetted wool cheviot, red flannel lined . . . $22.74

Brushed Wool Set
Cap, scarf, gloves, socks $4.96

Sportswear Department

MACY'S
34th St. and Broadway, New York

rettes; and snuff for the old-fashioned.

RENDALL'S, 67 Wall Street, 23 William Street, and 2 East Forty-fifth Street: Longbottom pipes, as well as tobacco of all kinds in all forms.

JAMES B. RUSSELL, 23 West Fifty-seventh Street: Peter Jackson pipes. Some new Balkan cigarettes whose tobacco has been aged for seven years; $7-$9 a hundred.

THE STEARN COMPANY, 430 Madison Avenue, 60 East Forty-second Street, 60 Beaver Street, 35 Wall Street, and 165 Broadway: Lowe pipes and lighters a specialty.

ASHTRAYS, pouches, and the like have been mentioned in the other lists so we haven't bothered to include them here. There is no need to, because you can find a large assortment in almost every shop in town.

LEATHER THINGS

IT is the fashion nowadays to have all your luggage made of the same leather, and to have it all marked in the same way. It is also practical, because such similarity makes it easy to pick out the various pieces from the jumble at a dock or railway terminal. If you plan to give luggage, we advise you to find out what the person already has, and then try to match it. This won't be very difficult, for most of the stores carry the various styles of bags and cases in several leathers.

Some suggestions:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Large collection of bags and cases made by hand in England—in the new luggage department on the sixth floor. Man's kitbag of heavy sole leather, hand-stitched, and brass-mounted; $50. Woman's overnight bag of russet pigskin in a very smart shape, with a hookless fastener across the top; $20. Square alarm clock that folds into a pigskin case; $35. Traveller's shoe-cleaning set in a cowhide case; $5.

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Wine-colored calfskin luggage for men and women, lined with pigskin—suitcase, $75; club bag, $60. Cowhide bag with a drawer in the bottom to hold toilet things, closed with a hookless fastener across the top and down the sides—one for women, $90; a larger one for men, $110. Woman's case that holds toilet articles separately, and is small enough to fit into a suitcase—green, blue, tan, and brown pigskin; $30. Leather tags with big initials, to help you find your luggage; $1 each.

BROOKS BROTHERS, Madison Ave-

You don't have to own a

REMBRANDT

to live at seven

PARK AVENUE

Living on Park Avenue usually presupposes ownership of art treasures and *pièces precieuses.* But now you can live in the lap of luxury without being the possessor of precious heirlooms by telling your moving man to carry your baby grand and other trappings to 7 Park Ave.

The moderate rentals at 7 Park Ave. are only one of the many reasons why you should live there. When you see the bathrooms you will think the plumbers worked with loving hands to the accompaniment of a rhapsody to achieve such exquisite beauty.

1, 2, 3 and 4 room housekeeping apartments with complete kitchens. Several suites have terraces. Hotel service available.

Ready for immediate occupancy
Renting agent on premises.

7

PARK AVENUE
NORTHEAST CORNER 34TH STREET

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC. *Agents*

660 Madison Ave. *Tel.* Regent 6600
Managed by the Owners — V. GREEN CO.

nue and Forty-fourth Street: Cigarette cases and stud boxes of molded Italian leather (no seams), in dark green, dark red, and dark brown; very good-looking; $4.50 up. Golf bag of pliable calfskin in deep reddish brown; the hood, instead of tucking inside, is strapped on outside and becomes a pocket for an extra sweater; $52. Folding backgammon boards, covered in red or green morocco, made by hand right in the shop; the counters, dice, and doubling block fit into a long leather tube, and the dice cups fit over the ends so they won't rattle about; $50 to $65.

MARK CROSS, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street: Pelican leather billfolds and wallets—some plain, some gold-mounted; from $9.50 to $18.75. Flat cigarette case of lizard, with gold edges; $29. Toilet cases, for men, that look like briefcases; they have linings of mottled oriflamme and fittings of natural turtle ebony; $23. Military-brush sets, manicure sets, and complete toilet kits, in cases of Florentine leather.

DALE, 369 Madison Avenue: A pigskin case for a portable typewriter; an indexed file that fits inside the cover can be removed and used separately as a briefcase; $52.50 with a Sesamee lock. A tobacco pouch with a compartment in the bottom for a straight-stemmed pipe—talon fastener across the top and down one side; $5 for pigskin or goatskin; $6.50 for ostrich or camelskin. Handygam, a shallow, pigskin-covered box which contains equipment for dominoes, chess, checkers, bridge, backgammon, pinochle, and craps; the top is reversible and has a checkerboard on one side; $41.50.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East Fifty-second Street: A specialist, as we have often told you before, in made-to-order luggage, who also has an assortment of

HOLIDAY TOURS
Dec. 20 "Morro Castle"
Dec. 24 "ORIENTE"

THESE gorgeous débutantes are the latest ships to fly the American flag . . . up to the minute and beyond. The fastest and finest liners in the Havana run . . . vibrationless motion . . . turbo-electric drive . . . Twice the deck space that used to be thought enough. New chefs . . . already getting compliments three times a day.

Sail on the new "MORRO CASTLE" or "ORIENTE" for one of those marvelous Ward Line All-Expense Tours. Four sightseeing trips included . . . The Harbor by motor launch . . . Morro Castle and Cabanas Fortress . . . Havana at night . . . Jai Alai, the Casino Nacional, the Malecon, alight and laughing . . . The countryside . . . The Tropical Gardens, the plantations, the Avenue of Palms . . . Everything included in these new low rates.

9 Days—$145 up ★ 10 Days—$150 up
INCLUDING ALL EXPENSES
Sailings every Wednesday and Saturday

For Literature and Reservations address General Passenger Dept., Foot of Wall Street. Uptown Ticket Office, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, or Any Authorized Tourist Agent.

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Also daily Rail-Air Service to Chicago, $55.78, including lower berth

Lv. New York ... 7:45 PM, ET
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Lv. Cleveland .... 9:30 AM, ET
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Ar. Chicago .....11:46 AM, CT

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trunks and suitcases, made in his own shop, for those who didn't get around in time to order. He likes to sell the suitcases without any fittings at all, so that the recipients may take them back later and have them arranged according to their various tastes. His trunks are among the lightest in the world. Look at the women's hatboxes designed for the off-the-face hat: nine-inch cubes of black, brown, or russet cowhide; $35 to $42, depending on the linings.

PHILIP HALL, 38 East Forty-ninth Street: This shop, one of the first to take airplane luggage seriously, continues to sell good lightweight cases and bags. A large collection of wallets and memo-books, in various leathers. A passport case has pockets for letters of credit, baggage checks, landing card, and the like, all properly marked; in pigskin or red and black morocco; $7.50.

HERMÈS OF PARIS, 1 East Fifty-third Street: Luxurious leather things made in France. One of the more elegant is a woman's bag of straw-colored cape morocco, lined with blue morocco. It is fitted with special bottles that won't leak, metal boxes for wet things, a manicuring set, drinking glass, jewelry box, mirror, and so forth, and the fittings are silver and engraved crystal; $1,000. A bag of black lizard has a drawer at the bottom to hold the fittings of lacquer and silver, which leaves the upper part free for clothes; also has hidden jewelry case; $825. All kinds of French harness—in fact everything for riding except the clothes and the horse.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: English bootcase made of butt hide, with a tray for polishing cloths, creams, bootjacks, and the like; $144. Fitted suitcases for men and women; from $24.89 to $389. Luggage that is not leather, but is very smart; covered with canvas woven to look like dark blue tweed, and bound in dark blue fibre with blue Fabrikoid linings and nickel fittings; suitcases and trunks of all sizes; from $27.75 to $98.50.

MARTIN & MARTIN, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street: Morocco-covered cigarette box has a group of little bronze statuettes on the cover, representing a huntsman and his dogs; $10 and up, in all colors. A cowhide suitcase with a removable briefcase in the top, and a

2 minutes? that's plenty of time for a BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGAR

Special Holiday Package of 100

BETWEEN-THE-ACTS $1.50

COME TO HOLLYWOOD-BY-THE-SEA FLORIDA

RIGHT HOLLYWOOD BEACH HOTEL and COUNTRY CLUB ON THE OCEAN

East Coast's smartest resort . . . exclusive clientele . . . 500 rooms with baths . . . fireproof . . . bathing from rooms . . . five minutes to golf course.

Booklet: Wm. M. Kimball, Mgr. Hollywood, Fla.

A GOOD MIXER

Use Abbott's Bitters To Flavor Beverages

50c Sample for 25c in Stamps

Address Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Md.

writing pad that fits in like a tray above your clothes, which are packed beneath. All kinds of luggage and saddlery made to order.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street: Rawhide luggage for men, with bridle-leather straps; very strong and looks it; $75 to $100. Gladstone bags with a lock at each end, instead of the usual one in the middle; come in all kinds of leathers. In fact most of the luggage in this shop can be had in various leathers. One would have no difficulty in assembling a complete matched set.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Eighth Street: Pigskin kitbags, with brass fittings and twill linings, have two pockets inside for toilet articles and the like; $39.50. Gladstone to match; $45. The Wiltshire wardrobe case has two removable hangers that hook in the top of the cover, permitting the ends of the garments to lie flat in the bottom of the case; a detachable shoebag hooks in the front, and a tray for shirts and things fits over the bottoms of the coats, but doesn't rest on them—no wrinkles; cowhide; $50.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

SPORTSMEN are a rather thankless lot. They insist on buying their own equipment, and are likely to scoff at the things people give them. Even the old standby—a dozen golf balls in a nice Christmas box—is not safe this year. You have to find out whether your golfer prefers the new size (official after the first of January) or whether he intends to go right on using the old-size ball, even though it will be barred from tournament play. The safest plan is to give an order on a shop where sporting equipment is sold. If you want to be very generous, you might give the order for riding clothes at Bernard Weatherill, 557 Fifth Ave-

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MANHATTAN
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New York... Chicago... Los Angeles... Honolulu! These are the links in a chain of sunkissed, luxurious travel on...
LASSCO
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YOUR through Pullman leaves New York Jan. 20 or Feb. 10, on either a de luxe New York Central or Pennsylvania flyer; out of Chicago next day on Santa Fe's "The Chief," fastest train to Southern California; arrives in Los Angeles Jan. 23 or Feb. 13.
You've that evening to spare for a fling in Hollywood, sailing next day on the palatial "City of Los Angeles" over the enchanting southern route direct to HAWAII.
Where society fills the winter season with summer sports... golf, tennis, polo, game fishing and riding the surf. Where life has the color of the Far East ...the graciousness of the South Seas... the smartness of the West...the beauty of a Paradise!
To make early reservations on one of the LASSCO boat trains, apply any authorized agent, or—
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The Franconia . . . the great cruise liner . . . is the only one to call at Madras on her Cruise Around the World . . . Sailing Eastward from New York January 10, 1931 . . . 138 days . . . Rates $2000 up.

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CUNARD LINE
THOS COOK & SON

nue; Ernest K. Fownes, 69 West Fiftieth Street; or Alfred Nelson, 580 Fifth Avenue; these are all good sporting tailors who know the trick of making breeches that look well and are comfortable.

As for tackle, equipment, and so on, here are a few shops we can recommend as reasonably safe:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: All kinds of sporting goods, including handmade saddles. A new and improved kind of folding bootjack, in a leather case, with two boot-pulls curved to slip easily over the calf; $15. Negro-jockey hitching post—iron, painted in bright colors; $70. Fringed wool-lined gloves that you can sit on when you are adjusting your skates; $3.75. Complete kit for ice fishing; $10. Gold jewelry in the form of sporting implements—for men and women; about $12.

HERBERT & HUESGEN COMPANY, 18 East Forty-second Street: This shop specializes in hunting and fishing equipment, and is a good place to go for advice on the subject. Among the new things is an over-and-under shotgun made especially for this company by Jaeger of Suhl, Germany; $250 and up. Also a new Granger (7½ feet, 3 ounces) fly rod that is lighter than most, but very sturdy. It is made of split bamboo and has a nice action; $25.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Skis from Norway, bows and arrows from England, fencing foils from France, and indoor golf courses made right here at home. A golf bag, 7 inches in diameter, with shoe and golf-ball pockets closed with talon fasteners; made of tan or dark brown elkhide; $16.89. A boy's bicycle that looks like a motorcycle, with lights, a tank, and so forth; $29.75. Tubular hockey skates, chromium-plated, attached to hard-toed shoes; $6.94. Deck-tennis sets in wooden boxes; $9.94.

SPALDING, 518 Fifth Avenue: Spalding golf clubs with steel shafts, cushion necks that prevent shock, and heads designed for the new-size ball; all registered so that they can be duplicated. (I was told that these could be readily exchanged after Christmas,

just like mother's!

Shop until Christmas and you won't find anything that will give your children more pleasure than furniture EXACTLY scaled to their dimensions... We have everything for them that their elders have... Upholstered chairs, tables, beds, secretaries . . . even highboys. Genuine antiques, sturdy handmade reproductions, colorful peasant pieces. Also toys and occupational playthings. Come in and see them.

CHILDHOOD, INC.
32 E. 65th St., New York
Send for Christmas Folder No. 74 of children's furniture and unusual toys

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The finest accommodations and service, in a modern, select hotel, located in the heart of the Fifth Avenue Hotel Center.

Economy Rates
FOR ONE PERSON
(DOUBLE BED) $3.50–$4 (TWIN BEDS) $5–$6
FOR TWO PERSONS
Only $1 Additional, Any Room
SUITES, Parlor, Bedroom and Bath (one or two persons) $9, $10, $12

801 ROOMS
Each with private bath (tub and shower) circulating ice water, mirrored doors.

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Make an unusual, practical and lasting Christmas gift.
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21 days of unrestrained ecstasy aboard the Italian Luxury Ship visiting St. Pierre, Fort de France, Martinique; La Brea, Port of Spain, Trinidad; La Guayra, Venezuela; Willemstad, Curacao; Panama; Kingston, Jamaica; Havana, Cuba; Nassau, Bahamas.

MEDITERRANEAN
CANNES : ITALY : SPAIN
via the southern route to Europe on the luxury ships
Saturnia • Vulcania
Unsurpassed Italian cuisine and service... Verandah Apartments... Royal Suites... Most rooms with bath and telephone service...Swimming Pool.

SATURNIA
New Year's Voyage to BERMUDA
A glorious prelude to the New Year—Five day weekend to Bermuda... Golf, tennis or relaxation in warmth and sunshine... Leaving New York on New Year's Eve (December 31)... Returning for business on Monday morning (January 5).....

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SUMMER *New Ocean House* RESORT *Swampscott, Mass.*

$250 **EUROPE**

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E-265

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
150 North Michigan, Chicago
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so it is quite safe to buy them.) Sets of six matched irons; $60. Gazelda-skin jacket, cedar color, very lightweight, straight at the bottom; $50. Ski suits made in Oslo are sold by a genuine Norwegian ski-jumper.

ALEX TAYLOR, 22 East Forty-second Street: An extremely accurate air pistol; permits the practice of marksmanship in the home; $19. A clown target; when you hit the bull's-eye, the head falls back out of sight; $3. Golf umbrellas with handles that look like club-heads but are really vanity cases or cigarette boxes; $13.50. A golf cape that slips over your head and fastens with a snap at the throat; very light and loose—I was told you could play in it; $1.50. Bottle golf: a ball attached to a wooden bottle by a long cord; the equivalent of a 250-foot drive moves the bottle three feet; $5.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Eighth Street: Winchester's first double-barrelled shotgun, 12-gauge, beautifully finished; $59.50. Remington's new shotgun—16-gauge, automatic, 3-shot; $56.75. Navy-type binoculars in a pigskin case; $19.75. Electric automobile clock that runs on the light unit; $13.50. Parklyte clock which you can set to turn on your parking lights when you stop in Fifty-third Street for just one drink before dinner; $12.50. Hatze golf bag has one flat side that keeps your clubs in a row and makes it easy for you to select the one you want; canvas, $15 and $18.50; leather, $35 and $40.

CAMERAS, STILL AND MOVIE

HERE are some of the latest, or most useful, types of cameras. Practically all of them can be found in practically all of the shops that we are

The Hy-Lo Portable Bridge Table

comes out of a case—like this

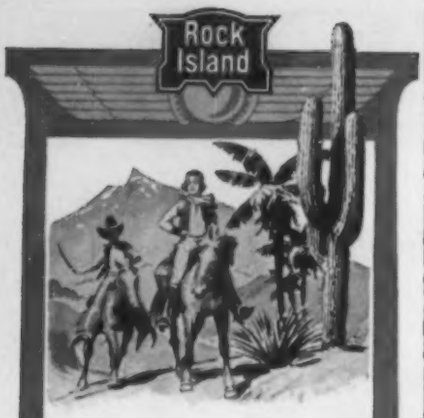
WHAT a surprise on Christmas morning to find in this little carrying case a bridge table of regulation size and height—and a strong, sturdy one at that.

It takes about two seconds to set up the Hy-Lo. Its four quarters are perfectly hinged and an easy turn on the thumb screws clamps them rigidly in place. The legs unfold—and there's the table, all ready for cards.

But, even more amazing, the legs may be used at half length, making the table just the right height for breakfast in bed, or the children's supper in the nursery, for picnics and the beach next summer.

The Hy-Lo Portable Bridge Table is surprisingly inexpensive. Only $7.85—carrying case and all. A wide choice of popular colors provides a table to harmonize with any decorative scheme.

This splendidly unique all purpose table is now on sale in the house furnishing departments in all of New York's most important stores. If your favorite dealer hasn't them in stock drop us a line and we will see that you are supplied. Hy-Lo Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 405, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.



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OF THE
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Low altitude warm winter way to Los Angeles and San Diego

Through Service—faster time—to Santa Barbara

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Name .....

Address .....

listing below. Also, in these shops you can be sure of receiving expert advice about the kind of camera you should give. No use buying an expensive lens for someone who will have no idea how to work it.

The new Karl Zeiss still camera, Kolibri, measures only 4½ by 2¾ inches. It has an F 3.5 lens, a two-inch focus, and a direct finder. You load it with regular Eastman 127 film, but it takes two pictures on each negative, making sixteen pictures instead of eight to a roll; $62.50.

Leica is a small still camera, made in Germany. It has a remarkable F 3.5 lens with a speed of from twenty to five hundred per second. Naturally it is good for taking action pictures, and it is particularly useful in an airplane because it has no bellows to blow in and spoil the image. Thirty-five pictures can be taken on one roll of standard motion-picture film (35 millimetre) and these can be enlarged to 12 by 14 without perceptible loss of detail. The measurements are 5 by 2½ inches; $108.50.

With the Boy Scout Memo camera, made by Agfa-Ansco, fifty pictures can be taken on a roll of 35-millimetre film which costs only fifty cents. The lens is a 6.3. In a leather carrying case with the Boy Scout emblem (or the Girl Scout emblem) stamped on the outside; $15.

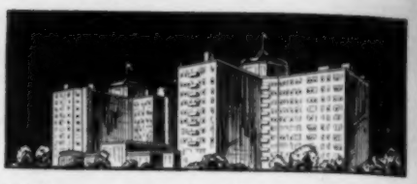
Beau Brownie has a double lens this year, which gives better detail. It also has an extraordinary front on which metal and enamel have been combined in a modernistic way. In one of several delicate colors, and also in black (thank goodness!); $5.

Coquette, a Vest Pocket Kodak, is even more impressive in its modernism; $12.50.

The Ensemble comes in pastel colors, and is packed in a satin-lined box with a powder case and lipstick to match; $15.

Ciné-Kodak Model K is smaller and lighter this year, although it still takes 100 feet of 16-millimetre film. F 1.9 or F 3.5 lenses, interchangeable. In a smart, box-like carrying case covered with black, gray, brown, or blue leather; $110 and $150.

Kinamo, a Karl Zeiss movie camera,



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(IN WASHINGTON)

LUXURIOUS...YES! In every detail. Sunshine, air, quiet, three windows in every bedroom and every bedroom spacious. A swimming pool, glass-enclosed. Four tennis courts. A riding stable with thirty mounts.

Now New Yorkers will like to go to Washington.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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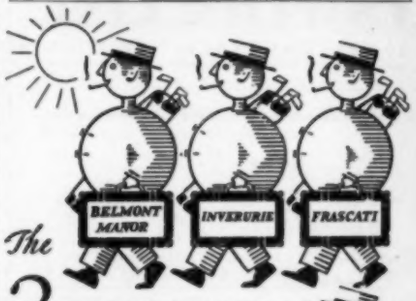


The 3 WISE MEN
on their way to
BERMUDA

are joined by a fourth—the foursome is now complete! Besides unexcelled winter golf, these four fine hotels offer all other outdoor sports, and smart entertainments.

For definite reservations, rates, and information, write or 'phone

BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED INC.
250 West 57th St., New York., COLumbus 5-0012

Any authorized travel agency, or hotel managers, Bermuda

BACKGAMMON
Georges Mabardi

is still one of the smallest movie cameras made. It measures 3⅝ by 2¼ by 3½, has a 2.7 lens with a universal focus, and takes 33 feet of 16-millimetre film; $85.

SOME of the shops where you can find most of these cameras, and of course all sorts of equipment to go with them, are:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.
EASTMAN KODAK STORE, 356 Madison Avenue.
GILLETTE CAMERA STORES, 117 Park Avenue.
HERBERT & HUESGEN COMPANY, 18 East Forty-second Street.
C. KLAUBERG, 331 Madison Avenue.
LUGENE, INC., 600 and 976 Madison Avenue.
E. B. MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (one of four shops).
PARKER & BATTERSBY, 146 West Forty-second Street.
WILLOUGHBY CAMERA STORES, 110 West Thirty-second Street.

—G. McC.

GAMES

WHENEVER this toothsome subject rolls around, it is our habit to leap lightly to Abercrombie & Fitch, at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, who not only have huge assortments of every game you ever heard of, but abound in bright-eyed salesmen who love to play them with you. Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue, is another place with a complete stock and an athletic staff.

The list that follows shuns, in general, those games like bridge and such that are to be found all over the town, and selects lesser-known pastimes that might amuse jaded hosts and hostesses. We have played most of them, to our sorrow, but had fun losing at them.

For the spacious indoors:

Indoor hockey: Fast game played on wooden table five feet long, with substantial sticks; $35.

Indoor shuffleboard: For homesick ocean travellers; $15.

Billiard golf: Five-foot course, very tricky, played with billiard cues; fits any dining-room table; $35 complete.

Box polo: Another miniature game that can be exciting; $35.

Bull-board: Throwing rubber quoits on numbers; $12.

Vivavol: New French game played

Gay
NEW YEAR'S EVE
in old
QUEBEC

Ring-ching-ching! Ring-ching-ching! that's sleigh-bells jingling pretty girls off to the ball. *Hush-hush! hush-hush!* that's snow softly falling on high Diamond Head and the tall lighted towers of Chateau Frontenac, on New Year's Eve. Lilting, lulling, dreamy, gay, waltz-music floats from horn and violin. Gusts of laughter, bursts of rapid French chatter, echo. It's the great night at the Chateau, the night of the *Jour de l'An* ball, the fête of the year for spirited French Canada.

Step out this year . . . savor a different New Year's Eve . . . in French . . . with all the dash and élan of Gallic revel . . . in a romantic town . . . a mediaeval Norman hill-city *en fête* among its friendly snows.

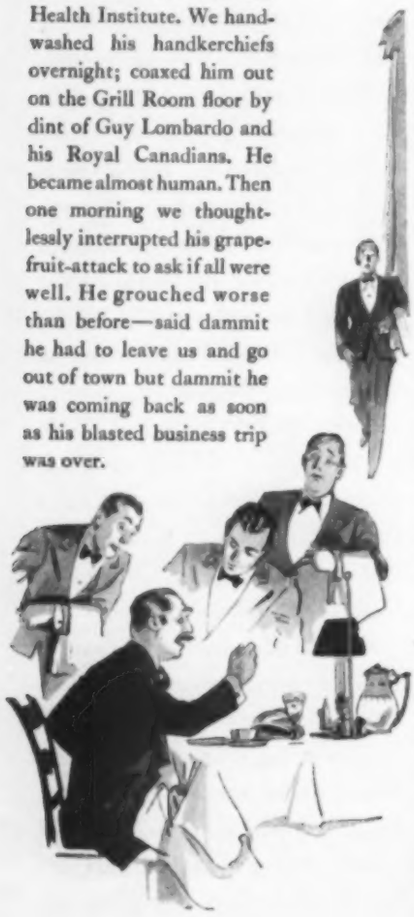
Daytimes, there are the famous Québec winter sports . . . triple toboggan chute . . . ski jumps . . . fancy skating . . . chain-lightning Canadian hockey . . . dog-teams, sleighs, snowshoes, snow-frolics . . . indoor golf, badminton at Québec Winter Club. Wintersport kit rentable or buyable in city.

Chateau Frontenac

Through express service from New York and Boston . . . reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., N. Y.; 405 Boylston St., Boston; or write Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Can.

He came . . . he saw . . . We conquered

WE HAVE an honest-to-goodness, triple-A, perfect, *born* he-grouch staying at our hotel. We respect perfection, so we're naturally proud of him. The first day he thumped the breakfast table, and we assigned him four waiters. He complained about his liver; so our wrestling champion worked over him in our Health Institute. We hand-washed his handkerchiefs overnight; coaxed him out on the Grill Room floor by dint of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. He became almost human. Then one morning we thoughtlessly interrupted his grapefruit-attack to ask if all were well. He grouched worse than before—said dammit he had to leave us and go out of town but dammit he was coming back as soon as his blasted business trip was over.



The ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG, *Managing Director*

with ping-pong racquets; players try to hook ball on string to opposing spikes; $7.50.

Putting green: Pads can be placed underneath to make it flat or rolling at will; $37.50.

Chip-shot practice for golfers: Score according to pocket ball enters; $20.

For cocktail-party games:

Pokerette: Metal cards arranged in five concentric circles, spinning separately. The machine deals out ten poker hands; $3.

Bedoo: Two cups, six dice, and nine wooden ring chips to discard; $5.

Hazard: With green billiard-cloth layout, and three dice; $16. A combination of Hazard and Chuck-a-Luck, with a cage that turns with a handle; $30.

Poker dice; $1. Dice in tiny sterling cocktail-shaker; $3.

Puff billiards: The miniature game, for four people; $25.

Shovelo: Small steel balls and flat shovels; $5. The idea is to get balls on shovels and dump them into small aperture. After three cocktails you laugh yourselves sick.

For grim, serious games:

Roulette wheels; $10-$120.

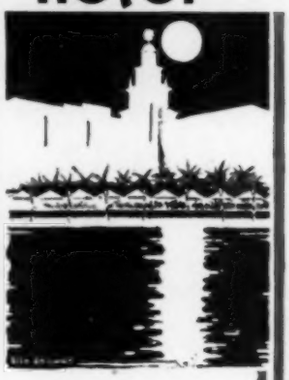
Chemin-de-Fer shoes; $18.

Playing cards: Aluminum, indestructible, washable, and non-fluttering in the wind; $3. Circular cards, favored for poker rather than bridge; $2.50.

Camelot: A game perched somewhere between checkers and chess; $1.50 and $2.

Backgammon: All over the whole darn town you can find backgammon sets priced anywhere from $12 up. Bergdorf Goodman have nice travelling ones in old bookbindings, at $18. Abercrombie has a few genuine antique ones,

RONEY PLAZA hotel



BECAUSE it has become "play headquarters" for the world's most respected minds . . . leaders in the arts, in science, government and industry . . . and incidentally in society . . . people who work hard, think profoundly and play intelligently . . . the Roney Plaza, America's finest seaside hotel, is the acknowledged center of smart winter-time activities. Demands for accommodations this season are brisk. Early reservations are advisable. Please address Dept. "F"

The Cabaña Club and Pool Ready for This Season

MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA

Whitehall

Palm Beach

Opening January 10th

New York Office
THE BERKSHIRE
21 East 52nd Street
MARTIN SWEENY
Manager
Plaza 5800

such as an English eighteenth-century set; $55. For $200, Saks will sell you a magnificent modern one, with glass men and dice, a mirror-topped table with metal legs, and other magnificences. Travelling sets; $12.50 and up. Backgammon covers for bridge tables; about $2 all over town.

Cribbage: Boards from fifty cents up.

Miscellaneous:

Horse-race games: Abercrombie dotes on these, particularly the electric Gee Whiz, any current, $75; and electric Saratoga, $97.

Winner Golf: Nine-hole course mapped out; scientific moves; $7.50.

Lawn or beach dice: They float and are very large; $6.50.

Game boxes for travellers: One, all-leather, hunting scenes on top, contains sets for poker, chess, checkers, backgammon, dominoes, plain and poker dice, cribbage. Also score pads, and cards; $195. Other sets at $50 and $95, very complete. —L. L.

GIFTS THAT LAST

IF you have a thrifty (or sentimental) desire to be remembered by your gifts throughout the year, there are several delightful ways you may achieve your end. One is by presenting a subscription to a library service, or you can give a course of study, all paid for, in a subject which is far from academic. We offer a few suggestions below:

READING

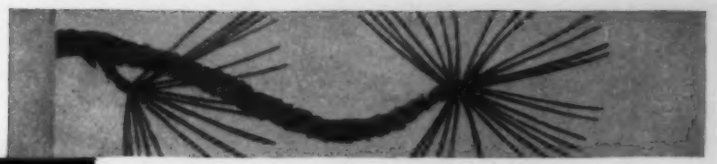
FAR be it from us to list all the nice bookstores in town, whether they be big or tiny—and if you want to know *what* books to get, we lazily refer you to the list on Page 124 of this issue—but there are two services in town, ideal for people in hospitals or stranded in less-cultured communities, that would be grand gifts. Both of these will mail or send you an assortment of books at regular intervals, either picking out the newest and best or carefully encouraging any literary hobbies you may have. They are:

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY, 109 University Place: Charges a membership fee of $12 a year.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 598 Madison Avenue, and 13 Astor Place: Costs $5 a year.

BACKGAMMON

YOU can get backgammon instruction in the very pleasantest form



Out of Winter . . . into Spring

A few hours* away lies the sportsman's paradise . . . girdled by fragrant woods of long-leafed pines . . . warmed by the reassuring sun. Perfect, rolling fairways on 5 D. J. Ross golf courses (with new grass tees) . . . tennis courts . . . riding . . . polo . . . shooting . . . archery. And at your command . . . the luxurious accommodations of the Carolina Hotel.

For reservations or new illustrated booklet, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

CAROLINA HOTEL NOW OPEN

*The "Carolina Golfer" is the special through train leaving N. Y. at 6:40 P. M. and arriving at Pinehurst 9:25 A. M. Only 14¾ hours to the sun!

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

THE *THRILL* OF FOOTBALL!
THE *SPEED* OF HOCKEY!
THE *TEAMWORK* OF SOCCER!

Kikit
PAT. U. S. OFF.

. . . the new, table Football Game for two to eight players

Post-season football games all winter . . . the family and guests embroiled in nightly gridiron grapples under the glare of bridge-lamp, chandelier or what have you . . . songs, shrieks and rahs from the cheering section on the divan . . . as the Red and Blue teams line up for the kick-off.

"Kikit" is easy to play . . . both children and grown-ups quickly acquire the skill to make a slam-bang, nip-and-tuck game of it. They pass, kick, block and check . . . they play to WIN!

The perfect gift . . .
SEE DEMONSTRATION AT—

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Children's Book and Play Service Inc.
Playland Gift Shop
Kiddie Corner

Manufactured by
THE KIKIT CORPORATION
50 E. 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

at any number of places. For instance:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Lessons in the Log Cabin, on the twelfth floor, are given for $10 an hour. Instruction in your home is $15 an hour. If you want to give a party, tea or otherwise, and have an authority lecture your guests on the game, the charge is $4 a person, with $15 as the minimum. The instructors include Mr. W. J. Hiss, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark Boyden, and Miss Lelia Hattersley.

BLOOMINGDALE, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Offers instruction at $2.50 a half-hour (another person may listen in for $1 extra a half-hour).

BONWIT TELLER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street: Expert instruction by appointment during store hours; $5 for forty minutes for one person, or $10 for an hour and a quarter for two. Given by Miss Katherine Friend.

MRS. TUCKER DUELL, 47 East Sixty-first Street: Individual instruction by appointment. Ten lessons cost $125; twenty, if you think you need that many, $200.

GEORGES MABARDI, 31 East Forty-eighth Street: Guarantees to teach you the game for a flat charge of $500. Ten or fifteen lessons usually do the trick.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street: Maintains a Backgammon Club, with Mr. Grosvenor Nicholas as president and chief instructor. Lessons from him cost $20 an hour; from his associates, $10 an hour. Saks also is glad to have people use the Club for uninstructed games, and will hospitably furnish tables, boards, etc., gratis.

FENCING

THIS is such a rare accomplishment that it's generally learned at one of the private fencing clubs, but two prominent fencers maintain studios of their own:

GEORGE SANTELLI, 31 West Eleventh Street: The official Olympic coach, and fencing instructor at the New York Athletic Club and the Fencers' Club. Charges $3 a lesson at his studios; $5 if he comes to your residence.

JOSEPH VINCE, 247 Park Avenue: Another well-known fencer, conducts the Salle d'Armes Vince. His rates vary

A Gift
FROM THE
Lenthéric
SALON

At the Fifth Avenue Salon of Lenthéric of Paris you will find an elaborate assortment of unusual gift suggestions for the Christmas season. Swedish glass, etched and signed by the artist; unique flacons by Rene Lalique; regal Baccarat crystal containers all filled with exquisite Lenthéric perfumes. Many of these importations are individual creations and no duplicates are available. Prices range from $2 to $250.

761 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
AT THE SAVOY PLAZA

"Un petit peu de Paris dans New York"

A RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK

A duplex studio apartment exquisitely furnished, distinctly individual, with wood-burning fireplaces and broad terraces adding their joys... whether it be for a month or for a year, The Dorset offers all this ... and more!—a cuisine of great distinction.

Other Apartments. Simplexes or Terraced Duplexes. Unfurnished or Furnished. Transient or Lease. 1 to 6 Rooms. Larger Suites if desired. Complete Hotel Service. Write for Literature.

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Avenue

with the number of lessons taken. A private one is $10; 120 lessons, a nine-month course, are $300.

CONTRACT

EVERYONE, of course, aims to be an expert bridge-player, so no matter how good your friends may be, they probably won't disdain a chance to be better.

BONWIT TELLER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street: After you're through shopping you can pick up instruction on contract at the Backgammon Studio. The charge is $10 a table for an hour; $5 a half-hour for individual lessons.

MRS. ELY CULBERTSON, Hotel Chatham: Gives private instruction for one or four persons; $40 for an hour-and-a-quarter period.

MILTON C. WORK, 55 West Fifty-fifth Street: The maestro himself does not teach, but he will recommend competent instructors.

RIDING

THE BOOTS & SADDLES RIDING SCHOOL, 316 East Ninety-first Street: Private lessons; $5 each. Class instruction; $4. No riding without instruction.

GEORGE K. DURLAND RIDING SCHOOL, 32 West Sixty-seventh Street: Ten lessons for $45, including the horse. If you want to ride without instruction; $30. Captain Hollander manages the Polo Club, and other teachers are provided for show riding and driving. The Wednesday-evening music rides are lots of fun.

YOUNG'S VAN CORTLANDT PARK RIDING SCHOOL, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx: Teaches you riding at $3.50 a lesson. They aren't having cross-country rides this year, worse luck.

DANCING

A FEW of the many experts about town on the tango, tap-dancing, veil-waving, and so on:

JACK BLUE, 235 West Fifty-first Street: Tap and step-dancing in the best Broadway manner.

THE DENISHAWN SCHOOL OF DANCING, 113 West Fifty-seventh Street: Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn translate movement into poetry, even for children of three and up. Evening classes for business girls.

THE JACK DONAHUE-JOHN BOYLE SCHOOL OF STAGE DANCING, INC., 254 West Fifty-fourth Street: Class instruction in tap and stage-dancing, using the late Jack Donahue's method.

MARJORIE MOSS & GEORGES FON-

Le Fleuve Bleu
Lionceau's Le Fleuve Bleu — the perfect gift to accent the charm of Milady of Latin beauty and temperament. This glorious bouquet will mark you, its donor, a connoisseur of loveliness. At all the better shops.
PARFUMS LIONCEAU, INC.
New York - - 565 Fifth Avenue
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LE FLEUVE BLEU
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Is He a Drawing Room Sphinx?

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

Conversation is a lost art with many a successful business man, unless talk turns to business. No wonder many a wife becomes discontented, when she reflects that her successful husband is a complete failure socially.

The remedy for this state of affairs is a winter cruise via *Red Star* or *White Star Line*. Sea travel gets a man's mind completely off his business concerns. If your husband is a drawing room sphinx, take him away from drudgery this winter. See him expand—develop—under the suasive influence of salt air, ocean sunlight, congenial companions, new environment. And it's wonderful for the woman overburdened with social obligations and domestic affairs.

MEDITERRANEAN—Holy Land, Egypt and other points of tourist interest. *Britannic** (new), Jan. 8, 46 days, $750 (up), 1st Class. *Homeric,** Jan. 24, 45-57 days, $850 (up), 1st Class. $420 (up), Tourist 3rd Cabin. Rates include shore program.

WEST INDIES—12 to 19 days—Port au Prince, Kingston, Colon, Vera Cruz, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda. *Lapland* and *Britannic.** $123.50 (up). *The only cruises to visit Mexico.*

**White Star Line* with Thos. Cook & Sons.

WORLD CRUISE *of the Belgenland*—Still time to join this "Cruise of Cruises," from New York, Dec. 15, San Diego, Dec. 31; Los Angeles, Jan. 2; San Francisco, Jan. 4. *Red Star Line* in cooperation with American Express Co. $1750 up (133 days), including shore excursions.

Write for descriptive literature and the booklet, "Watch Your Husband" to Desk G, I.M.M. Co., No. 1 Broadway, New York.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
20 PRINCIPAL OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. AUTHORIZED AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

TANA, 57 East Fifty-second Street: The tango, either in class or privately, and calisthenics and eurythmics.

ARTHUR MURRAY, 7 East Forty-third Street: Tango and ballroom dancing.

BILLY PIERCE, 225 West Forty-sixth Street: Harlem lowdown, buck-and-wing. Routine; $150. Private lessons; $10 an hour.

THE NED WAYBURN STUDIOS OF STAGE DANCING, 625 Madison Avenue: Still help you achieve that schoolgirl figure by way of tap, ballet, and musical-comedy dancing, as well as the tango, fox trot, and the new danzon, a modified version of the rumba. —H. L.

GIFT WRAPPINGS

A LOT of intelligence and taste has been brought to bear upon this momentous subject, with the result that there is going to be less excuse than ever for unimaginative gift packages this year, and you had all better watch out.

There are any number of copyable suggestions in the shops specializing in this sort of thing. Wanamaker's Paper Shop's prize package is wrapped in black suede paper, tied with silver-and-red fibre tape, and trimmed nattily with two big white carnations. The paper costs twenty cents a sheet; the fibre tape is five cents; the carnations are twenty-five cents for the two. You can buy the makings of packages like this, or have Wanamaker's wrapping service do the trick for twenty-five cents a package, and up.

Among Wanamaker's papers, look for the ones that are designed by Amy Drevenstedt, and the new metallic tissues. For tying, see the Japanese fibre tapes; these make bigger, splashier bows than any other kind of ribbon. Most of the new tapes are patterned to match the papers, and come in boxes, one end of the tape emerging through a slot so that pieces can be torn off as you use it.

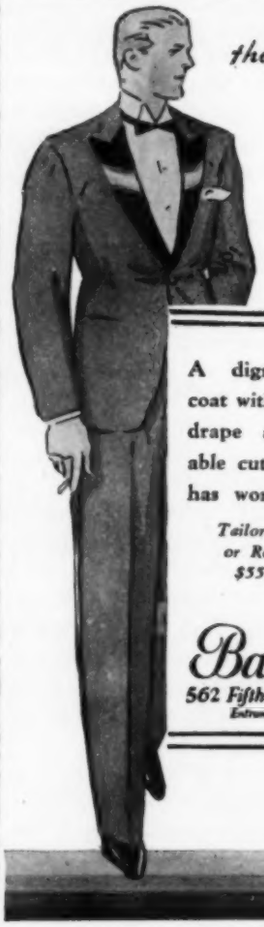
Wanamaker is also fond of floral decorations, including the white carnations, silver flowers and leaves, mistletoe, and long, beautiful branches of pine in gold, silver, red, and green, the last at sixty cents each. You can use them for long packages (umbrellas, etc.) or for table decorations—just to change the subject for a second.

Dennison, 220 Fifth Avenue, also

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE'S SILHOUETTE SHOP

CORRECT proportions give symmetry to the body and the Modern Wilson Method has perfected a basically sound, efficacious, and thoroughly pleasant way to bring this about. Some women need beauty correction in one part of the figure . . . some in another, and the cost is determined by each individual's requirements.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
10 BIS EAST 50th STREET



the London Lido

A dignified dinner coat with the graceful drape and comfortable cut for which it has won recognition.

Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear $55 and more

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Entrance on 46th Street

has a wrapping service, and lots of made-up packages standing about so customers can get ideas. Papers here are graded by age and sex: puppy and kitten designs for the young, pale and pretty pastels for the youthful and girlish, leatherettes in dark colors for men, and figured metallic papers for the rest of you. There are, likewise, some grand big seals, in blue, silver, etc.: life-size leaves, Christmas bells, trees; ten cents a package. Silver and gold holly leaves, for trimming, are twenty-five cents a package. Very special Chinese medallions, to be pasted on plain or metallic paper packages, run from three for ten cents to sixty cents apiece. These are brilliantly colored squares of openwork design. They have wide bandings on the same plan, to bind around the package—handsome and different.

The Literary Lobby, 67 West Forty-fourth Street, has more Drevenstedt ensembles—matching papers and fibre tape (better used separately); matching tape and seals, or inclosure cards. They have two of the most popular patterns here: the Scottie dog, in black and white, and the singing bird with notes of music in red and gold on white. Other ensembles have sticker-tape instead of the fibre; this can't be tied, but it pastes down securely all around the package.

Besides: Macy's paper department follows the Victorian trend with some specially designed papers. The Japan Paper Company, 109 East Thirty-first Street, has, as you know, all the kinds, including wood fibre. Rena Rosenthal, 520 Madison Avenue, and the Frankl Galleries, 509 Madison Avenue, have modernistic wrappings. Lord & Taylor have a grand department full of

New Motoring Thrills . . .
To and Through
CUBA

LA CARRETERA Central (Cuban Central Highway) . . . nearly 800 miles long . . . is now completed . . . linking Havana with Santiago on the Caribbean . . . unfolding exotic beauties of rural Cuba. Not a railroad crossing on its entire length! Outside the towns and villages, few road intersections . . . and these mostly ox trails. No billboards to dull the scenic splendor. An open road of enchantment . . . leading over friendly hills . . . across sunny valleys . . . through cool tropic forests . . . quaint, peaceful villages . . . exploring the picturesque life of the Cuban countryside. Bring your car to Cuba. No red tape or import expense . . . since customs regulations permit tourists' automobiles to enter duty-free for three months, with option of three additional months on application. Many visitors motor through Florida . . . via Miami and the Oversea Highway to Key West . . . thence by boat to Havana. And there you are . . . in the smartest social capital of the two Americas . . . delightfully foreign . . . with modern comforts and Old World charm. And ahead of you . . . penetrating the mystery of the hinterland . . . a broad highway of new adventure.

For information, etc., any Cuban consul, any travel agency, any steamship, railroad or airplane ticket office; or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.

The
LITTLE SHOP
of
ACCESSORIES

Glorified Christmas Shopping

CLEVER men and women are discovering the way to buy their feminine gifts. They go to The Little Shop of Accessories and sit in comfort, with a cigarette if they choose, while the newest and smartest of our accessories are displayed to them. It is as easy to shop thus for twenty gifts as for one. And they have the added comfort of realizing that they are also taking advantage of Macy's thrifty prices.

For Your Selection

COSTUME JEWELRY
CIGARETTE CASES
HANDKERCHIEFS
HANDBAGS
LIGHTERS
SCARFS
GLOVES
HOSE
FANS

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York

sparkle and color and ideas. Bloomingdale has some ensembles in gold and white that are knockouts.

Other shops have (surprise!) other things. Our strong feeling at this point, however, is that we have given you a fair start, which is all that can be asked of any Christmas list.

BRAIN WAVES

THESE things didn't get into the lists where they properly belonged, for one reason and another, but we feel they have a special sort of Christmas significance, and so they are flung together here in a heap for your selection.

A parchment lampshade with a map of the world on it—authentic, having been drawn by a naval officer. The idea is to trace in your own voyages on the chart. Elsie Sloan Farley, 435 Park Avenue.

Woolly toy kittens second to none; $7.50, and irresistible. Helen C. Morrison, 500 Madison Avenue.

De-luxe backgammon set with mirror top, clear and black crystal counters, and crystal dice; all for $200. Syrie Maugham, 65 East Fifty-seventh Street.

That two-faced clock for twin beds is now at almost any shop you walk into, and a good gift.

For spendthrifts who simply can't control themselves: A bath scale to be built into wall, with only dial showing, and that in white-and-yellow gold, with owner's monogram. Platform is flush with floor; dial is at average eye level; price is $160 without installation. Orders filled in about three weeks by John Chatillon & Sons, 85 Cliff Street.

Recent invention in shoebox field: Regular case with any required number of compartments (to order), each compartment with glass flap as door, thus protecting shoes from dust and keeping them in sight at same time. Covered in chintz. The Chintz & Box Shop, 524 Madison Avenue.

Nine-inch Russian costume dolls: Cossacks, peasants, etc.; $3. Peter's Shop, 121 Lexington Avenue.

Julie has invented a method of applying silver and gold decorations to fabrics so that you can wash them afterward. She makes unusual table linens of this stuff, and doesn't charge fortunes for them. She also specializes in negligees and evening wraps. Julie, 1047 Lexington Avenue.

Fine Italian table linens with lace inserts in sensible spots where they

REVELATION
ADJUSTS TO 14 DIFFERENT DEPTHS

In every leather, in every size, in every price you can get a genuine Revelation Case at Dale. This English Russet Cowhide 26" Revelation with Sesamee Locks, only $35

The "DALEKIT"
A collapsible oiled-silk lined toilet Kit for men and women, in pigskin and genuine Moroccan Leathers, black, brown, green, red or blue.—9" x 6" x 3" $10

XMAS NOVELTIES:
Unusual gift novelties from the finest leather makers here and abroad and all very attractively priced. Send for book.

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MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
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It's an old Spanish custom... join in the smart, continental gayety of sunny Havana... cruise thru the glorious West Indies... bask under the warm sun of enchanting Bermuda. Come now—the balmy southlands beckon.

Our brochure No. 4 contains many delightful Winter cruise suggestions. Send for it now!

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BROOKLYN—359 Fulton Street

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MODERN INTERIORS
DECORATIVE ARTS
PAINTINGS · SCREENS
SCULPTURE
106 EAST 57TH ST., NEW YORK

won't interfere with service plates, candlesticks, and flowers. The Little Gallery, 29 West Fifty-sixth Street.

Eveready is just out with a Christmas-candle gadget: A simple candle in silver finish that has radium dots around bottom, so it can be found easily in the dark; lights up when lifted from the table. Standard Eveready batteries; $1.75 at Macy, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, and Wanamaker, Broadway and Eighth Street.

Birdcages, individually designed and lovely, many of them chromium-plated, at Otto Keck, 128 Bank Street.

Subscriptions to any foreign magazine that you can possibly think of. In fact, subscriptions (particularly to New York newspapers) are always grand for exiles from this bustling city. Any large bookstore will take care of you.

Records of your Christmas greetings, in your own inimitable voice, to send to distant relatives, may be made on phonograph discs at Stern, 41 West Forty-second Street; the Oliver Ditson Company, 8 East Thirty-fourth Street; or Wurlitzer, 120 West Forty-second Street.

Abercrombie & Fitch have slow-motion pictures of Bobby Jones doing all his tricks, for home movie cameras; 400 feet, $30.

Glove-silk underwear: From having been one of those appalling practical gifts, it is now tremendously decorative, as well as being ideal for travellers, schoolgirls, and others to whom laundry is a problem. All the large shops carry Van Raalte and Kayser brands.

Those Coty manicure sets, with perfumed Coty necessities for the manicure, set in a removable tray, make a nice inexpensive gift. All over town.

Sculptographs: Your own photographs embossed by some mysterious process so that they stand out in low relief. At Stern, 41 West Forty-second Street, and Saks-Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

The Soapy Circus: Realistic zebra, elephant, and lion of pure Castile baby soap; $1 at Altman, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and

Men wait . . .
if lips are lovely enough

Entrust your lips to Ybry and they'll be lovely enough for anyone's taste!

CREATORS OF THE COSTLIEST PARFUM IN THE WORLD . . . .

At last a lipstick worth waiting for—a lipstick worthy of your lips.

Permanent—it lasts from 8 A. M. till 6 A. M. Soothing . . . it keeps lips soft and young. Scented with the most costly parfum in the world. And Ybry never betrays you!

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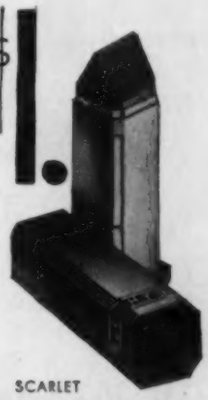
AMAZINGLY LOW FOR A FRENCH CREATION $1.



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A SHADE FOR EVERY TYPE: NATURAL • MEDIUM • FLAME • LIGHT • SCARLET

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TWO EXQUISITE GIFT SETS

BY BARBARA GOULD

WOMEN love to receive intimate personal gifts and these ensemble sets of the famous Barbara Gould beauty preparations are as practical as they are lovely. You will find them at leading department and drug stores.

Full size containers of Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, Finishing Cream, Tissue Cream, Skin Freshener and Face Powder, in a charming case. . $5.00

A lovely miniature reproduction of the luxurious full size ensemble set. . $1.00

Barbara Gould Beauty Talks Thursdays 10:45 a.m. Columbia Network.

Barbara Gould

Creator of 4 Creams for the 4 Ages of Beauty

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street.

Dirty-dog bag (wildest idea of the week): A bag with a zipper opens to receive one very wet dog and there he stays, with his head sticking out, until he is dry. One of those English ideas. In a case containing comb and sponge, at Mrs. Frank Bryce, 230 East Fiftieth Street.

Gruen baguette watches: The newest and tiniest wrist-watches we have found. Can be covered by a dime, and keep surprisingly accurate time. All kinds of designs. To be found at most jewellers; Betteridge, 545 Fifth Avenue, and Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street, have big selections.

Great idea of the year in guaranteed watches: Tiny watches, metal finish, on leather straps for sports. If anything goes wrong, all works are interchangeable, so new works can be inserted with a flick of a thumbnail instead of waiting for repairs; $150. Hermès of Paris, 1 East Fifty-third Street.

A mad, Victorian idea in bed-jackets (red flannel, called Lydia Pinkham, and costing $25) and ruffled white petticoats and pants (called Carrie Nation, and costing $25 and $15 respectively). Hawes, 8 West Fifty-sixth Street.

AND THEN~

SOME weeks ago, when the big list of toys was published, a cog slipped and a shop called Mayfair Playthings Store, at 9 East Fifty-seventh Street, got left out. The belated news is that there is very likely no toy you can think of that can't be found within the Mayfair walls. They have everything, and lots of it. Most of the things are, to boot, on a de-luxe scale.

A few examples: Costumes to play in—Fairy Queen, Robin Hood, etc.; $15 to $19. Typewriter desk, $21; typewriters, $15 to $60, and really grand gifts for any child old enough to use them. Little upright player piano, about forty inches high; plays regular rolls; $525. Super-doll's-house, with electricity and complete furnishings, from piano to cocktail-shaker; $275. There isn't much point in listing more; that gives you the idea. —B. B.

•

TCH TCH DEPARTMENT

George Budd and Waldron Hulst have returned from Gail in the Adirondacks where they spent a week, each with a deer.—*Poughkeepsie Courier.*

Richelieu Pearls

Intriguing
Like beautiful eyes

Each Pearl A Beautiful Creation

Marion O'Day of EARL CARROLL VANITIES

Assembled with extreme care into strands of various lengths

Quality		
	M	$5 Upwards
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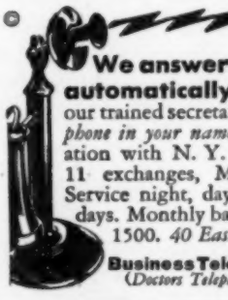

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OPEN LETTER TO MOIRA RANSOM

The strangest thing I ever saw was an intoxicated man kissing the statue of a fountain while the water from the fountain was falling on him.—*Moira Ransom, 191 Evans Street, Utica. (Strangest Thing I Ever Saw Department in the Daily Mirror.)*

DEAR MISS RANSOM:

THINGS have come to a pretty pass indeed when a taxpayer can't step into a park without a covey of spies like yourself skulking in the shrubbery. So *you* were the sallow girl in the Russian pony coat I saw when I came out on the Pratt Street side. Not that I would sully *my* lips asking what you were *doing* in Barlow Park that night. I suppose you were sitting up with a sick rhododendron. Humph!

Let me tell you something, Nosey Ransom. If you hadn't been such a lily-livered informer anxious to swap in a man's reputation for eight bits you might have taken the trouble to see what was really going on. In the first place I wasn't intoxicated. A couple of weak gin slings and a finger of brandy never "intoxicated" anybody. If you ask me, a certain somebody in a Russian pony coat had been bending her elbow that night, judging by the reek of port wine around the flowerbeds. I say port wine only because I'm not a lickspittle eavesdropper like some people I could mention. If you think I don't know the difference between port wine and Jamaica ginger, you're crazy. It's bad enough to be called "intoxicated" by somebody who's cold sober but when an alcohol-cooker like you starts blackening my good name, it's time for the Vigilante Committee. A short shrift and a long hemp to slandermongers of your stamp.

I COULD forgive you everything if at least you had reported the facts. But a lot of people are going to get a pretty funny idea of me when they hear I was seen kissing a statue. Nothing about what kind of a statue it was or the fog. Yes, the fog. Next you'll be trying to tell me there was no fog. I leave it to anybody who was in Barlow Park that night—and there must have been hundreds of you sleuthing around—if there wasn't a fog as thick as pea soup, Friday night. Maybe it was a pea soup as thick as fog, or was that earlier in the evening? Dinner was a little vague; I guess I shouldn't

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the social season at its height is
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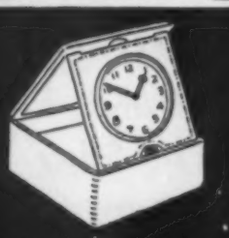
FOR YOUR

XMAS GIFT

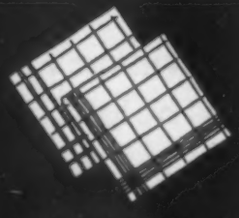
JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

Gifts for a Man
from a Man's Shop



Leather traveling clock and hidden jewel case for studs, links and scarf pins. $20

Doubled silk reefer scarfs of English twill. Variety of colorings. Hand fringed silk ends. $10



Irish linen handkerchiefs with hand rolled hems. 55 cents each or $6 a dozen

GIFT BONDS OF EVERY DENOMINATION
No charge for real leather Presentation Wallet

FIFTH AVENUE AT 43rd STREET
BROADWAY AT 32nd STREET

And other easily reached shops in Greater New York

have taken that brandy on an empty stomach.

I don't imagine it makes much difference to a part-time Pinkerton like you that the statue I was "kissing" was that of a horse. Just because a man is slightly nearsighted and the fog so dense he can't see his hand in front of him, he wakes up the next morning to find his name sprawled all over Page 1 in banner type. I was walking off a little dizzy spell on Cotie Boulevard when I thought I saw a white horse wandering in the bushes, so I went to the rescue. Is there anything wrong with that? Of course I saw my mistake when I got up close to it, and between you and me, I had a good laugh over it. Only I must have stumbled over a root or a grapevine and I had to grab something to keep from falling. You *would* be sneaking around at a time like that. As for the water from the fountain plashing on me, even a Jukes or a Kallikak knows what rain looks like, even if a Ransom doesn't.

I HAVE been busy making dirty limericks with your name the past two days, but I'm sorry to say that none of them suits me. The only one worth anything in the lot is:

There was a young lady named Ransom
Who got stuck in the mud in her hansom,
When she clamored for aid,
The coachman replayed:
"My name is Simpson, not Samson."

I admit this doesn't scan very well and maybe there is no such word as "replayed," but it will give you a general idea of what I think of you. Anybody who would want his coachman to get down into the mud and lift his carriage out by himself ought to be bastinadoed. I have also written to the Pet Department of the *Billboard* to ship you a holiday assortment of cobras postpaid, and furthermore have given your name to the local Fuller Brush sales crew. Wishing you every success in your new career, I am

Yours very truly,
S. J. PERELMAN

•

EPICURE

Ripe old age for her dog,
Birch for her fires,
Rain for her garden,
Are all she requires.
And the longer she lives
The more truly she knows
Her exceeding presumption
To ask Life for those.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

Jingle Bells
Jingle Bells

The Jingling tunes of Horace Heidt and his Californians make the Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker the gayest place in town to eat your plum pudding and celebrate in an old fashioned way a real merry Christmas.

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RALPH HITZ - Managing Director

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to the
MEDITERRANEAN

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Regular Sailings to Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
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Write for illustrated booklet "Lido All the Way"

N.G.I. Navigazione Generale Italiana
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Modern Bed-Living Room $664.50

This price includes everything—Furniture, Curtains, Carpets and Lamps. Call and see the room, and then compare.

O. Charles Meyer & Co. Inc.
67 & 69 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. Est. 1878

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Schoolmaster Jannings—Radio Announcers, Portias, and Flagpole-Sitters

IN the average picture, bum dialogue doesn't upset me unduly. For one thing, I have come to expect it, and for another, it usually seems to me that it goes nicely with the bum story and the bum acting. It would, for instance, be a pity to waste good lines on a piece about a young lady who falls in love with an All-America quarterback. It does get in my hair, however, when so fine a performance as that given by Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," at the Rialto, is blurred by foolish and irrelevant talk, badly synchronized. "So you take three lumps of sugar," observes one character a little while after her lips have stopped moving. "Some sugar daddy!" That is a good sample, and the situation isn't improved by the fact that everybody talks broken English, possibly out of deference to the star, whose English is so broken that it is practically unintelligible.

If you can overlook the talk, though, it seems to me that "The Blue Angel" merits your respectful attention. This is the story of a middle-aged German schoolmaster whose career is crowned and broken by his marriage to a beer-garden singer. Jannings is very fine and plausible—by far, I think, the best character actor in the movies—and Marlene Dietrich, the woman I happen to be in love with, is beautiful and rowdy as the singer.

Altogether "The Blue Angel" is one of those things you ought to see, but I can't help thinking it would have been a lot better a lot quieter.

THERE is a quality about William Haines, known to his admirers, I believe, as exuberance, which has the effect of rendering me a very bad judge of his productions. To me, Mr. Haines is without question the most irritating young man on the screen. I am obliged to confess, however, that "Remote Control," his new picture at the Capitol, has its merits. It is a fast, ingenious comedy-melodrama, taken from the Broadway play and based, as

LE MOMENT MALADROIT

[THE AWKWARD MOMENT]

When you "ruinez" (gum) a lady's entrance to the "salon" (pronounced salon) . . remain "tranquille" (tranquil).

Be nonchalant . . .

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PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

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Famous Man Exposed . . . .

to the shrieking fury of the elements. His wife simply had to have those theatre tickets. He should have stayed at home and telephoned Postal Telegraph.

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RICHARD CARLE — MARIE CAHILL
WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS
AND
CLAYTON, JACKSON & DURANTE

Book by **HERBERT FIELDS**
based on a story by Peter Arno and E. Ray Goetz
with music and lyrics by **COLE PORTER**
and costumes by **PETER ARNO**
ENTIRE PRODUCTION SUPERVISED BY MR. GOETZ

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PETTICOAT INFLUENCE
A New Comedy by Nell Grant
with HENRY STEPHENSON
OPENS MONDAY EVE., DECEMBER 15
Thereafter—Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
EMPIRE Theatre, B'way & 40 St. Penn. 2670

Dwight Deere Wiman presents
MARY BOLAND in
her newest gayest comedy hit
VINEGAR TREE
PLAYHOUSE, W. 48th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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A comedy by H. M. HARWOOD
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JOE COOK
In His Newest, Maddest Musical
"FINE and DANDY"
ERLANGER'S Thea. W. 44 St. Evs. 8:30. Matinées Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S 51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE
Dec. 13, 14, 15 ED WYNN in "FOLLOW THE LEADER." Dec. 16 and 17 "JUST IMAGINE" with El Brendel; Dec. 18 and 19 JACK OAKIE in "SEA LEGS."

you doubtless know, on the possible use to which the radio might be put by gangsters. Aside from the idea, though, it isn't much. In fact it seemed to me that whatever acting honors there were belonged to an unknown gentleman who did a hog-call, very liquid and beautiful.

"MOTHERS CRY," at the Winter Garden, is a serious study of the development of four children, brothers and sisters, two of whom turn out well and the other two very badly indeed. They get killed. Whatever merit there was in the novel from which the picture was taken, however, has been lost in the adaptation. There is a great deal of talk to no particular purpose.

ED WYNN turned up at the Paramount in a version of "Manhattan Mary," called "Follow the Leader." Like the play, it is almost all Mr. Wynn, whose features, magnified on the screen, have a colossal imbecility which is most engaging. While the original was a musical comedy, the picture at the Paramount is played as farce, so we didn't even have a boop-boop-a-doop out of Miss Ginger Rogers, who is famous for them. "The Boudoir Diplomat," at the Globe, is taken from "The Command to Love" and is a Graustark item offering the usual cheerful nonsense. Betty Compson and Ian Keith are in it. At the George M. Cohan they had Lupino Lane in something-or-other called "The Yellow Mask," taken from something-or-other by Edgar Wallace. As well as I could judge, mostly about some people being chased by Chinamen. Miss Elsie Ferguson appeared at the Strand in the latest version of the one about the murderess who turns out to be the daughter of one of the lawyers at her trial. It is called "Scarlet Pages" and what might optimistically be described as a novel angle is provided by the fact that Miss Ferguson is the lawyer. At the moment of writing Mr. Shipwreck Kelly is sitting on top of the flagpole on the Hotel Paramount, and you can look at him through a telescope for ten cents. Oddly enough, Mr. Kelly is no relation to me whatever. —W. G.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald de Courcey May will return to the Plaza on the Olympic Nov. 11.

We hope the lights are with them.

adding fuel to the flame

new high lights in the bright blaze of broadway are those cinemas now at

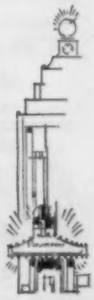
the rivoli-united artists

where there's paramount's "morocco" with marlene dietrich a gal that men can't forget — and gary cooper and adolphe menjou in performances that women shouldn't.

the rialto

where there's emil jannings in his first talking picture well assisted by marlene dietrich—now you're talking —it's von sternberg's "blue angel" and as fine a picture as you'll see once in a blue moon.

the paramount



where there's "only saps work" — leon errol, mary brian and richard arlen all in the same boat laboring for paramount and to please the public—george bancroft in person not a motion picture. leo reisman and jesse crawford in "it" music, band and organ.

luxurious and comfortable these are publix theatres

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MOTORS

Car of 1936—Radios and Vanities—Clocks

AFTER one has climbed in and out of about half a million dollars' worth of automobiles, as I did at the Automobile Salon last week, and tried all the controls and fiddled with all the gadgets, there is only one thing to do: build a car. It will be an imaginary car; but it will be the car of 1936. I shall take the engine from that one over there (as I recall where they were in the Salon) and the chassis frame from this one; the transmission and braking system from that fellow there. It will be a convertible (a victoria, I think), and the wheelbase will not be too long. It will have wire wheels, not chromium-plated; it will probably be painted gun-metal blue; and it will have a St. Christopher medal of Lalique glass on the left-front fender as a parking light, like the one on the big, beautiful, blue Isotta-Fraschini.

IT will have a radio. I daresay we shall see a number of new radios for motors at the Automobile Show next month, but so far honors seem to rest with the Columbia set in the sport sedan by Murphy on a Duesenberg chassis. I'm told that now it is possible to drive at sixty, or ninety, or merely spin the motor starter (which is the supreme test), without missing a word of Floyd Gibbons. There is remote control, too, for the set is under the cowl, while the loudspeaker is in the left side of the chrome-railed, mahogany cabinet, and the vernier and volume control in a compartment on the right side. The station selector is motor-driven. You press a button, and the indicator swings to the right across the dial; you press another, and it swings to the left.

A CONVERTIBLE has its limitations, it never can attain the swank of a formal car. Minerva motors have the last word in vanity cases; or, rather, the last words, as there are two cabinets in the cabriolet by Van den Plas. The upholstery is blue and gold brocade; the panelling is walnut, with gilt trimmings. All very rococo. The cabinets are quite tall and wide, and when closed appear to be part of the panelling. When the doors are op-

FOR CHRISTMAS B & L BINOCULARS

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. . . PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.
English type—well built, of stone, stucco and brick with imported tile roof. 9 rooms, 2 car garage. Located on high ground, near grade school. Price $45,000.

. . . LARCHMONT, N. Y.
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. . . Fish & Marvin
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SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Private and Class Lessons for Actors and Singers: Technique of Acting, Coaching in Parts, Diction, Voice, Body Expression
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ened they form triple-mirrored dressing-tables, with indirect lighting.

J. B. JUDKINS is quite proud, and rightly so, of the luggage capacity of his two-passenger coupé on the new Lincoln chassis. When you raise the rear deck you find room enough for a steamer trunk, and golf clubs, too, and the deck lid is counterweighted so that you can pack without fear of its crashing down on your hands. No commentary on coachwork would be complete without mention of the victoria by Waterhouse on a Packard chassis: when the top is up, it gives the four-seater the appearance of a roadster; and when it is down, the car has an unbroken horizontal line from the radiator cap to the end of the top. Nor without mention of the Packard sport sedan, by Rollston: black, with dove-gray upholstery and a window of bent glass separating the front and rear.

NOT all of the refinements are behind the dividing panel. Pierce-Arrows are particularly luxurious—I have in mind the maroon victoria by Le Baron. Duesenberg always has had an elaborate instrument-board: speedometer, tachometer, clock, ammeter, gas and oil-pressure gauges, thermometer; and the little green and red lights that blink at you to show when the chassis has been oiled automatically (every eighty miles), when the engine oil should be changed, and when the storage battery needs water. Now there are an altimeter and barometer, so if you know the formula you may figure out the weather for next Thursday; and the clock has a split-second timing device, swell for clocking horses at Saratoga next summer.

IF you don't like the radiator-cap ornament on your car, Nil Melior, at 100 West Fifty-sixth Street, has modern motor mascots made in aluminum, bronze, chromium, and crystal—some of them light up inside. This shop also sells St. Christopher medals in bronze and cloisonné, Cicca horns that sound a fanfare when you touch a button, and chromium-plated radiator-guard screens. The Standard Auto Radiator Company, at 516 West Forty-eighth Street, makes chromium discs to cover wire and wooden wheels. —SPEED

•

FRIED WENT TO OVIDIA TO BE SURE OF RESCUE—*Headline in the Times.*

Just in case the survivors needed some Lucky Strikes.

SCHERK

To women who only think their skin is clean

A complexion with the fine, close texture of silk—what woman does not envy it! But how can ordinary washing accomplish this miracle? By the use of Scherk Face Lotion! It penetrates deeply into the pores and *frees* them of the impurities that cause coarseness. More! It soothes, supples and softens the skin *after* it purifies the pores. Its treatment is so fundamental, natural, that the result is —a complexion of startlingly fine texture and beauty! Write for *your* free flacon.

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Apply Scherk Face Lotion with absorbent pad. See the concealed dirt it brings away!

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BARBERSHOP BLUES

"JUST a shave today, Fred. Never mind the hair. I'm letting it grow. I want people to think I'm taking violin lessons." Mr. Hill was in a benevolent mood. "Well, how's a old John Gilbert getting on? You still engaged, Fred?"

"Yeah," said the barber, accompanying the word with a frown.

"You don't sound so hot, Fred. What's a matter—the girl gonna give you the air?"

"*She* gimme the air! Say, that's a hot one. I'm thinkin' of givin' her the air."

"Say, Fred, that's no way to feel about a girl you're engaged to. What's a matter, is she going out with other fellas?"

"Naw! She ain't that kind." Fred dipped the brush into the mug, scooped a generous supply of lather and transferred it to Mr. Hill's face.

"Geez, I spent t'ree t'ousand bucks fixin' up my flat for her. I got a Stromboig-Carlson radio for two hunard bucks. It retails for two hunard semny five—the guy showed me the pitchers with the price marked on it. And you should see the beyoutiful seven-piece soot for the dinin'-room." Fred's fingers dug the lather into Mr. Hill's face as he spoke.

"Y'KNOW what she done last week? Well, she come over the house last week and she says 'Fred, you certain'y fixin' up a nice home for me.' And I says 'Well, I certain'y hope you gonna like it, Stella.' Y'see, her name is Stella. I says 'These things put me back about t'ree t'ousand bucks,' I says, 'and that don't count the ring.' Then she says 'Fred, you certain'y a fine feller and you certain'y know how to fix up a nice home for a girl aw right,' she says."

"What's wrong with that?" Mr. Hill managed to say behind the lather.

"Oh, that's O. K., Mr. Hill. I ain't sayin' nothin' about what she said about the house. After she says them things about the house, she goes to the bathroom and she looks inside and she says 'Oh, Fred, you got a shower!' And I says 'Sure, I got a shower.' I says 'They gimme a curtain for the shower but it don't match the walls, so I bought a green shower curtain to match the walls,' and she says 'Well, this is a lovely place you got here, Fred, aw right. A girl should be proud to live in a place like this, Fred,' she says. And then she says 'Y'know, this here bathroom is so swell-lookin' I feel like takin' a shower. You mind, Fred, if I take a shower?' What could I say? So I said 'Go ahead and take a shower. I doan mind.' So I go back to the dinin'-room and while she's takin' a shower I think it over to myself. She got some nerve takin' a shower in my flat! After all, Mr. Hill, we ain't married yet. A girl ain't got no right to take a shower in a man's flat if she ain't married to him. (Say, Mr. Hill, your face, it's certain'y very tender this mornin'.) It doan look right in fronna people. It makes the girl out a tramp or some'in. So when she comes out I was gonna break the engagement off, oney I thought it's better I speak to you first. But I bawled her out for takin' the shower. You think I should break off the engagement, Mr. Hill, on account she takin' a shower in my flat?"

FRED raised the razor so that Mr. Hill could talk.

"For the love of Mike, Fred, what the hell's wrong with that? You're gonna marry the girl, aren't you? You should be happy she's pleased with the place. Y'know, Fred, you ought to apologize to her for saying anything about it."

"You think I should? Well, y'know, she begins to bawl like hell when I call her down and so I apologized to her. Then I thought the next time I see you I'd say somethin' to you about it, and if you think I oughta break it off, why I'd break it off. So you think I done right, Mr. Hill, ha?" Again Fred raised his razor so that Mr. Hill could say "Sure."

"I had an argument yesterday with my intended mother-in-law. Y'know what she wants? She wants I should

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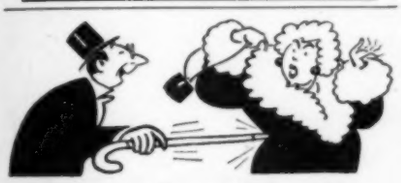

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SMART NEW JACKETS FOR SHOES

hold the weddin' reception in her house. I says to her 'Like fun, I'll hold it in your house,' I says. 'Waddeya think I spent t'ree t'ousand bucks fixin' up my flat if I can't hold the reception in my house?' She says she knows I fixed up a beyoutiful home and if we hold the reception in her house like she says, she's willin' to pay fifty bucks for the refreshments. But I says 'No. The reception is gonna be in my house so I'm gonna pay for the refreshments.' You think I done right?"

Fred stroked his razor on the strop while Mr. Hill did what was expected of him: he gave advice. Fred's fingers then wandered over Mr. Hill's face for tufts of hair that might have been overlooked.

"O.K., Mr. Hill. I'm glad you feel that way. I'll call up my intended mother-in-law and I'll tell her it's O. K. she should hold the reception in her house. Gee, Mr. Hill, I dunno what I'd do without your advice."

"EXCUSE me, Mr. Hill," the barber apologized. "I din mean to put the hot towel on your face. So many of my customers, they like the hot towel, it's like a habit with me."

"That's O. K., Fred."

"Y'know, Mr. Hill, I'd be tickled to death if you came to the weddin'—"

"Well, Fred, I'd like to but—"

"Oh, that's O. K., Mr. Hill. The oney thing, I got a beyoutiful place fixed up—I spent t'ree t'ousand bucks on it, and I kinder thought maybe you'd like to see the place. But I know how busy you are. Well, there you are!"

Fred removed the cloth and Mr. Hill rose from the chair. His benevolent mood had somehow disappeared.

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

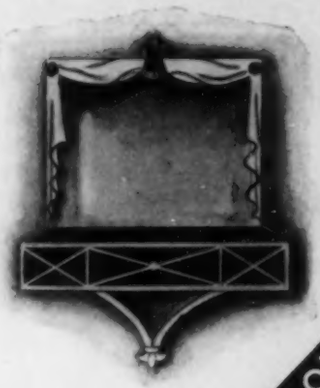
INVOCATION TO NOAH

God made two of everything,
Whales and elephants and bears,
Swans and butterflies and sheep,
Even ants and toads in pairs.

Later in the cosmic plan
When the earth was drowned in rain,
Noah carefully arranged
Two of each should still remain.

Somewhere, rather recently,
Something must have gone astray.
Noah, please investigate!
I have not been kissed since May!

—MIRIAM VEDDER



NOT A LEG TO STAND ON

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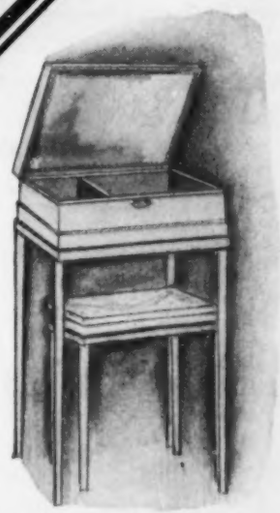

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NEW YORK

COURT GAMES

Choice of Racquets—Yale Surrenders—Mr. Cordier's Prophecy

IT doesn't look as though the new combination squash-tennis - squash - racquets court, which was adopted largely through the efforts of Rowland Haines, were going to do squash tennis much good. Locker-room conversation in the squash-tennis-playing clubs sounds pretty disgruntled. "It's a sort of squash racquets with a big ball," said one of the men on the Harvard team the other day. "It's a rotten game. When this racquet of mine breaks, I'm going to get a squash-racquets bat." He turned to Johnny Jacobs, who, like most of the club professionals, favors squash tennis, apparently expecting some retort; but Jacobs merely smiled and said he'd just as soon sell him one kind of racquet as the other. Which means, probably, that even the coaches are giving in before the wave of squash racquets which is about to engulf the country.

THE most ominous, or encouraging, sign so far (depending on which side of the fence you are on) is the fact that the Yale Club, until this year the stronghold of squash tennis, held a meeting recently to consider the desirability of organizing squash-racquets teams. Lindsay Bradford brought over E. B. Humpstone, president of the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association, Auguste Cordier presided, and several facts about the present status of the two games were brought out: Squash tennis has no new blood to draw upon, as it's played at practically none of the schools and colleges—Princeton has a few courts, but people try to use them for racquets; the Rumson Club recently built two courts, one for each game—the tennis one is never used; two years ago there were five clubs in the Squash Racquets Association, now there are fifteen; and eighty privately owned squash-racquets bats, according to Frank Lafforgue, are kept at the Yale Club, in spite of the fact that no teams have been organized yet.

Since this meeting the Club has, at Mr. Humpstone's invitation, applied for membership in the Squash Racquets Association and been elected at a special session. It's too late to organize any teams this year, all the schedules having been arranged; but a rating board will be started, there will be an invitation tournament later on, Yale players will be eligible for the Metropolitan Championship tournament this winter, and George Cummings, the University Club professional, will play an exhibition match just to show the Yale Club what the game can really be like.

MR. CORDIER, himself an old squash-tennis man, prophesies that in a year over a hundred and fifty people will be playing squash racquets at the Yale Club. Our own practical little prophecy is that over a hundred and fifty people will *want* to play, but that a great many of them won't be able to, owing to the fact that there aren't enough courts. Right now dozens of enthusiasts, of both games, are finding it so hard to reserve courts that they go to other clubs, or else give up the idea altogether and curl up with a good book. Another practical difficulty, which applies only to squash racquets, is that all the courts at the Yale Club, originally built for squash tennis, are a foot and a half too narrow for racquets, and it would cost twenty-five thousand dollars to change them. The way they are now makes the game a great deal easier and puts the expert player at a disadvantage—he counts on the extra space for his winning placements, whereas your mediocre man isn't skillful enough to utilize it. In England, incidentally, squash-racquets courts are two and a half feet wider than here, which makes a much more difficult game.

ON THE SQUASH-TENNIS COURTS: Rowland Haines shouting continually while he plays and emitting heartrending groans on the few occasions when he muffs a shot. . . . The remarkably good form of Philip Moore, Columbia's new star. . . . Howell Van Gerbig, of the Park Avenue Squash Club, giving Dr. Mixsell a very close run for his money. . . . The cheerful color scheme of the new squash-tennis game, with its green ball and red-and-white courts. —G. T. H.

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From news summary in the Tribune*]

Rear Admiral Hughes retired after forty-six years' vice. Page 7.

INTERMEZZO

"IT'S this way," the girl began, as the waiter disappeared in the distance. "He didn't know who to take it to. He don't know anything about producers, and he was going to go to Heineman with it. You know what Heineman would do with it: he'd ruin it. So I said to Luigi right away, 'Well, that opera better go straight to Mr. Berger. I used to work for Mr. Berger,' I says, 'and I've seen him in action and I know. He never passes up a thing when it has artistic merit,' I says. 'You keep it under your hat till I've seen Mr. Berger.'"

The man smiled apologetically, fingered a spoon, and fumbled for a cigar but decided against it. "I don't know," he said. "As a rule I try to steer clear of this classical stuff. They cleaned up on 'The Student Prince,' but . . ."

She snapped open her vanity case and added another fleck of orange to the right-hand corner of her lips. "I don't mean it's *too* highbrow," she assured him. "Nothing to be afraid of, I mean. You take a look at it anyway."

"Of course it ain't a matter of my own personal taste, you understand," he went on. "I got to think of the demand. I can't afford to trust my own judgment."

"Oh, Mr. Berger . . ."

"No," he insisted, "I don't know what's good. I never had an education." He looked at her impressively.

"Really?" she said, over the lid of the compact. "You're kidding me, Mr. Berger."

He shook his head. "That's God's truth. I never went to school. It's a big handicap."

"But nobody'd ever guess it!"

"Well, I do my best," he admitted. "I read. Do you know what I'm on now? Wells."

"Yes," she said, "it must be hard. It must take a lot of work."

HE waved a large hand. "I guess I do waste too much of my time that I ought to put in on the business. A man gets tired of business, see? Business ain't everything."

"That's what I always say. I think this world would be a lot better off if more people thought like you do, Mr. Berger. That's just why I said to Luigi: 'Luigi, you wait till I've seen Mr. Berger. He'll get the idea right away. He's not like Heineman.'"

"Well," he capitulated, "what's so good about it?"

She settled down in her chair and took a deep breath. "It'll be the best thing this town ever saw. He's a clever kid, Mr. Berger. I used to see a lot of 'em in your front office and I ought to know. It's the first show in history that has an intermezzo."

"What did you say?" He looked frightened.

"An intermezzo. Of course I'm not talking about *grand* opera, but for a regular piece—"

"An intermezzo, hey?"

"Sure." She paused suddenly, and added, "You know what an intermezzo is, don't you?"

"We-e-ell . . ." He fidgeted. "I never studied music much. I don't . . ." He hesitated, then brightened up and added defensively, "But I can tell you all about Henry the Eighth. Anyway these fancy things don't count much in the long run. You say it's something new, huh?"

"That's just it, Mr. Berger. If you give Luigi a chance you'll never be sorry. I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it. Take it from me, he's way ahead of anybody on Broadway now."

"Well," he answered, "I'll look it over. I don't know anything about it. I got to feel it. I never went to school. I just know by experience what's likely to go over, see? I wish I was educated, but I ain't."

"If you take my advice," she persisted, "you'll listen to this. You're the first one I wanted him to go to. You better let me tell him to come up and see you tomorrow."

"All right," he said. "Tell him to come around. . . . I wish I was educated."

"Oh, but Mr. Berger, you don't show it. Honest you don't."

HE shook his head sadly. "I don't know. I think a lot about it sometimes. I'll tell you something." He leaned forward and almost frustrated the waiter's attempt to put the soup in front of him. "You know, I look like a hardboiled businessman, don't I?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Berger . . ."

"Yes I do. I do. I look like a regular businessman, but really I ain't. You'd never suspect it, but I'm a good deal of a dreamer actually. A dreamer."

In the pause that followed, she nodded sympathetically.

"I know," she said. "Sometimes I think one almost has to be. . . . Well, I'll tell Luigi to come around with the opera. He's a dreamer himself, Luigi is."

—EMILY HAHN

Hope Williams

Photo by Vandamm

STYLE

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DEC. 3

IF the unseasonable showers do not cease, Santa Claus will come down from the Pole with April flowers in his beard and his pack on pontoons. Moreover, it is feared that the pack will be light. Pre-Noël buying is. What with landsliding in Lyon, backsliding by private banks (one is now in court as a result of a fifty-six-million-dollar failure), and reduction of credit to the biggest gem merchants of the Rue de la Paix, Parisians can only be grateful that in Europe there is still peace on earth even if there isn't much good-will to men.

OUTSIDE of banks, the other great failure has been Maurice Chevalier at the Châtelet. His public has never been the *élite*; it has been the humble hundreds of thousands from whom he sprang and who followed him with applause from neighborhood music halls to the Casino, the Empire, and even to Hollywood's "Love Parade." When, however, he recently appeared at the Châtelet in person, they stopped short: the hall was too big for his voice, the prices too high for their purses; the ostentation of serving himself up, concert style, as the entire last half of the program, and with only one good song, too much for their patience. His opening audiences were hostile.

Within the past year American publicity methods have cost Chevalier the following of a lifetime. For, even in the face of a Parisian imitation of Hollywood ballyhoo, the French remain pleasantly unprogressive; they still think the merit of a star is to be estimated not by how much cash he draws down but by the amount of entertainment he gives out. The press-stuffed statements about their Maurice's thirty thousand francs nightly at the Empire, about his multimillion-franc California contracts, about his enormous Châtelet guarantee (from which, owing to his bad houses, he was apparently forced to descend to a measly eighty per cent of the weekly gross), were news which had better have been kept from his old pals who are lucky if they earn eighty per cent of thirty thousand francs a year. For in the French of any class, the critical and the commercial senses are separate. By a rare stroke of ill luck, Chevalier was able to offend them in both, and at the same time.

IN the midst of excellent shows of exceptional originals by the greatest modern painters of our day, the most interesting exhibit, and to our mind the most up-to-date, has been one of copies of prehistoric art.

It held the trophies of the five-year Frobenius painter-anthropologist expedition recently made into South Africa, organized by the Frankfort Institute of Morphology, and featured *gouache* reproductions made *in situ* of the rupestrian art works, religious and secular, left by the Stone Age citizens of what is now the South Rhodesian, Cape, and various Orange settlements. The cuttings, unlike most primitive work of several thousand years ago, are not only colored but intaglio, and, as if in perfect preparation to resist time, were magnificently conceived without sense of space. Prehistoric mammoth elephants, early models of wildebeestes, of bulls, gazelles, reddish men and redder gods, have been carved in superimposition over, beneath, above each other, without flowers or trees for relief—mere depictions of fleshly strength in a period before the calendar began.

In finesse of detail and anatomical knowledge, the carvings of the classical Rhodesian period are second not even to the peacock frescoes of the labyrinth in Crete. Of the cruder art works of the so-called geometric epoch, it can be said they are less crude, more mathematical, and definitely more artistic, than certain of their white twentieth-century imitators working—and, worse luck, selling—in Paris today. —GENÊT

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SEQUITUR OF THE WEEK

[*From a program note by Lawrence Gilman for a Philharmonic concert*]

The Don Juan of Strauss's music is the protagonist of a dramatic poem by Nicolaus Lenau, who was born in Hungary in the second year of the nineteenth century, came to the United States for a few months in 1832, went mad, and died near Vienna in 1850.

•

Her glowing color was one of her chief beauties—that and her stature, which would have been sturdy if she had not been as near goddess size as would have enabled her to hold her own on a pedestal in any art gallery, make her definitely superb.—*From a story by Rebecca West in the Saturday Evening Post.*

While leaving us definitely up in the air.

THIS WAY OUT

BUSINESS reasons make it necessary for me to be seen at practically all the large banquets given in New York. Up until a few months ago I used to sit through them all. Then I happened to read in various magazines the stories of bright young men who had crashed into this, that, and the other, and the thought occurred to me: why not try crashing *out* of banquets? My success has been so extraordinary that I feel I owe it to my fellow-sufferers to reveal the methods I have found so effective.

THE thought of crashing out first came to me while I was attending a dinner in honor of Mike Flanagan, the champion White Wing who swept from 242nd Street to the Battery in the remarkable time of seventeen hours and forty-two minutes, while being fed through a tube from an accompanying Ford. The toastmaster had just said ". . . needs no introduction . . ." when I decided to act.

Pretending to drink heavily, I gradually slid off my chair to the floor, going down softly so as not to disturb the other banqueters who had preceded me. When certain I was not observed, I took out the napkin which I had surreptitiously stuffed under my vest, draped it over my arm, crawled behind several chairs, and suddenly stood upright. I then collected five or six salad plates (being careful in each instance to dig my elbow in the guest's face in order to fool him into believing I was really a waiter) and made my way to the kitchen. Once there I concealed myself in a large truck used for transporting dishes, and bribed a kitchen attendant to wheel me out of the room.

It was the first banquet out of which I had crashed. But oh, the thrill of it! From that moment I have been so lost to all sense of honor that even when the speeches are good, I find myself looking longingly toward the exits and speculating on various methods of reaching them without exciting suspicion.

BANQUETS to which ladies are invited are the easiest to crash out of. To such affairs I always take my wife. At the moment the toastmaster finishes telling the story about God and himself knowing the speech when he came in and now only God knowing it, my wife slumps down in her chair. "She's fainted," I whisper to the man on the other side of her. "Help me get her out." He takes her feet and I her head and we carry her out of the room. The rest, of course, is easy. Not only has this method got me home very early, but it has also made me hosts of warm friends among the feet-carriers, who give me considerable business to show their gratitude for getting them out before the speeches began.

IN crashing out, as in other things, one learns by one's mistakes. There was the time, for instance, when I attended the dinner given Pierre Gresac, the noted rôtisserie chef who basted a revolving chicken thirty-four hundred and seventy-two times without missing a single turn. This was particularly difficult to crash out of and I had sat through two speeches before I noticed a little red light over one of the windows. Pretending to be very warm, I opened it. When the third speaker said ". . . and now only God knows it . . ." and everyone began to laugh, I stepped out on the fire escape, ran rapidly down to the floor below, opened the window, and entered. My heart sank when I heard ". . . only God and myself knew it . . ." and I realized I had crashed into another and larger banquet.

It was a costly error, as I was compelled to join in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" sixty-seven times and I did not get into bed until daylight. But it taught me a lesson. From that day to this I have never gone to a banquet without taking architects' plans of the banquet-room along with me. I know practically every exit of every banquet-room in New York.

I HAVE used fake telephone messages, cries of "Fire!," phony telegrams announcing the death of a relative, and dozens of other means for accomplishing my purpose. It is a matter of great pride with me that on the last eighty-seven banquet nights I have never got to bed later than eleven o'clock. Indeed, my great success has made me so ambitious that I am now perfecting plans for crashing out of business conferences.

—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

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During October, the United Cigar Stores celebrated its first year under the Morrow management . . . A one week's sale with a 10 percent discount on all merchandise except cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos featured the anniversary.—*Bulletin of Chain Store Research Bureau.*

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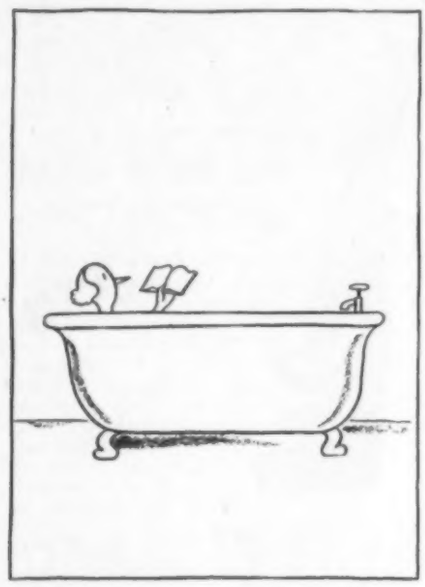
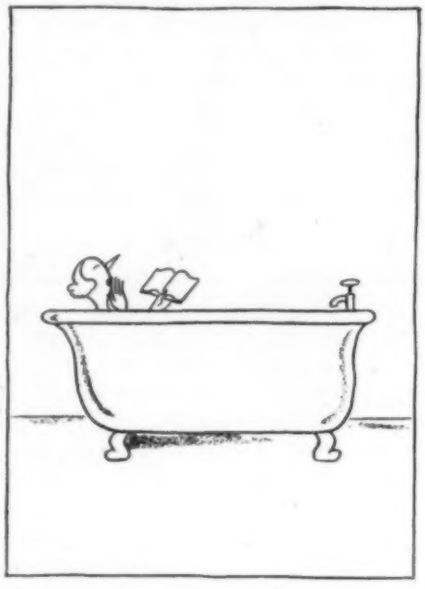
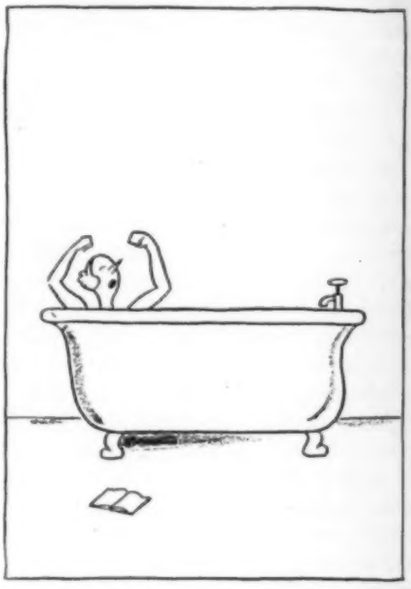
dog and scampers and barks through an ingratiating little book. And Rockwell Kent, stifled by the atmosphere of art galleries, rushes off to Greenland and to the sympathetic Esquimaux.

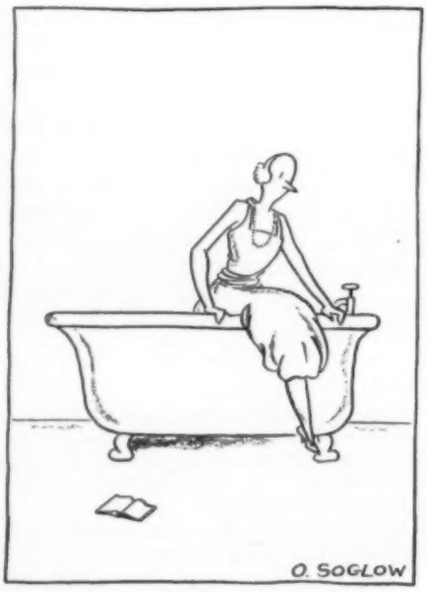
MRS. TAYLOR'S volume, "Invitation to Renaissance Italy," will be clasped to the bosoms of those who loved the ornamented prose of "Leonardo the Florentine." It is a sublimated and beatific guidebook to lead you back to the rosy Renaissance. Mrs. Taylor is one of those homesick souls who appease the loneliness of their hearts by writing lovingly about an age that enchants and hypnotizes them. She saves herself from becoming merely a rhapsodist by the completeness of her material; she is more the scholar than the tourist. Her book is a soundly planned condensation of the history of an epoch. After giving you the causes that produced the phenomenon of the Renaissance, Mrs. Taylor reconstructs the social and political stage-setting of this singular drama. She is at her best, however, in those chapters in which she writes glowingly of the women, the scholars, the artists, and the courtiers who were the embodiment of the spirit of the time. For Mrs. Taylor has a gift for writing warmly and personally about these men and women who haunt her like beautiful and friendly ghosts. She has, in especial, a definite predilection for the Tuscans and so she lingers longest in Florence.

If you are going to Italy this winter, here is a book to sharpen your eyes and kindle your sluggish imagination. If you only wish you were going to Italy, here is a fireside solace for your soul. Incidentally, Mrs. Taylor cleverly avoids weighing down her soaring prose by too many dates; but, very tactfully, closes her chapters with a little table of names and dates for your guidance.









"LITTLE AMERICA," by Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, is exactly what you would expect: a detailed, modest, informative, day-by-day record of the expedition to the South Pole. It would be interesting to compare the Admiral and Colonel Lindbergh as literary gentlemen. In print Lindbergh is always the solo flier; Admiral Byrd is your born organizer and your conscientious executive. When Byrd set out for the South Pole, he was well aware of the literary value of all the incidents of his sojourn. He knew the public would expect a well-balanced narrative of hardships, human-interest incidents, and moments of heroism.

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over the Pole, and here is a thrill that is genuine; here is the Admiral writing simply and easily about the supreme moment in his life. This daring gesture is far more interesting than all the minor adventures conducted in the name of science. You will, by the way, be glad to know that the book has plenty of elegant pictures and a beautiful map.

ROCKWELL KENT's flight from civilization is told in "N by E." It is a gorgeous story of a random adventure, presented most effectively with a sort of angular brevity. Here are a picturesque sea sketch, which really might have been the basis of a full-length novel, and some charming stories about Danes and Esquimaux.

The illustrations, or rather decorations, are really magnificent. Even if you haven't the faintest interest in Greenland, the chapter headings alone are worth your while. Mr. Kent went searching for fresh landscapes to appease his eye and found, in the Northern scene, new and powerful beauties. The book also contains a collection of Esquimaux songs which you will like if you go in for that sort of thing. But, speaking personally, translations of primitive poetry always strike me as the sort of thing one encounters at literary tea parties.

RUDYARD KIPLING's "Thy Servant a Dog" is a superior gift book, aptly published to meet the Christmas trade. It is the adventures of Boots, a bristling Scottie, and Mr. Kipling has cleverly invented a brand-new dog jargon that sounds exactly like a series of quick, sharp barks. He has, too, given his book that peculiar blend of mischief and pathos that you find in the eyes of all dogs who have terrier blood. The drawings by Marguerite Kirmse are charming and the book will probably be adored by oldish boys and by men who are unreasonable about dogs.

"SEVEN TALES AND ALEXANDER," by H. E. Bates, is a slim and literary volume of childhood memories. The stories are so slender in content and so exquisitely and delicately written that they verge on the precious.

Cecilia Beaux's "Background with Figures" is a record of the career of a singularly interesting woman. Miss Beaux, for all her Philadelphia background, really belongs to Paris. And she writes entertainingly and graciously of that circle of American artists who fled instinctively to Europe to escape the rigors of a too-young civilization. Her pen portraits of Clemenceau, Baron Beatty, and Cardinal Mercier are excellent studies.

George Palmer Putnam's "Andrée" is a summing-up of all the facts of that unbelievably tragic expedition. It belongs, of course, to Mr. Putnam's series of aviation adventures, and those who like to collect the Big News Events of the Year in book form will want this Andrée volume.

NOW for the stay-at-homes. The annual Kin Hubbard book is called "Abe Martin's Broadcast." It is unbearably funny, giving as it does an unblemished, undistorted picture of the turbulencies of rural America. In these brief paragraphs and short sketches, Mr. Hubbard has created a group of characters that are as real as the people of any novel. Mr. Hubbard is the least selfconscious writer in all the Hoosier school and, if you have been hitherto unaware of his existence, I urge you to get "Abe Martin's Broadcast."

And that incorrigible local boy, Mr. Peter Arno, presents his annual volume, which is called "Peter Arno's Hullabaloo," and offers another view of current American life. Where Mr. Hubbard concerns himself with rowdy and lawless hicks, Mr. Arno goes in for metropolitan sin and presents it to you with wayward gaiety. —A. W. S.

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ALL Frenchmen are patriots, and if in some the emotion descends to the pettiness of chauvinism, in a few others it rises to heights completely transcending nationalism. Such men see France as the heiress of the cultural traditions of the world, who should lead in the abnegation, as well as the pursuit, of conquest and aggrandizement. They rarely triumph; the more materialistic Napoleons and Clemenceaus usually manage to make hash of their ideals, but their failure does not leave them any the less inspiring. They serve in foreign armies upholding principles unprofitable to them, feeling that somehow the prestige of France would be compromised unless a Frenchman were on the field. "Liberty" probably means more to them than to anyone else, and in some way they can infuse the warmest national ardor into the chilly doctrines of internationalism. The misfortune is that there aren't more of them and that those who do exist don't have more influence, for if ever the so-much-talked-of federation of the world

is to be achieved in a way that will leave some gaiety and individuality still alive in us, I am sure it will be one of their type who will lead us to it.

Now, if you have read all this I suppose you don't really have to go further and read "The United States of Europe," by Edouard Herriot. It is a history of the movement, now approaching something of a climax, to form the separate states of Europe into some sort of economic federation, to do away with trade restrictions, customs barriers, and the like. Being quasi-official, it is rather cautious in statement and contains little argument, except possibly what may be read into it. Whether you are for or against the idea, I think you would find it rather dry—unless you want a survey of the sources and progress of the movement, in which case, of course, it is very valuable.

Herriot, I think it would be generally admitted now, was juggled out of the premiership of France in 1924 in particularly cruel fashion, involving a heavy bear movement in the franc on the Bourse, and just about ruining him politically into the bargain. The right and wrong of the thing is, I realize, debatable, and politics is something on which I am no authority; but, all that aside, I do think his career subsequent to that terrific debacle shows fine courage and a good deal of that patriotism I have been talking about.

ANOTHER book on politics, this time our own, is "The American Leviathan," by Charles A. Beard and William Beard. As the authors point out, the title is a tribute to the "Leviathan" of Thomas Hobbes, who three centuries ago could find no better name to describe the enormous anatomy of government than that of the mythical monster. This book is particularly an attempt to analyse the functions of government today—even more particularly, perhaps, to study the processes by which the provisions of the Constitution have been expanded by continued interpretation to meet the rapidly increasing demands now laid on it. It is extremely interesting, if you have the time and the desire to probe the form of government we live under; otherwise, pretty definitely for the lawyer and the student.

THERE is something baffling, to me at any rate, about the style of Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch. I felt it in "The Modern Temper" and again in his new book, "Five Masters." I rarely turn from one page to the next with-

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out finding with a little confusion that he is continuing his argument in a direction slightly different from the one I had expected him to follow, and rarely read a sentence without stumbling over an "and," say, which jumbles the sense until, on rereading, I realize that it joins two clauses instead of a double predicate, as I had at first imagined. On the whole, his style is too much given to the type of sentence of which this one is itself an example, and that gives somewhat the impression of one who sits down a little breathless with his thought, but the things he writes of remain always interesting nevertheless. This book contains studies of five great masters of prose—Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal, and Proust—whom he aligns as those whose work marks most definitely the successive stages in the development of the novel. His argument is not obtrusive; in fact he abandons it pretty much altogether in considering the most recent two, and anyway he disarms all objection by stating at the outset that he chose these five as much because he wanted to write about them as because he was really convinced that they were inevitable milestones on the way. You can then, with advantage I think, disregard the connection and take the book as a collection of five separate essays—all (and especially those on Richardson and Proust) extremely acute, informative, and interesting.

PADRAIC COLUM has recently published two books: "Cross Roads in Ireland," and "Old Pastures." The second is a collection of poems, revealing his pleasantly unincumbered felicity in imagery. The first is a record of ramblings in Ireland, full of anecdotes, curious meetings, odd happenings and musings thereon, snatches of history, poetry, reminiscence, with a short story to embellish each chapter and illustrate each county as well. It is very pleasant, enjoyable—one might even say comfortable—reading.

YOU probably have heard by now of the Random House issue of a popular edition of the Lakeside Press "Moby Dick," with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. It's well worth having, especially since Melville's classic has been all too seldom reprinted.

STORM JAMESON's "The Decline of Merry England" is a passionate and rather romantic statement of the well-attested argument that the Cromwellian Puritans were economic as well as spiritual misers, and hence that they were responsible for the loss of the lusty flavor of ancient days. There is a middle section concerned largely with points of religious doctrine which you may find rather dull; otherwise, the book has at least the charm of wholehearted argument. —R. M. C.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY, by D. H. Lawrence (*Knopf*). A posthumous novel, powerful in spite of its sketchiness, and worth your while.

VAGABONDS, by Knut Hamsun (*Coward-McCann*). A foot-free and delightful novel of adventures along Norway's romantic coastline.

OTHER MAN'S SAUCER, by J. Keith Winter (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which a young author tells a tragic, repellent story of Oxford.

THY SERVANT A DOG, told by Boots, edited by Rudyard Kipling (*Doubleday, Doran*). Being the adventures of a Scottie. And very good, too.

SEVEN TALES AND ALEXANDER, by H. E. Bates (*Viking*). Finely drawn stories of childhood.

THE OCTANGLE, by Emanie N. Sachs (*Cape & Smith*). Ferreting out the psychological motive for a murder. Cleverly told.

THE INHERITOR, by E. F. Benson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Easy-to-read novel about a family curse and all that sort of thing.

IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a large hotel, with its dramas and romances. Not a great novel, but swell reading nevertheless.

TOGETHER AGAIN, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Cape & Smith*). A sex tragedy, presented in the modern manner. Not as good as "Mothers Cry," but still compelling.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JULIA, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). Study of a Southern girl who must live down her traditions. Suave and charming writing.

BRIDAL POND, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Short stories of simple, small-town people.

THE FAR-AWAY BRIDE, by Stella Benson (*Harper*). A great story of an exiled Russian family in Manchuria.

THE WATER GIPSIES, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Doran*). Imaginative and humorous story of the romantic life of a London housemaid. You'll not want to miss it.

A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES, by Mary Borden (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which a world-weary lady recites the story of her disillusioned life.

IN OUR TIME, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). A reprint of early sketches in the style that made the author famous.

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, by Colette and Willy (*A. & C. Boni*). Naughty, wise, and witty chronicle of the doings in a French provincial school.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson (*Macmillan*). Icelandic tragedy written with striking imaginative power.

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking*). A long, ponderous, but tremendously engrossing drama of modern Munich.

PHILIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another modern

girl makes a nuisance of herself, in a very genteel novel.

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). Excellent collection of short stories by a lady who knows her stuff.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (*Liveright*). The gayest of the new novels. Please read it.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

MYSTERIES

ABOUT THE MURDER OF GERALDINE FOSTER, by Anthony Abbot (*Covici-Friede*). . . . MURDER BY LATITUDE, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*). . . . THE THIRD BAFFLE BOOK, by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay (*Crime Club*). . . . SUSPECT, by Gerard Fairlie (*Crime Club*). . . . THE SILVER KEY, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . PERSONS UNKNOWN, by Philip MacDonald (*Crime Club*). . . . CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S MYSTERY BOOK (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

N BY E, by Rockwell Kent (*Brewer & Warren*). An artist finds adventure in Greenland. With some superb pictures.

INVITATION TO RENAISSANCE ITALY, by Rachel Annand Taylor (*Harper*). The Golden Age of Italy, told in glamorous prose.

LITTLE AMERICA, by Richard Evelyn Byrd (*Putnam*). The complete record of the South Pole expedition, with pictures and a map to guide you on your way.

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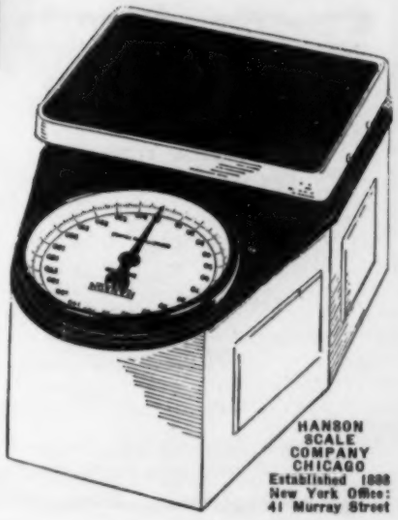

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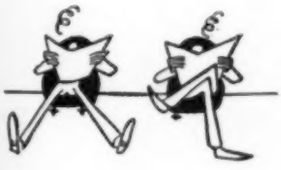

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